Collier's

FEBRUARY 10, 1945

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# RUSSIA vs. BRITAIN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

### By Frank Gervasi

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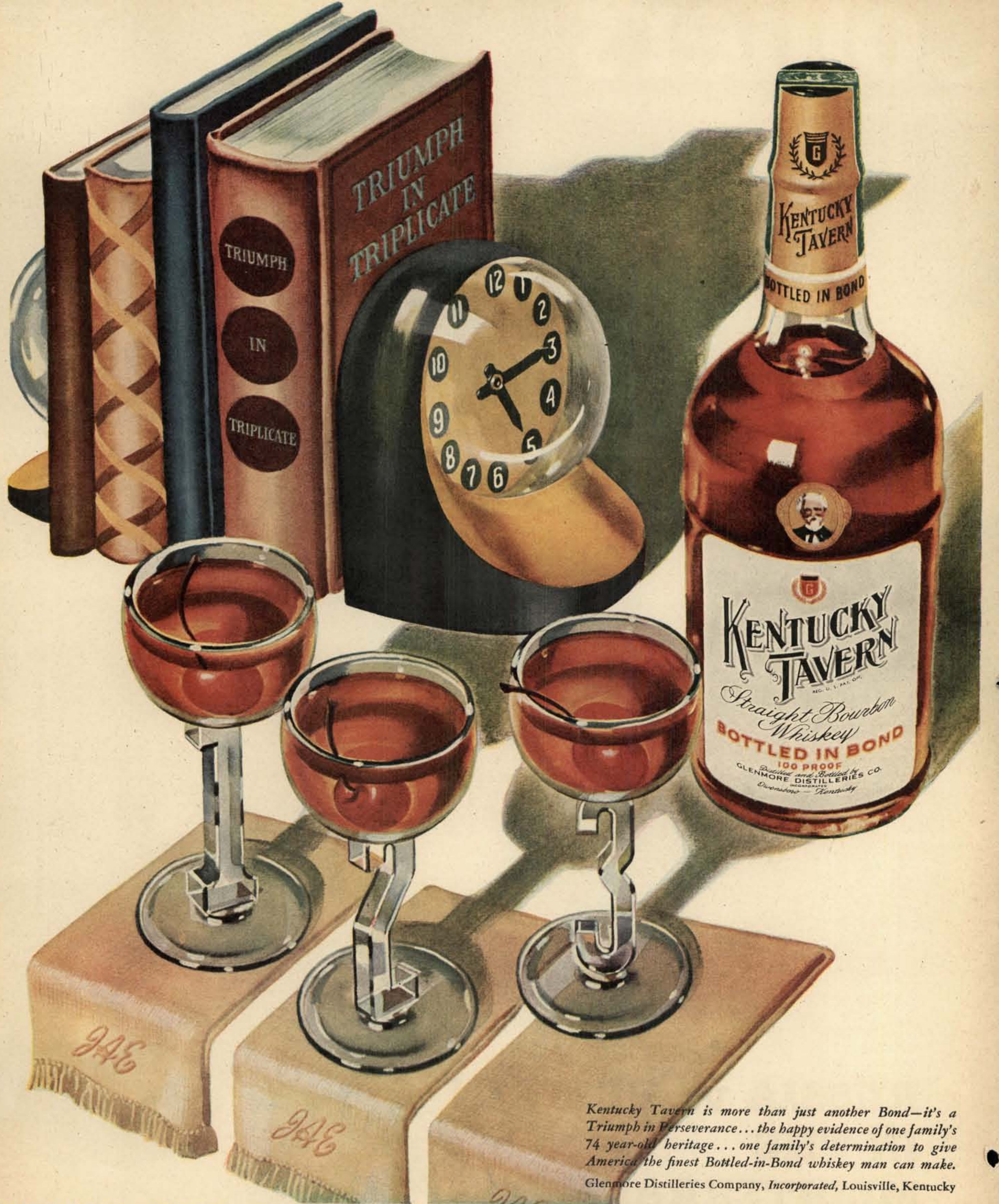
# THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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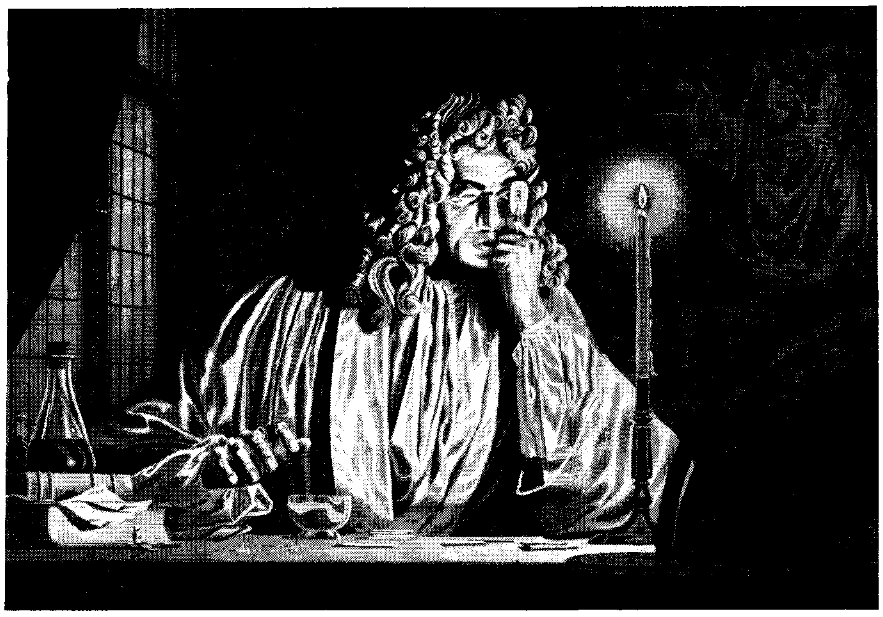
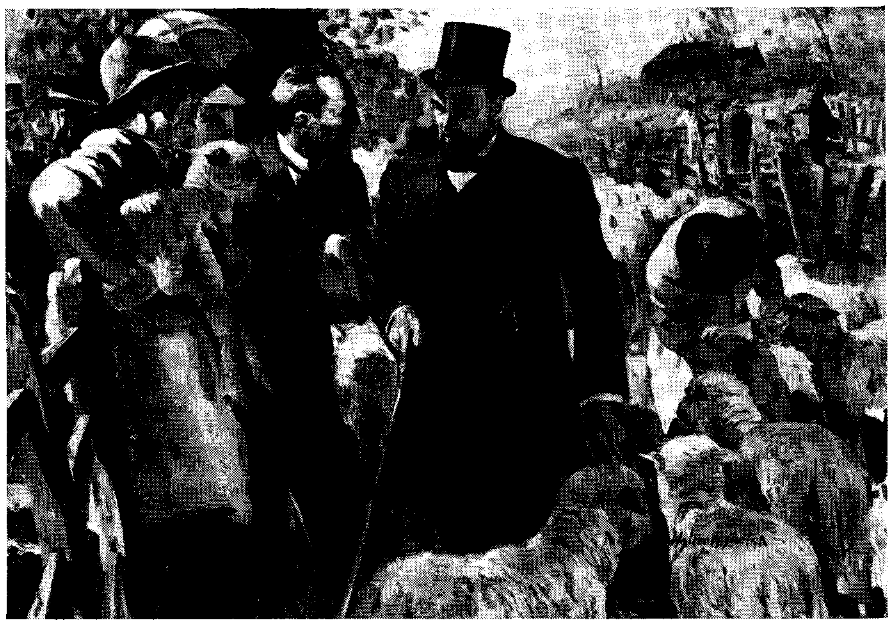
# Four Men

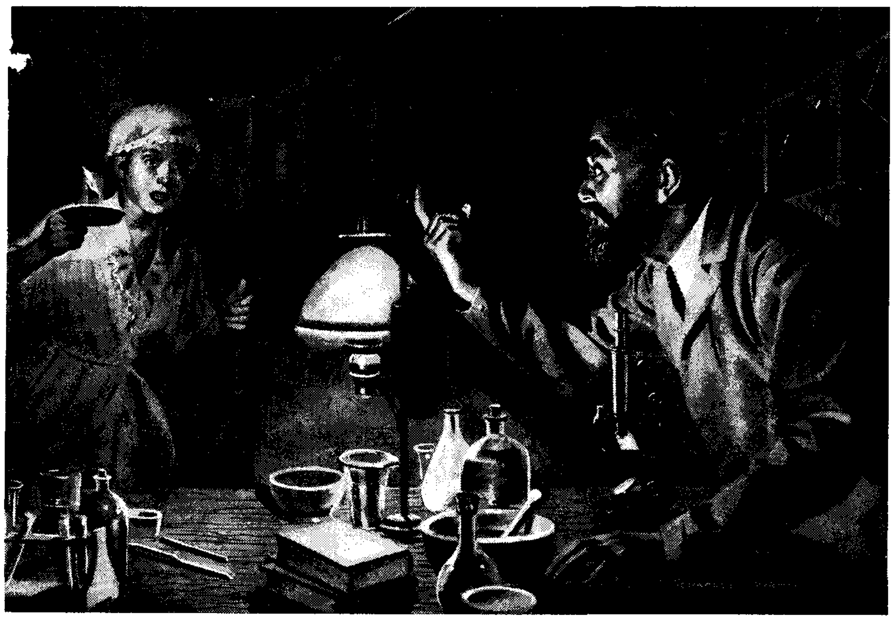
## THE WORLD CAN NEVER REPAY



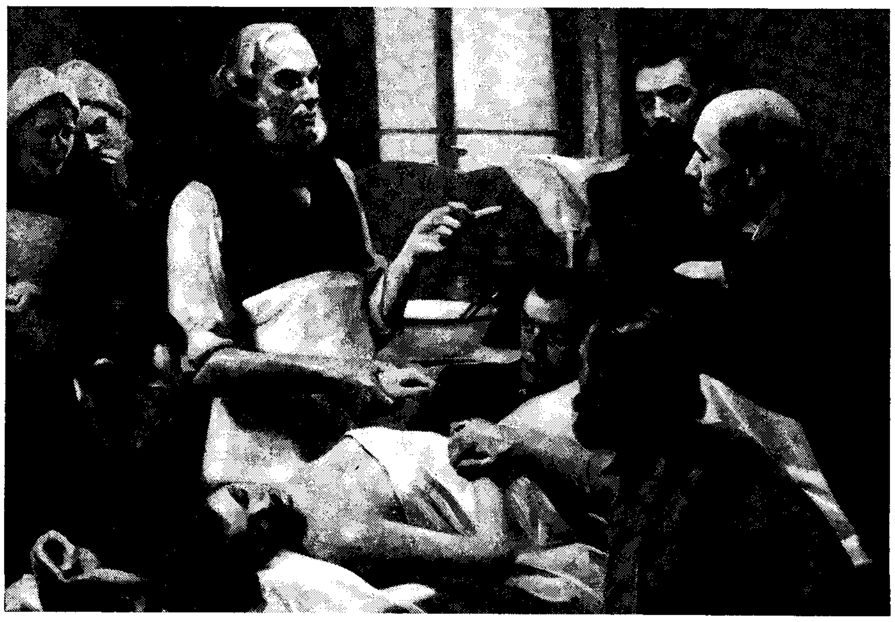
**ANTONY VAN LEEUWENHOEK, 1632–1723.** One morning this eccentric Dutch hopkeeper, who ground lenses better than any man before him, looked through his beloved microscope and saw what no one before him had ever seen . . . tiny germs! . . millions of them in many shapes and sizes . . . darting and swimming beneath the lens he had polished so carefully. Although Leeuwenhoek did not realize it, this was the first faltering step in the war against microbes. Not for an instant did he suspect that these fascinating and varied "little beasties" might be a cause of sickness and death; and neither did the great scientists to whom he described them so minutely. To both they were merely interesting phenomena without much significance. It remained for others like Pasteur and Koch, Semmelweiss and Jenner, to examine ater this radical theory ridiculed by the bigwigs of the time.



**LOUIS PASTEUR, 1822–1895.** This inspired and tireless French chemist not only *saw* germs, but isolated many of them and proved their association with disease in plant, animal and Man. Why did fermentation ruin barrel after barrel of fine French wine? "Microbes!" said Pasteur, and showed the vintners how to prevent it. What caused rabies? "A germ", repeated Pasteur, tracked it down, and taught bewildered doctors how to rob rabies of its terror. What was the source of anthrax, the lightning scourge that killed sheep by thousands? "Still another germ", Pasteur again reasoned, and set out to find it. Here we see him, his reputation at stake, waiting to learn if sheep lived or died as the result of inoculating them with anthrax germs. They lived! . . . and not only lived but failed to contract the disease from anthrax-laden fields where they grazed. Thus Pasteur added another star to the many in his crown.



**ROBERT KOCH, 1843–1910.** In answer to his excited cries, the sleepy, patient wife of Robert Koch, quiet young German doctor, pattered down the stairs to witness another one of his discoveries which he was forever making since she had given him a microscope to play with. This time however his discovery was a magnificent one, of incalculable benefit to mankind! Under the microscope she saw the pale blue germ of tuberculosis, the "White Terror" that ravaged the world. Today, thanks largely to Koch's research, the No. 1 Killer of past generations has dropped to seventh place. Koch did not stop there. His further studies of bacteria—far more thorough and definitive than those of his enemy, Pasteur—led to the famous Koch's postulates that revolutionized the concepts of disease and its treatment.



**JOSEPH LISTER, 1827–1912.** Perhaps no man did more to alleviate human suffering than Joseph Lister, "The Father of Antiseptic Surgery", for whom Listerine Antiseptic was named. It was Lister's fierce conviction that gangrene, with its appalling number of post-operative fatalities, was due, not to some mysterious "miasmas" in the wound, but to definite germs carried to it by the air, by unclean hands, soiled linens and dirty instruments. What kind of germs they were, he knew not; he knew only that they were enemies which must be killed. And with crude antiseptics of his own devising he learned how to kill them. With their help he maintained absolute cleanliness in every step of his operations. And, lo! In many a gloomy hospital Hope took the place of Despair, Death gave way to Life, and the foundations for the magnificent life-saving surgery of today were laid.

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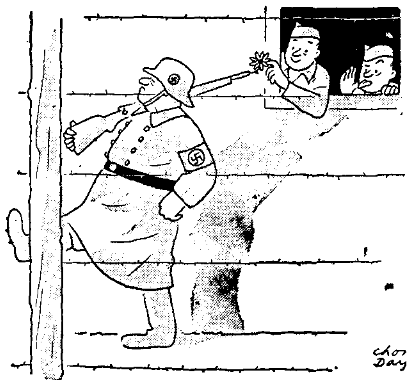
## any week

A SOLDIER just back from a Nazi pris camp told us about a Kraut guard whom the lads became rather fond. Tl guard was a very pompous fellow and was his custom to goosestep past t prison barracks paying no attention wh: ever to the sometimes crude America isms addressed to him. One day, one the lads thrust a large daisy into the mu zle of his rigidly shouldered rifle. Coı pletely unaware of this, the guard stro to the end of his station where a Na officer gave him a terrific bawling out. our soldier said, the lads were fond of t guard, so to prevent further daisy indi nities, one of them stuck a piece of che ing gum in his rifle muzzle next time goosestepped past.



IT WAS snowing, sleeting, freezing an being otherwise objectionable in Wasl ington, D. C., and if you had been wit us and ten or twenty others waiting foo ishly in Georgetown for downtown tran: portation, you would have seen and hear a shamefully unpatriotic demonstratioı We regret to report this and we thin we're blushing as we set it down. Afte ten minutes and no busses or cabs, th crowd began to mutter. Five minutes late a Navy car trundled carefully past. I sole occupant, aside from the orderl driving it, was a large, pale admiral bein carried to his desk with care. Any of u would have been democratically glad t ride with him and even to help him to hi desk. Some minutes later, an Army ca occupied by a general and his drive sloshed past but offered no assistanc One of the ladies on our curb hisse Several other ladies joined her. The ger eral paid no attention and did so wit considerable dignity. He was scarcel out of sight when a Navy car slithere past bearing a highly braided officer. The even the men hissed. This sort of dis graceful thing was repeated three mor times, but none of the war lords gave u so much as the time of day. Presentl most of us hissing curb birds started t walk downtown. Of course, that's wh we should have done in the first place

(Continued on page 48)

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# What won't Americans think of next!

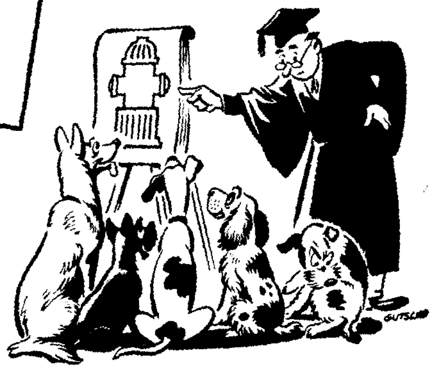
### SILVERWARE LAUNDRY

Set up by a young man in Illinois for polishing hotel and household silver.

### BREAK-'EM-IN SERVICE

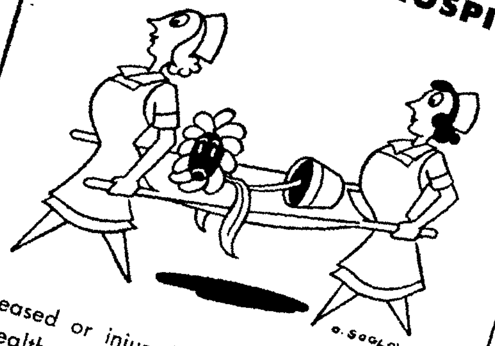
Limbering up new shoes for other people became a thriving business in Manhattan.

### CANINE COLLEGES



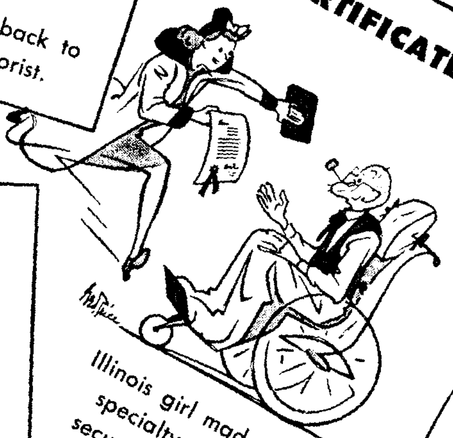
In Indiana and New Jersey, they teach your dog the things you want him to do and know.

### PLANT HOSPITAL



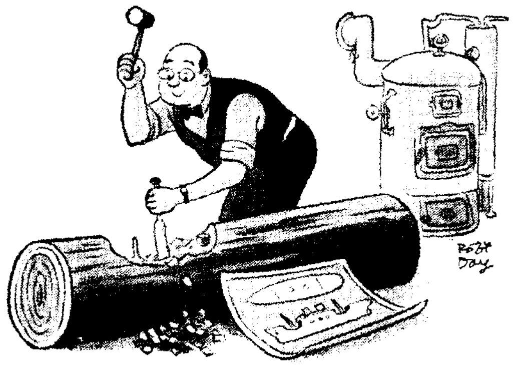
Diseased or injured plants nursed back to health in hospital by New York florist.

### BIRTH CERTIFICATES, INC.



Illinois girl made profitable specialty of tracing and securing birth certificates.

### BUILD-IT-YOURSELF WORKSHOP



Where people who want to make things, rent space, tools, machines and advice (California).

Americans are natural inventors. But besides inventing *things*, they also invent *jobs*. Here are six of the many unusual services that ingenious Americans have actually invented in recent years.

Some may be war casualties now. But they'll be back. And the natural reaction from wartime regimentation will encourage a lot of other individual enterprises. All that give good service and meet a real need will endure and grow.

The business of supplying electric service began modestly, too. There were scoffers and skeptics a-plenty. But other men with courage and imagination risked their money and went ahead. Today, under sound *business* management, America enjoys the best and the most electric service in the world.

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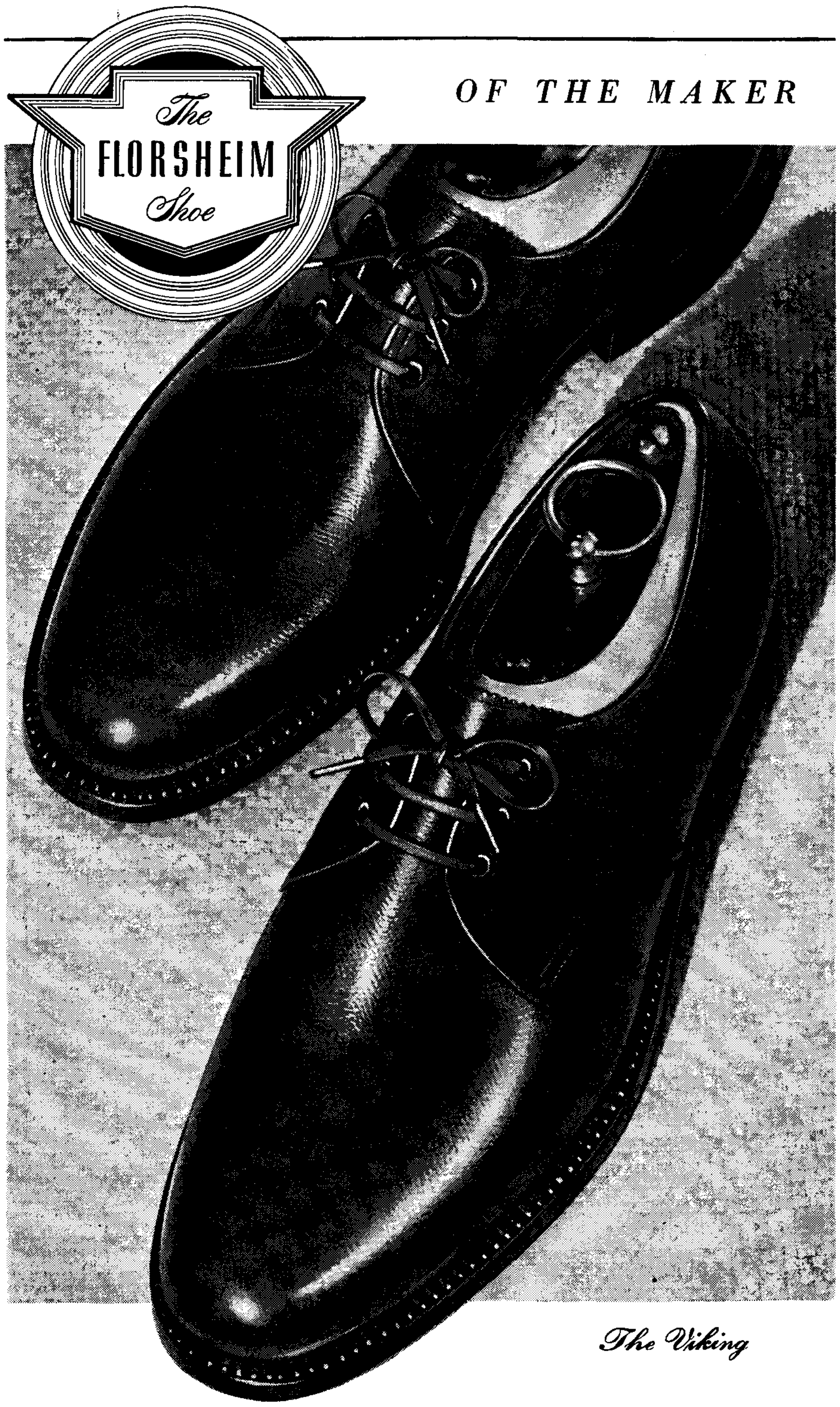

*The Viking*

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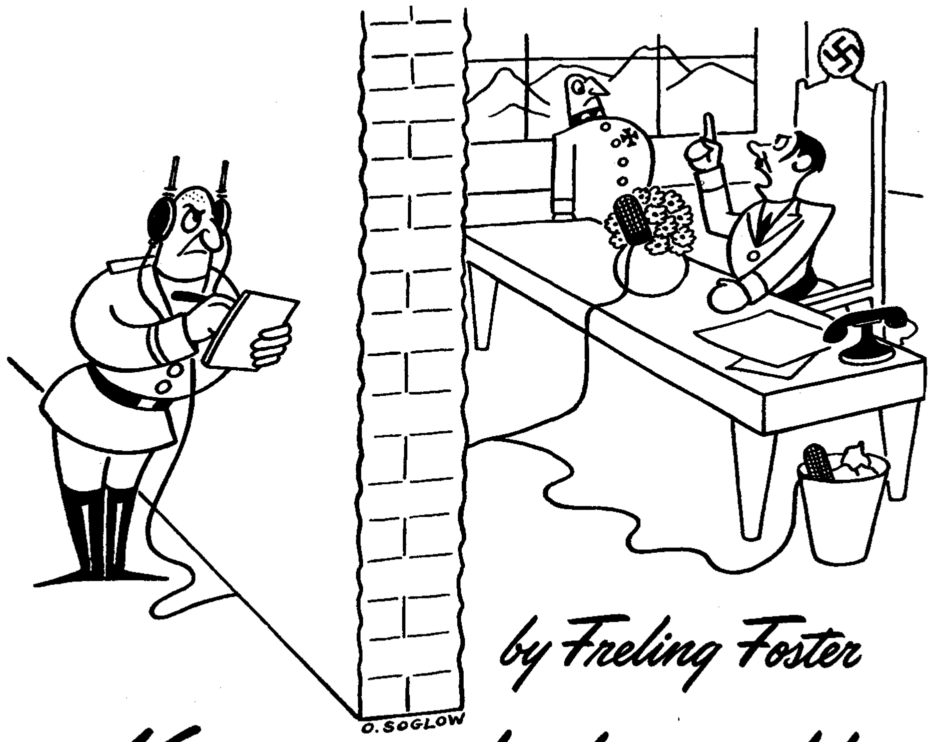

by Freling Foster

# Keep up with the world

*Through* a request for the prison release of a friend, asked of Hitler in his private study in 1936 by Ulrich von Hassel, then German ambassador to Italy, the Fuehrer learned that his order to free the prisoner several weeks before had not been carried out, along with many other orders of his, because they had displeased Himmler. Hitler also learned, through this incident, that recordings of his confidential conversations were being made for the information of this Gestapo chief.

*A new* brake, the fastest ever developed, can stop a one-eighth horsepower motor, making 16,000 revolutions per minute, in less than six rotations, which is equivalent to stopping an automobile, traveling at 60 miles an hour, in less than three feet.—*By K. J. T. Ekblaw, Chicago, Ill.*

*Not* long ago, a new Nazi method of financing subversive activity in this country was quickly discovered and stopped by the F.B.I. and the Foreign Funds Control of the Treasury. The Germans produced several new issues of postage stamps and sent them to a shady American dealer through a Nazi agent in Argentina. Then the dealer, upon selling them, turned over the money to German agents living here.

*Although* the term "high seas" is understood to refer only to the open, unenclosed parts of seas and oceans, it has been held, by the U.S. Supreme Court (150 U.S. 249), to include the Great Lakes because they have the general characteristics of seas and are navigable by large vessels for international trade between Canada and the United States.

*The* only living identical quadruplets are the 14-year-old daughters of the Carl Morloks of Lansing, Michigan. Although not as rare as the Dionne quintuplets, who also came from one egg cell and whose hereditary factors are likewise identical, the Morlok sisters are more interesting to science because they have always led a normal life, not having been fussed over, isolated from parents and playmates, and kept within a fenced area under an armed guard, like the Dionnes, during their most formative years.

*While* the Hindus of India constitute only 12 per cent of the world's population, they use 14 (or 64 per cent) of the world's 22 calendars.

*As* a theater is a private, not a public, enterprise, the proprietor may refuse admittance to anyone for any reason except, in many states, that of color or race.—*By J. P. Schablein, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

*Fritz Kreisler* achieved much of his fame as a violin virtuoso by playing, among others, his own many compositions which he claimed were unknown works of minor masters long dead. Kreisler started this practice in his early days of concert work through the fear that he would not become popular if the public knew his repertoire consisted largely of his own music; and he carried on the artifice for 30 years before confessing in 1935.

*During* the 19th century, when no ship was equipped with wireless, only about 35 of the 35,000 ocean-going vessels that were wrecked and sunk vanished without leaving a trace.—*By Jeffrey S. Granger, Jr., New York City.*

*The* most remarkable soprano voice ever known was that of Lucrezia Agujari (1743-1783), an Italian operatic star. She had a three-octave range above middle C, or an octave more than the average soprano.—*By Lillian Blomquist, Bridgeport, Conn.*

*When* the Nazis invaded Paris in June, 1940, they took over a large newspaper plant and began to publish their own daily Parizer Zeitung. But they made the mistake of keeping on the mechanical staff. Ten of these Frenchmen soon started to produce the underground weekly Parisien Libéré, surreptitiously setting it during the day and printing it at night on the plant's presses. All went well until May, 1944, when the men were caught one night by the German editor. He foolishly locked them in a room opening on a fire escape, while he went for help. Thus the Libéré was issued, right under the noses of the Nazis, during 47 of their 49 months' occupation of Paris.

*Every* V-2 bomb launched by Germany against England consumes five tons of alcohol obtained from 50 tons of potatoes—the weekly ration of 25,000 people.

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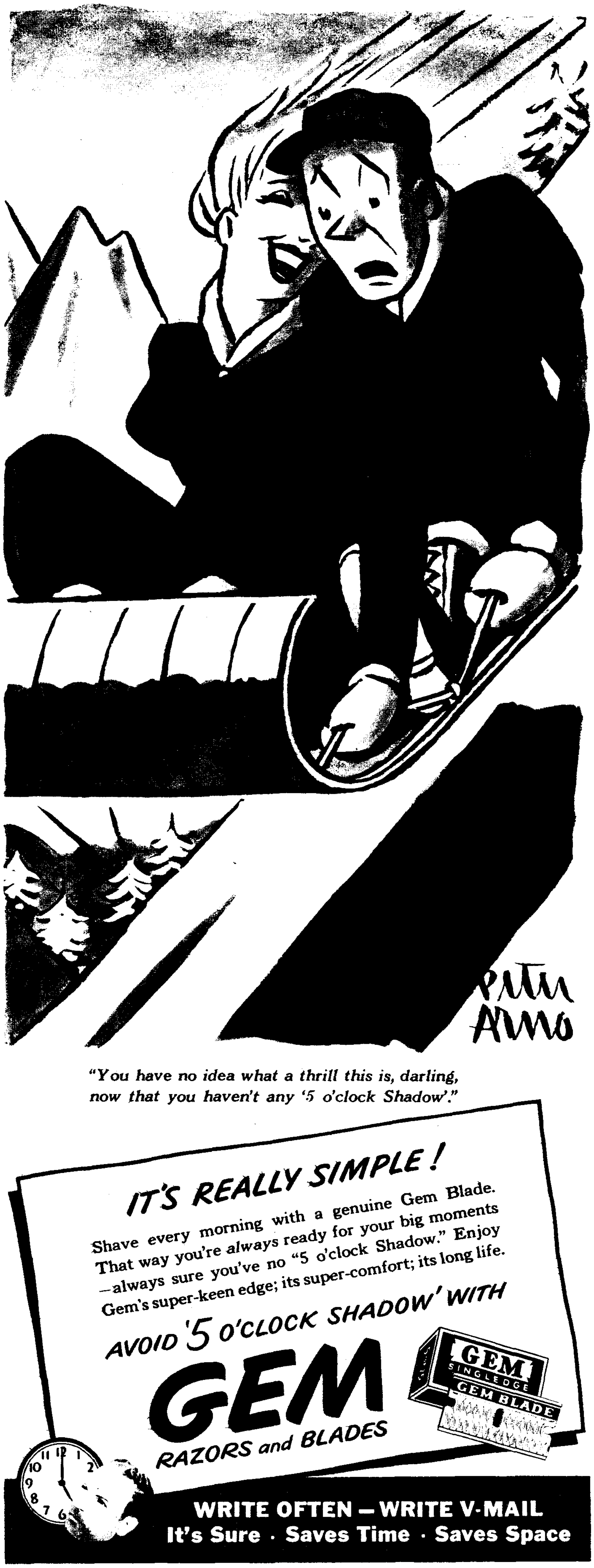

*"You have no idea what a thrill this is, darling, now that you haven't any '5 o'clock Shadow'."*

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# Wing Talk

**EDITED BY
FREDERICK
R. NEELY**

**R.A.F. Group Captain David Anderson, D.F.C., heads the British installation at Gander, Newfoundland**

© HARRIS & EWING

BOUND by the frozen harness of winter are two giant air bases in the far North that provide the security and comfort of long runways, clear approaches, warm rooms and fine food for Allied airmen who shuttle combat and transport planes across the North Atlantic in a never-ending stream. In the airman's geography, these are Goose and Gander.

By coincidence, the great Labrador base of the Air Transport Command was built at the edge of a river that flows into a body of water which early explorers had called Goose Bay. Many years ago, in Newfoundland, Gander Lake was the name given to the water near the scene of the tremendous British installation that is used by R.A.F., R.C.A.F. and A.A.F. fliers. The two bases are as far apart as Washington, D. C., and Dayton, Ohio—400 miles. On westbound flights, if you can't get into Gander, you may find Goose open. If Goose closes in behind you on the eastbound jump to Europe and things become rough enough to warrant return, then hightail for Gander.

The relationship of Goose and Gander, like the barnyard fables, does not end there. A cordial interchange of hearty friendship exists between the two. Their problem of bleak isolation is akin in the long winter months, and their fight against the silent enemy of the ice country—loneliness—is waged on the same plane by two fabulous characters of the North Atlantic—Fish and Andy.

"Fish" is Lieutenant Colonel Bert Raymond John Hassell of Rockford, Illinois, commanding officer at Goose Bay Army Air Base. For thirty-two years he has been blazing the aviation trail. A forced landing off Chicago's lake front in the pioneering days ducked Hassell and his passenger. To this day he goes by the moniker Fish.

THE "Andy" of Fish and Andy is Group Captain David F. Anderson, D.F.C., of the Royal Air Force, commandant at Gander, former assistant air attaché at the British Embassy in Washington and a pilot of great ability. Tall, princely looking and ever smiling, Andy towers over the average man in stature and is head and shoulders above the average American in humor. Unquestionably the most popular of all the British airmen sent to this country in the early days of the war, Andy is a personal friend to America's high air command. Washington rings periodically with tales and legends of this noted British airman. Andy is no office airman; he has spent most of his twenty-five years in the R.A.F. on flying duty in the colonies and hopes to finish his career in the field.

Fish and Andy have been in constant touch for the last three years on the official business of keeping the North Atlantic roaring with aircraft, and unofficially they have done more to cement American-British relations in that cold, cold country than all the bilateral agreements you could sign at an international plenary session. For they are two of a kind.

Fish and Andy were discussing, by radio, a movement of heavy bombers and fighter-bombers across the Atlantic just before Christmas, and, at the end of the business, Fish asked, "Well, Andy, are you lacking anything for a pleasant Christmas?"

"As a matter of fact, Fish, I am. We're desperately low on Worcestershire sauce."

"Too bad. But have the merriest Christmas possible."

In the cold gray dawn of Christmas morning, a B-25 streaked off the snow deck at Goose and raced to Gander with high-priority cargo and papers. Tucked away in the pilot's thick parka were two bottles of Worcestershire sauce with this corny note from Fish: "What's sauce for Goose is sauce for Gander. Merry Christmas, Andy."

A MAN of brisk action is Fish Hassell. Though he's in his middle fifties he can whip any young B-17 pilot at badminton and make his opponent think he's been the bird. He keeps in superb physical shape with a scalding Finnish bath every other day. In long-handled G.I.s he traipses over for his bath and further sweats it out with a long, hot drink of whisky. ("I never take a drink till after retreat or until the sun goes over the yardarm.")

No one can fight the bulletless war of Goose Bay in the long, bitter night and escape the pangs of loneliness. Nevertheless, Fish has done wonders to make Goose morale high. Fish will go to any extreme to radiate a kindliness not at once detected by his rough exterior and brusque mannerisms. Not long ago his veterinarian officer reported that a huge supply of pork had spoiled.

"Throw it away," Fish ordered.

"But, Fish," the other protested, "that's $22,000 worth of pork, and we won't have another boat in here till July."

"We'll fly our pork in," Fish retorted.

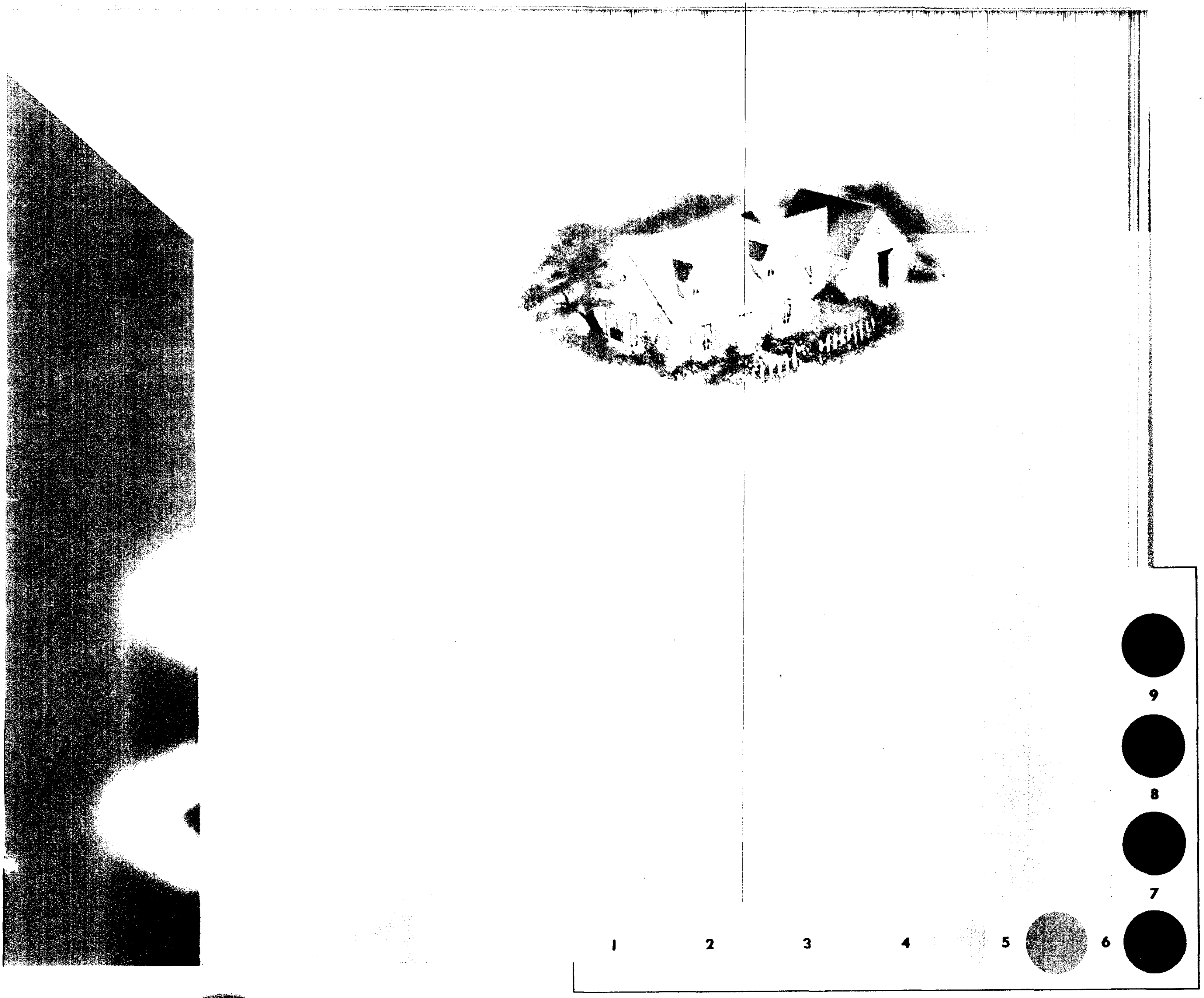
The next morning Hassell sent for a young sergeant from Iowa. "They tell me you've done some farming and plan to raise pigs after the war," he said. "Well, you're going to do some postwar planning right now. If pork will spoil here, we'll raise it on the hoof. You're going to run the Goose pig farm."

Two days later twenty-four pigs squealed out of a Douglas C-47 transport, and the pork population rose to 67 just before Christmas. Fish and his sergeant had flown down to Maine and bought the pigs. From scrap lumber, volunteers built the "farm" in two days. Feeding the pigs is no burden on supplies.

Andy, over in Gander, heard about the pork farm and what it had done to morale at Goose. He flew to Maine and stocked Gander. These were the first pigs to be flown to both Newfoundland and Labrador.

Fish and Andy exchanged views on raising

*(Continued on page 58)*



THE "SMOKE DOCTORS" invented a machine which draws a sample of combustion gases from an oil burner flue, and measures the soot content against their "Scale of Soots." Their aim is to correct combustion—*stop the sooting!*

# Soots TO MEASURE

SMOKE—from the smoke ring you idly blow, to the cloud begriming a city—is unburned fuel. It's *waste* . . .

An efficient flame burns smokeless, sootless. That's why good engineers hate smoke.

One branch of Shell Research is made up of "Smoke Doctors"—a group of scientists who fight smoke and soots as M. D.s fight disease.

When the Smoke Doctors began their work 15 years ago, domestic heating oil was "something left over" when gasoline was refined. It was up to the burner manufacturer to make his burner perform on whatever "left-over" he got.

The Smoke Doctors took a different view: Their mission in life was to get heating oil—not Shell's alone, but also that of other refiners—made with the same care and precision as motor fuel . . . and to help burner manufacturers improve their equipment.

**Their spotless laboratory building is the center of home heating oil research. Many of their findings have been made available to all refiners of heating oil. All makers of oil burners have been invited to share—35 of the largest have participated.**

**Their success in this missionary work had much to do with a striking statistic: Seven years after they started, the consumer had received a bonus, in the form of lowered costs and improved heating efficiency, amounting to more than 20% of his annual fuel bill.**

Convenient heat . . . comfortable heat . . . above all, *clean* heat—for these, give due credit to Shell Research. Thank the Smoke Doctors!

**OUT OF PETROLEUM, PLUS IDEAS—**
**GREATER MOTOR FUELS AND LUBRICANTS**

Shell's wartime research in motor fuels and lubricants—important contributor to America's dominance in the air, at sea, and in mechanized warfare—will "carry over" to your motoring.

These wartime achievements of Shell scientists are being translated into finer fuels and lubricants for the family car, ready when the word comes.

***For distinguished service—Shell's Martinez and Wood River Refineries have been awarded the Army-Navy "E"***

SHELL

*Horizons widen*
*through*
*Shell Research*

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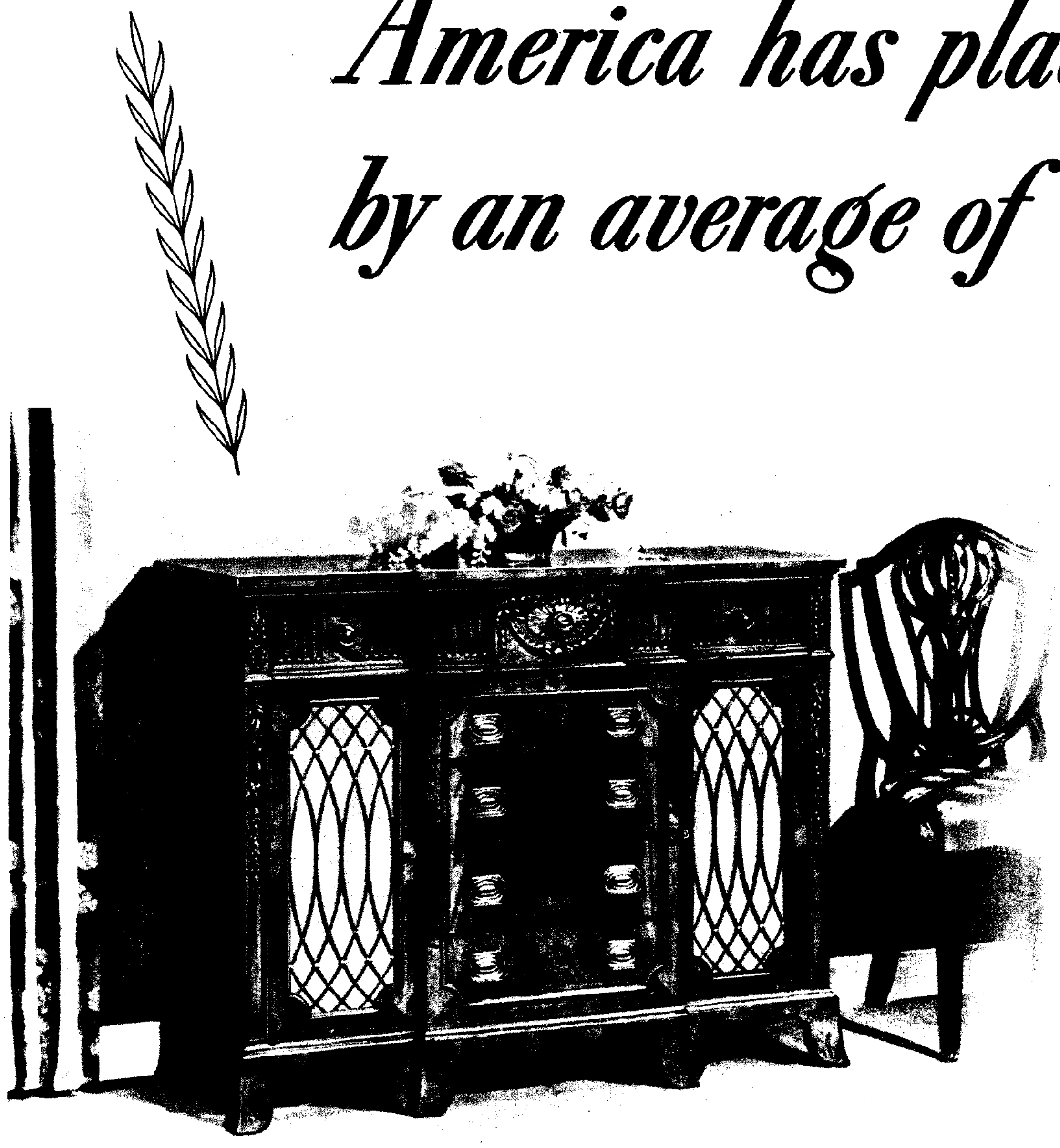
IN NATIONWIDE POLLS OF POST-WAR BUYING PREFERENCE . . .

*America has placed Philco First by an average of 3 TO 1*



ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS America will buy after Victory is a new radio or radio-phonograph. And by an average of 3 to 1 over any other make . . . *it will be a Philco!*

Yes, that's the evidence that comes from all parts of the country in impartial surveys of post-war buying preference conducted by newspapers and national magazines. Everywhere, Philco is the overwhelming leader . . . in present ownership and future preference.

As the world's largest radio manufacturer and the leader of the industry for 12 straight years, Philco looks upon this universal public confidence as a challenge and an obligation. Your Philco of tomorrow will fulfill the promise of Philco leadership. It will bring you new and untold joys from radio and recorded music. New ideas and new skills have been born of war research and the vital contributions which Philco engineers have made to the advance of electronic science. These will be reflected in the tone and performance of your post-war Philco, in the beauty of its cabinet design . . . and in the value you get at every price.

Yes, you may look forward to your Philco radio or radio-phonograph of tomorrow. In features, quality and value, it will be worthy of your confidence today.

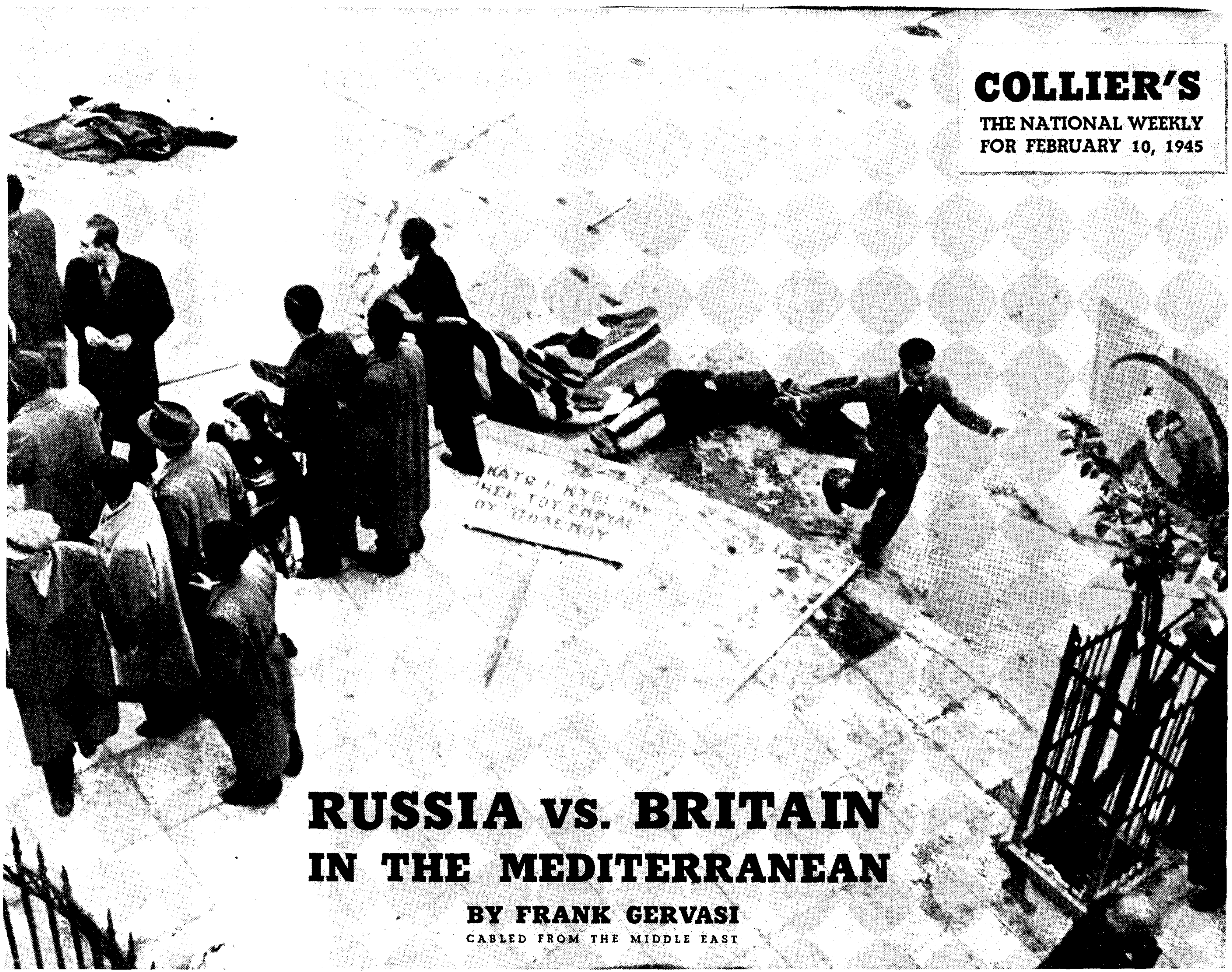
* * *

*Tune in the RADIO HALL OF FAME. Hear the Pick of the Stars at their best. Every Sunday, 6 to 7 P.M., E.W.T., Blue Network.*

PHILCO

*Famous for Quality the World Over*

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR FEBRUARY 10, 1945



# RUSSIA vs. BRITAIN IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

### BY FRANK GERVASI

CABLED FROM THE MIDDLE EAST

INTERNATIONAL

A street scene in Athens after police began killing Greeks—the same police who had maintained "law and order" for their German masters. British flags cover the victims, whose blood was shed in what Gervasi calls the "war-within-a-war" in the Mediterranean

**Here begins a vivid first-hand report on how Allied policy failed in Greece and Italy, and what it means to the future hopes of big nations and little peoples**

THE Mediterranean is a vast landlocked sea dividing Europe from Africa, and the passions of its people are as warm and deep as its cobalt-colored waters. Into it empty the Nile and the Po, the Rhone and the Ebro, and, with them, the cultures and aspirations of the lands through which they flow. Out of its basin have come three religions: Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism and at least two major political concepts: Democracy and Fascism. Here the republican idea was born and here it fights now for survival.

Republicanism seeks to reassert itself in Greece and Italy, strongly in one and feebly in the other, in direct proportion to the length of their respective Fascist blackouts. It is beginning to stir again in Spain. What may emerge in these nations may not be, eventually, republics in the American sense, for in each case there are strong leftist movements for popular ownership of utilities and major industries, particularly those previously owned by their Fascist tormentors.

Essentially, however, in these countries, as in Yugoslavia, where friendship for Russia flourishes, people tired of the tyranny of kings and dictators want to participate directly in government and seek economic as well as political democracy. But only in France is the republican idea reasonably certain of survival. Elsewhere in the Mediterranean, the people seem to have less to say about what kind of governments they may have than stronger powers which are outside the Middle Sea itself.

For, although the Mediterranean washes the shores of several sovereign states, the really important "Mediterranean powers" aren't physically in it at all. One of them is Great Britain for whom it is a shortcut to her empire in Africa, the Middle East and the Orient. The other, in the revolutionary political changes wrought and promised by World War II, is Russia, for whom the Mediterranean offers a westward route to the markets and raw materials of Europe and the Western Hemisphere through the Dardanelles.

These straits are in Turkish hands but, for the moment, are British-controlled. So is the Gibraltar gateway, the only other natural exit and entry into the Mediterranean. Also British-controlled is the man-made gate valve in the south known as the Suez Canal. Only

GUTHRIE JANSSEN

ELAS members on the way to take over some police stations. They gave an enthusiastic greeting to American correspondents, whom they count Greece's friends

Millions of Italians are homeless and hungry. Here, Sergeant Hershel Nelly of Tennessee feeds some sufferers at a U.S. Army camp

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Italian patriots searching for Germans in Cesena, which the British captured. No civilians are abroad because of fierce German shelling

INTERNATIONAL

once, in modern times, was British domination of the Mediterranean threatened—by Italy in 1935. World War II crushed the imperialist ambitions of that country and removed, perhaps for another 50 or 100 years or more, any possibility of danger to Britain's life line from that quarter.

But Great Britain—or at least her present Conservative leadership as personified by Mr. Winston Churchill—sees another threat to Empire security in Europe and the Mediterranean. The Fascist threat is over and the Nazi one is being crushed, but now the British are worried about a Communist danger. When British troops intervened in the Greek civil war it was, Mr. Churchill told the House of Commons on December 5th, to prevent the rise there of a "Communist dictatorship." For years the Nazis and the Fascists said they were fighting Communism, and the British preoccupation with the same Red menace provides, now, one of the tragic developments of this war.

When Europe's Axis powers said they were fighting Communism on the Continent and in the world, they meant Soviet Russia. They did a good job, in fact, of selling the idea abroad that they and their satellites constituted a "bulwark" against the westward tide of Bolshevism. If Great Britain should turn out to be in reality, politically fighting the USSR, then an appalling state of affairs would exist. Allied unity would become a myth, and Adolf Hitler would have won an important victory.

Undeniably a conflict of political, economic and imperial interests exists between Great Britain and the USSR. I've heard too many Britons express their concern over Russia's spreading influence in the Balkans, eastern Europe, the Baltic and the Middle East to ignore it. It's there. With the war against Fascism not yet won, two of the major Allies are jockeying for power, and in this game of power politics Russia so far has seemed to hold an advantage.

Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia have fallen into the Russian sphere of influence, partly because they lay in the USSR's assigned military area of operations and partly because it was politically natural for Moscow to support the anti-Fascist left-wing movements in these countries. In Great Britain's and our own military theater in western Europe and the Mediterranean, we failed to support our friends, the anti-Fascists, and dealt with our enemies. In France we corrected our mistakes but at a very late hour. Elsewhere, in Greece and Italy, we—particularly Great Britain—were too much concerned with Communist dangers (and a further drift toward Russia) to support the anti-Fascists and canalize their affections toward us.

Is Europe, however, actually going Communist? The evidence is against the possibility of a Bolshevik Europe. It is folly to believe that Communist regimes in the old Marxist sense are possible—in Mediterranean Europe particularly. Syndicalism might work in Spain, modified Socialism might eventuate in France and perhaps even in Italy, and some republican form with Socialist modifications would suit the Greek temperament. Otherwise, there isn't a nation in that part of Europe washed by the Mediterranean in North Africa or the Levant where Communism with its submersion of individualism could or would work.

The chief reason for the British fear of Communism on the Continent seems to stem from the fact that during the Nazi occupation the resistance movements everywhere were organized and led largely by people known as Communists. This does not mean, however, that these movements were Communist. All shades of political beliefs rallied around the Communists, and, especially in Greece, Italy and France, the Marxists were obliged to submerge whatever purely Communist objectives they might have had into the will of the majority, for (1) direct action against the Axis enemy and (2) revolution against their own Nazis and Fascists. Essentially, because it helped us to liberate Europe and to defeat the Axis, this was a democratic revolution.

### The Real Threat to Europe

The Mediterranean races love personal freedom too well to submit to the regimentation and self-sacrifices which Communism demands. The cry of Communism raised in the Mediterranean frightens the propertied rich, the landowners, the big industrialists—the few who have so much—and enlists their support against the many who have so little. As a result, Fascism and Nazism, together representing the evils which this war was to extirpate, might find a way to survive and, if this happens, it will be the worst betrayal of the common people of Europe in its entire history.

The real aim of some power politicians seems to be to stifle Mediterranean Europe's social revolution, and this is nowhere as clear as it is in Greece, a strategically important piece of Mediterranean real estate guarding the British Empire life line and the Dardanelles.

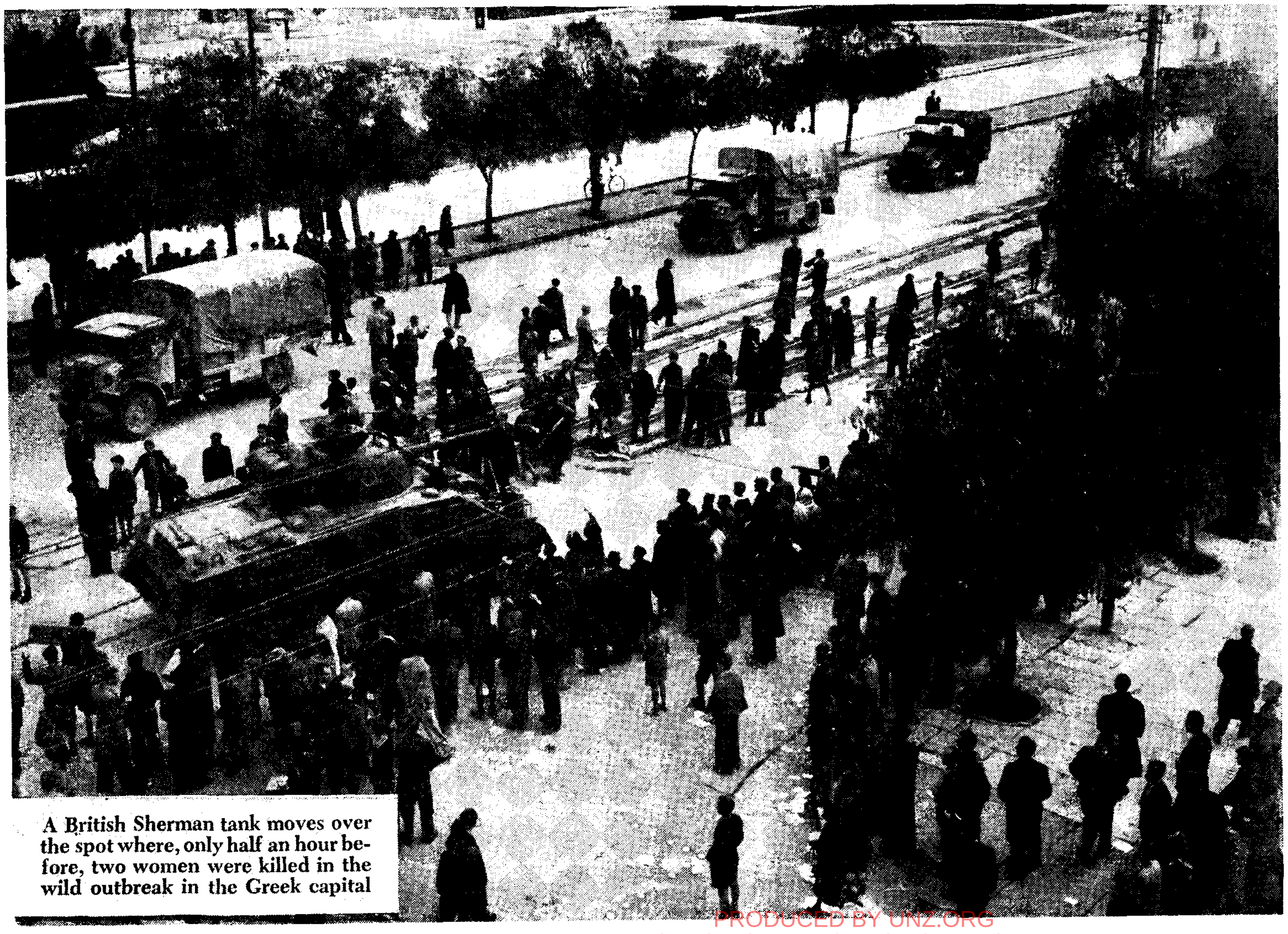
In the cold dawn of December 3d, gray-uniformed Greek gendarmes who for nearly four years had enforced "law and order" for their German masters marched out of their headquarters in the white-faced building opposite the Grande Bretagne Hotel in troubled Athens. They carried rifles, machine guns and grenades but looked more like armed bus conductors than soldiers in their oversized visored hats and black leather leggings. They took up positions blocking the approaches to the hotel and to the buff-colored Royal Palace and around the broad, long Constitution Square that slopes down from the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in a formal pattern of trees and shrubbery and empty concrete pavement for two city blocks in the capital's heart. The streets were damp with the night's rain.

The police had orders to break up a scheduled demonstration of members and sympathizers of the EAM, the Greek National Liberation Front. Some cursed as they shuffled to their posts. It was to be a bloody and historic day in the life of Greece, and an equally important one in the new struggle for power in the Mediterranean, but it is doubtful whether many were aware of this. Most of them shared the British and Greek conservative estimate of the EAM as a left-wing dog wagged by a Communist tail. The cold soaked through the cops' greatcoats.

The demonstration had been arranged as a show of popular disapproval of the provisional government's attempt to disarm the Republican ELAS guerrilla army of the EAM without proportionately disarming its various Royalist and Nationalist opponents, some of

(Continued on page 55)

GUTHRIE JANSSEN

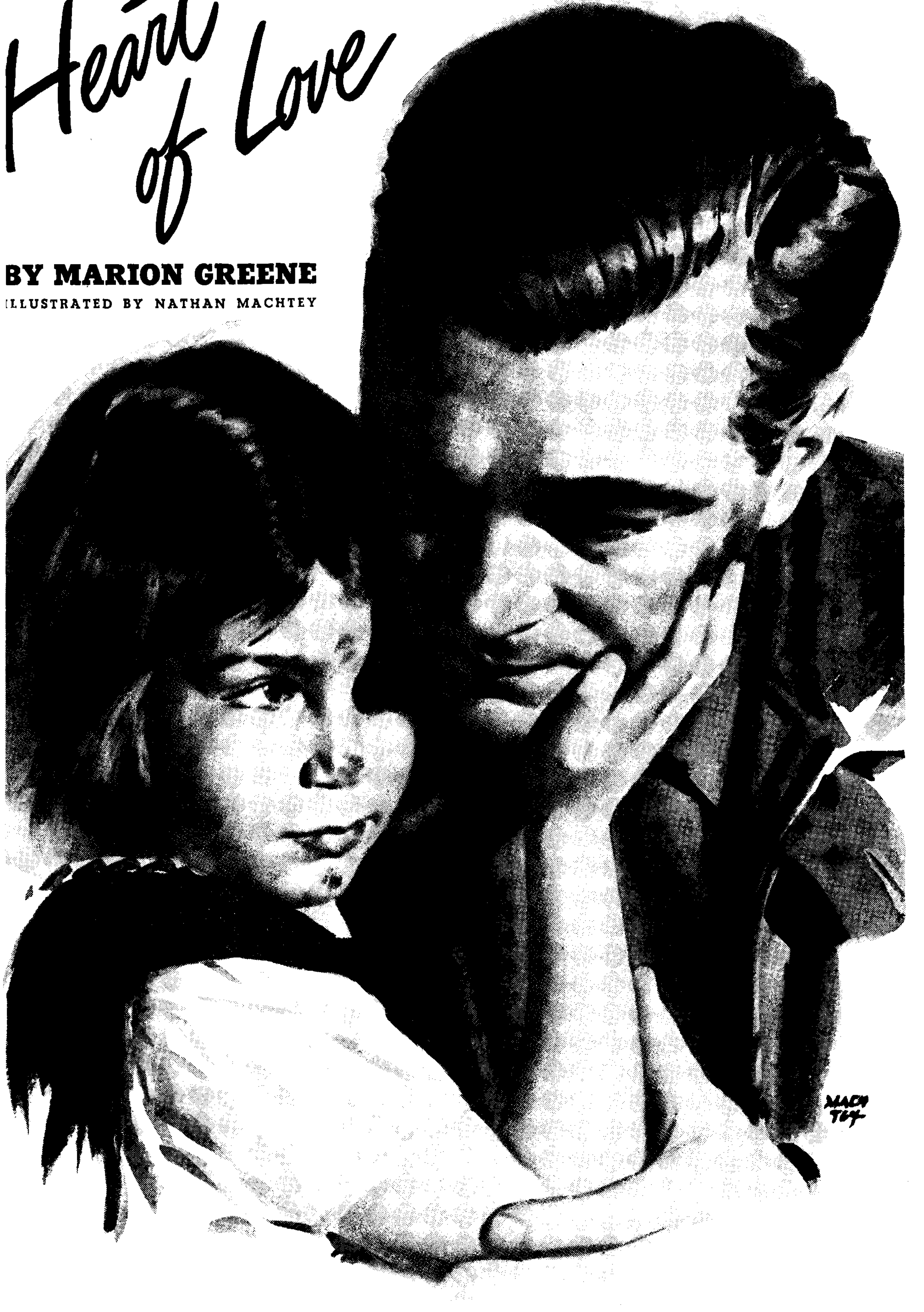


A British Sherman tank moves over the spot where, only half an hour before, two women were killed in the wild outbreak in the Greek capital

# Heart of Love

### BY MARION GREENE

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY



"Tell me, baby. What makes you follow me today?" She lifted one hand and laid it on his cheek

"IF I had a doll's carriage, I could take my doll riding." The child spoke softly, not glancing at either of her parents, but staring over her bowl of cereal. Her pointed chin barely cleared the table top. Pale elf locks straggled around her ears. She was never quite clean.

"Did'ya hear that?" May splashed coffee into Joe's cup. "All she wants now is a doll's carriage!" In irritation she turned to the child. "Eat your breakfast and stop fussing."

Obediently the child dipped a spoon into her bowl.

It hurt Joe to see her like that, so still and unprotesting. "You'll have a doll's carriage," he promised. "There aren't many in the stores, but I'll find one."

She looked up in her quiet, waiting way.

"Sure—a doll's carriage!" Joe repeated, and smiled.

It flashed out then, the miracle of her answering smile, turning her into a small, gay sprite. And it came, not at his promise of a doll's carriage, but from a muted responsiveness, to meet his smile. And always it was for Joe alone.

"We can't afford a doll's carriage," May said sharply.

"We can," Joe said quietly. "We will."

He turned his face from her, sheathing the despairing anger in his eyes. It sickened him to have to contradict her. To see her flare into rebellion and sharp taunts; always to fight against her moods when she needed care and patience—and love. But sometimes it seemed he had to strike back at the anger or indifference with which she regarded him and the child.

She hated it, because it was Joe's—or because it was not Sam Martin's, whom she had loved. Joe knew she had married him just to get back at Sam, who had jilted her, and because she was tired of working at the bakery. But he had been so sure that she would grow to care for him when she had forgotten Sam.

It hadn't worked that way. The face, still beautiful, was a little puffy now from too much drink; the large brown eyes had been bloodshot for over a month—and yet Joe still loved her, wanted to help her, with a passion that even blotted out consideration for the child.

"She's not wheeling any doll's carriage around here! Scraping it against the wallpaper!" An angry white line ringed May's mouth. "Get a doll's carriage and you take her with you to the garage!"

Once, when May had been nursing a hang-over, Joe had taken the child to the garage where he worked and let her play in an empty storeroom over the office. An eight-year-old, with funny pigtails, had wandered in from the street, wide-eyed with discovery. "Mister, there's somebody upstairs, looking out a window."

"That's my little girl," Joe said.

The eight-year-old regarded him with interest, then pointedly observed, "I don't have anyone to play with, either."

That day, whenever he went into the office to make out a bill or answer the telephone, Joe heard them scampering overhead, chattering and laughing. Looking in once, he found them in each other's arms. The older child was telling her a story, little-mothering her, and she was loving it.

May would not let him forget it. She twisted everything into another reason why he should take the child to the garage. The child, herself, had never teased to go back. She seldom teased for anything.

"Buy her a doll's carriage," May repeated, "and you take her with you to the garage. Understand?"

"She'll have a doll's carriage." Joe's jaw stiffened. "And she'll play with it here, at home. Home's where little ones belong." He pushed back violently from the table.

Lighting a cigarette, he intentionally scraped the match on May's wallpaper, then hated himself for doing anything so petty. But he was bitter, he might as well admit it. May would never love him. She would always have for him the old allure, but they would go on, and May would drink more and more heavily, growing sullen, wicked.

He looked over at his daughter, and her glance met his. Setting down her glass of milk, she slipped from her chair. "I'm going to the corner with you, Daddy."

She liked to walk with Joe to the corner, spinning her small line of prattle. Usually Joe played up to her. Today he gave her scant attention, but from habit he stopped at the corner to say goodby. She was running at his side, trying valiantly to keep pace with his heedless stride, her tiny feet slopping through puddles and her arms flapping for balance, looking like an earnest little penguin.

"This is as far as you go, baby," Joe said.

The child reached out her arms, lifting up her face. Joe kissed her, then turned and strode off, thinking of May.

AT THE next intersection, he wheeled abruptly, as if someone had called his name, and saw the child following along the second block. She was not allowed to cross the street, and never before had.

There was no defiance in her manner when she caught up with him, only determination. She gazed up at him.

"Be a good girl," Joe coaxed. "Go on home. I'll be late for work."

He took a step toward her, waving her back, and she made one quick, instinctive move, but unsure of herself in reverse, sat down with a bump.

Joe set her on her feet. "It's all right, baby." He pointed along the street, giving her direction. "Now run home."

But wriggling from his hands, she stood curiously regarding him. He saw then that her dress was muddied and her little knees were red and skinned. While he was striding on preoccupied, she must have stumbled, fallen flat on the wet pavement, got up without a cry and followed.

Kneeling on the sidewalk, he drew her to him. "Tell me, baby. What makes you follow me today?" The altercation over the doll's carriage, he supposed, had upset her. Yet somehow he knew it wasn't that.

Her eyelids drooped. Leaning against him, taking strength from him, her natural shyness fell away. She lifted one hand, wet and dirtied from her fall, and laid it, like a small cold kiss, upon his cheek, and sighed—as if she felt within herself, with no real comprehension but only through her love for him, all his unhappiness with May, his lost illusions, and wanted him to know that she was sorry.

Sorry for him—who had fathered her and had then been too selfish, too blinded by the pain of his own problem to notice hers, enormous and unsolvable. There had to be something he could do to make it up to her. He gathered her in his arms.

"Remember the little girl you played with at the garage?"

She nodded. Happy memory unleashed the tide of speech. "We played puss-in-corner. And she told me stories."

Real, meaningful, for Joe the future emerged. He must forget that he loved May. He must leave her, find someplace to take the child where she would be cared for properly, and they could be together. During the days, he would keep her with him at the garage. He told her so.

"Every day—I'll go with you?" She did not quite believe it.

"Every day," he said, and found that he could smile.

The miracle of her answering smile shattered her solemnity. Her pale head fell rapturously against his shoulder. Joe thought of May and felt tears crowd his throat. In time, perhaps, he might think of her as someone once dearly loved but long dead.

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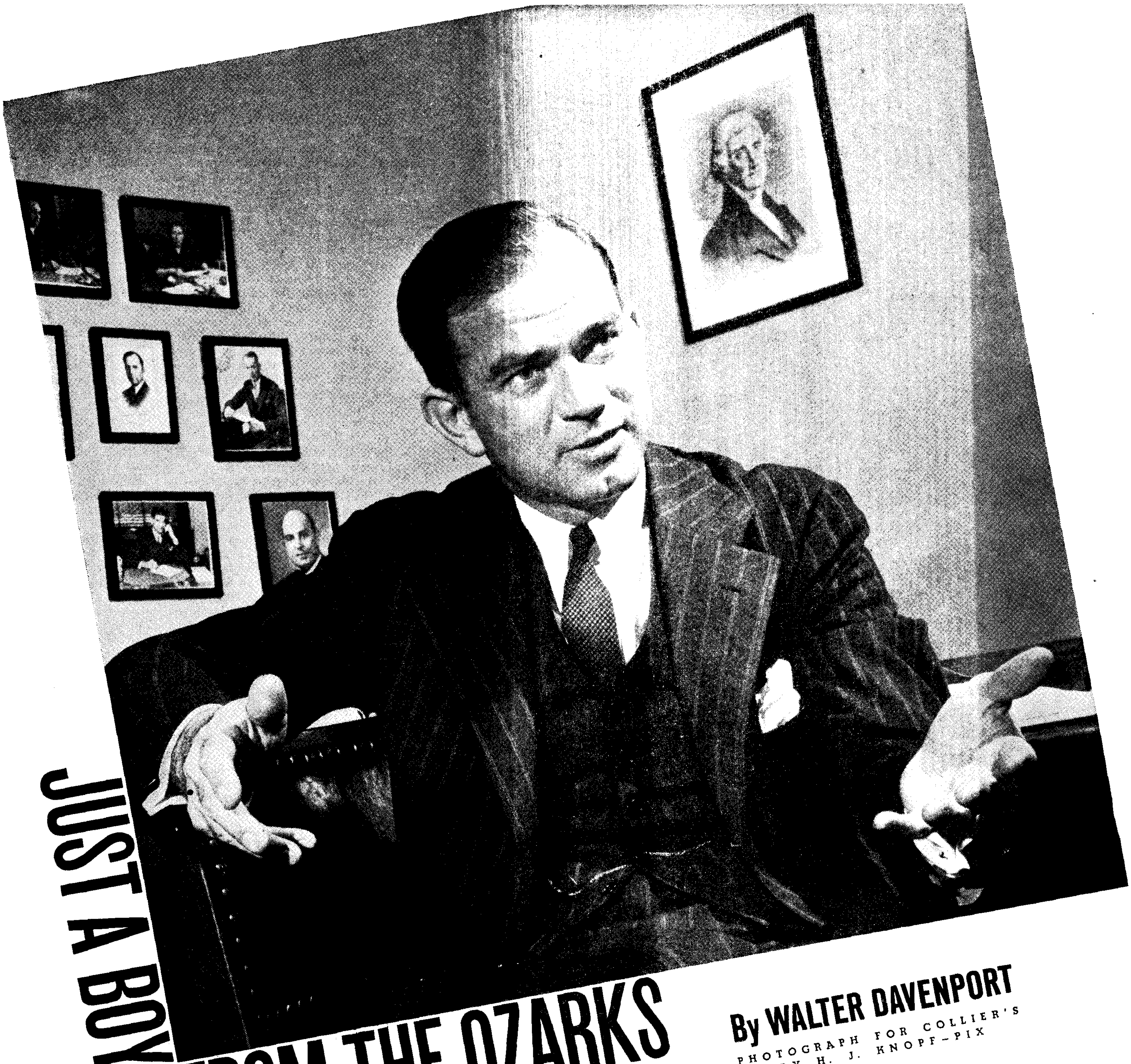

# JUST A BOY FROM THE OZARKS

### By WALTER DAVENPORT

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY H. J. KNOPF–PIX

**The junior senator from Arkansas is a rising star in the American political skies, and most people remember him for his famed 55-word resolution on international co-operation. But what makes James William Fulbright tick is his dad's theory about mud**

SENATOR FULBRIGHT'S father, Jay, a simple farmer working a 450-acre corn and hog farm near Sumner, Missouri, had a way of raising his eyes from the furrow, taking a good long look at what else was going on in Chariton County and saying in effect "Tsk, tsk, tsk." He was not a man to squander words. For example, he'd see a good bargain yonder waiting for somebody to recognize it and stroll over and take it by the hand. Something, say, like a parcel of land that needed buying and selling at a profit.

Naturally this took the elder Fulbright to the bank because he did not have large amounts of ready cash at his immediate command and he had to do a bit of borrowing. This went on for some time without disaster. But one day Jay Fulbright discovered that the bank itself was in need of a few bucks, so, instead of borrowing the thousand dollars he had come for, he took the five thousand that he had made in the aforesaid turnovers and bought a piece of the bank. It was small.

There are a large number of men in good standing in their communities who will tell you frankly that they can think of no surer way to go broke than to put your money in a sick bank. Fortunately Mr. Fulbright had consulted none of such. He just took his five grand and, nominally at least, became a banker. His rising son, Senator Fulbright (D) of Arkansas does not know exactly what the bank's directors said, although he wouldn't be surprised if it was "Tsk, tsk, tsk."

Actually this bank suffered more for the want of confidence than for deposits. The farmers didn't like the management much, but they did like Jay Fulbright, who was a man very hard to fool.

Now we do not set the foregoing down idly or because we have nothing better to say, but rather to give you a glimpse of the immediate heritage of the younger Fulbright who, at the age of thirty-nine, has become Arkansas' junior senator and who frequently peers into the postwar murk and says "Tsk, tsk, tsk."

When he was nine years old, his father, having taken over control of that bank, decided to move to Fayetteville, Arkansas, taking with him, of course, Mrs. Fulbright and the six children. When Mrs. Fulbright asked him why they were moving, Jay said that he was sick and tired of the mud where they were. And when she pointed out that there was no mud famine in Fayetteville, from all she'd heard, Jay said, "Well, Roberta, it won't be the same mud." So they went.

It was with something very similar in mind that our current Fulbright, as a freshman member of the House of Representatives, in June, 1943, offered his now famous resolution in Congress. Mr. Fulbright, like his father, had got tired of the old mud—isolationism. No stars shone in his blue eyes. No clouds brushed his ears. International co-operation for the sake of peace might not be a four-lane concrete highway all the way to sweet Beulah Land. But if the going did get soft here and there, it wouldn't be the same old mud. That his one-sentence, 55-word resolution should generate a sensation surprised Mr. Fulbright, but he has since decided that its brevity was the major reason

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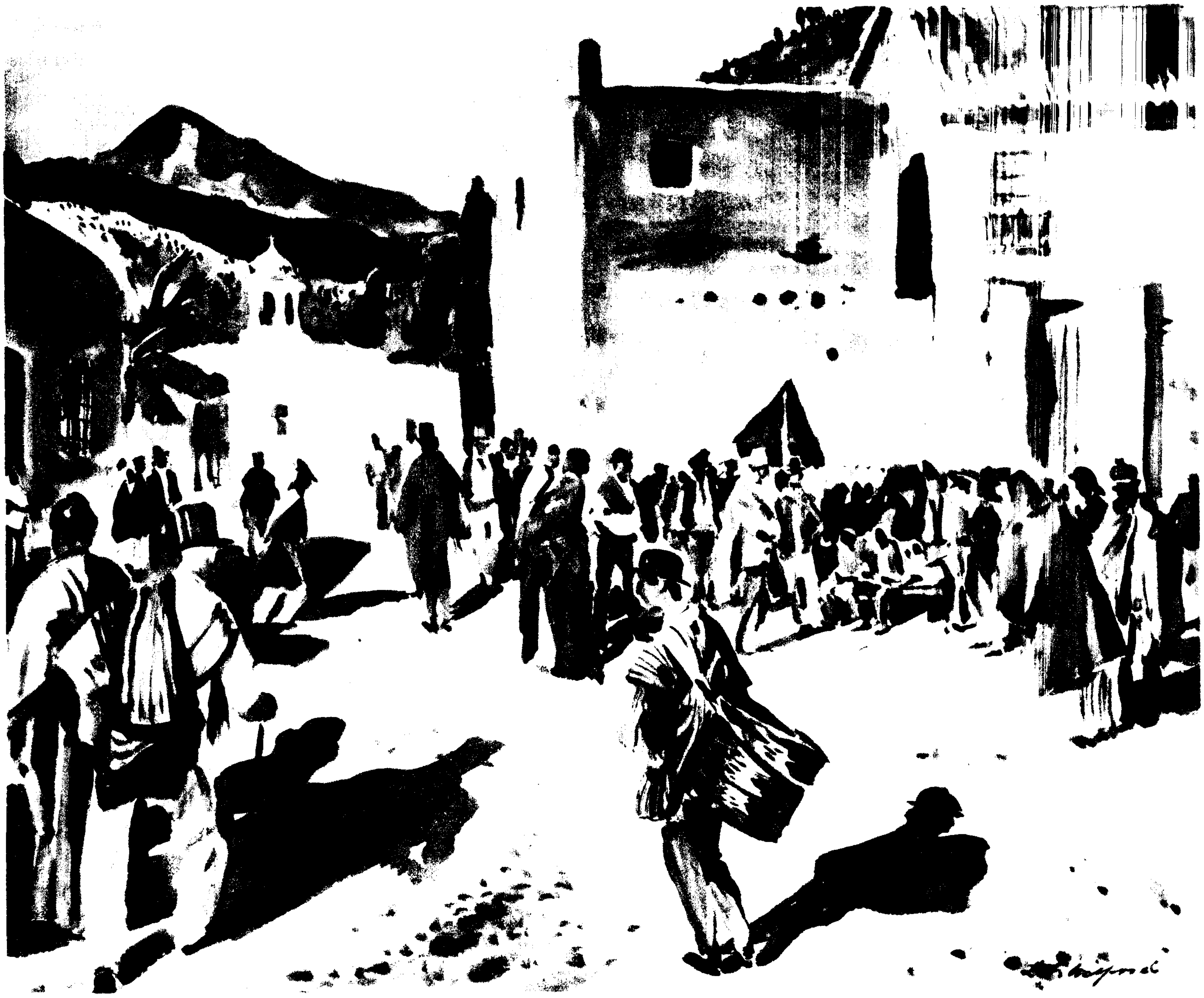


The main street presented a curious spectacle. All the male citizens wore hats such as Pablo had never seen

# The Magnificent Hats of Costanza

### BY LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

**Mayor Garcia had a sharp eye for a peso, but he forgot that his worthy citizens used their heads for something more than hatracks**

THE events of this story took place in the town of Costanza, which is not a simple town to identify, as it is properly in Mexico, but is so close to the joint borders of California and Arizona that it is often disputed territory.

The trouble about the hats began because the mayor of Costanza, Mr. Emilio Garcia, was a man of unbridled ambition. Emilio Garcia was legally elected mayor of Costanza for the reason that only one other citizen of the town had bothered to run against him, and as his opponent was widely known to be a writer of poetry, Mr. Garcia won by a landslide of 620 votes to 7. The fact that Emilio Garcia had only one opponent was not so surprising as it might seem. It was not that Garcia himself was so well loved, as in truth he was not, but the office of mayor was not generally regarded as a desirable one for it paid very little, and the civic duties it entailed were taxing in so warm a climate. The prestige of the mayor was largely social, or so everyone had always imagined until Emilio Garcia took office.

Garcia was a man of wide interests if little actual property. His mind was constantly swirling with magnificent schemes for his own advancement, and those who whispered that he would one day make his mark in Costanza had not long to wait. Garcia made it his business to have a large acquaintance and among his closest friends was one Manuel Chaldez, who owned both the hat store and the hat factory. This factory was a factory in only a very limited sense, but it produced a certain amount of *sombreros* yearly, and apart from Chaldez' store there was no place where one might buy a hat for more than forty miles in any given direction. It was this last fact which inspired Emilio Garcia.

One warm afternoon as the town of Costanza was unhurriedly stretching itself back to wakefulness at the end of the afternoon *siesta*, Garcia encountered his friend Chaldez passing on the dusty street outside his office. He smiled pleasantly, showing both rows of his gleaming white teeth. "In my official capacity as mayor, my friend Chaldez," he said, "there is a certain matter I must discuss with you—a matter of government, you understand."

"Your Honor," replied Chaldez, who had a great respect for public office and was himself one of the two members of the mayor's council, "I am always at the service of the people's representative."

The two men bowed courteously to each other and entered the office of the mayor. The door of this building was so low that Garcia was obliged to duck his head slightly to enter, although Chaldez was able to walk upright with nearly a foot to spare. The adobe building consisted of only one unusually small room, but it was cool and contained a very large desk. The mayor offered a twisted black cigar to his friend and when Chaldez refused, broke it in half, returned one part to his pocket and lighted the other part. When it was going nicely, he said, "Have you ever considered that the *buen Dios* saw fit to situate our good city of Costanza in an uncommonly warm climate?"

Chaldez nodded solemnly. "It is the most healthful for many miles around."

"But are you so sure of that, my friend?" said Garcia, frowning and leaning forward in his chair. "Consider the immoderate sun at midday beating down upon the naked heads of the people. There is nothing healthful in that, surely."

Chaldez shrugged his small shoulders. "The people could wear hats," he replied moodily. "I, myself, manufacture a great many hats."

"Aha!" cried the mayor; he

(Continued on page 44)

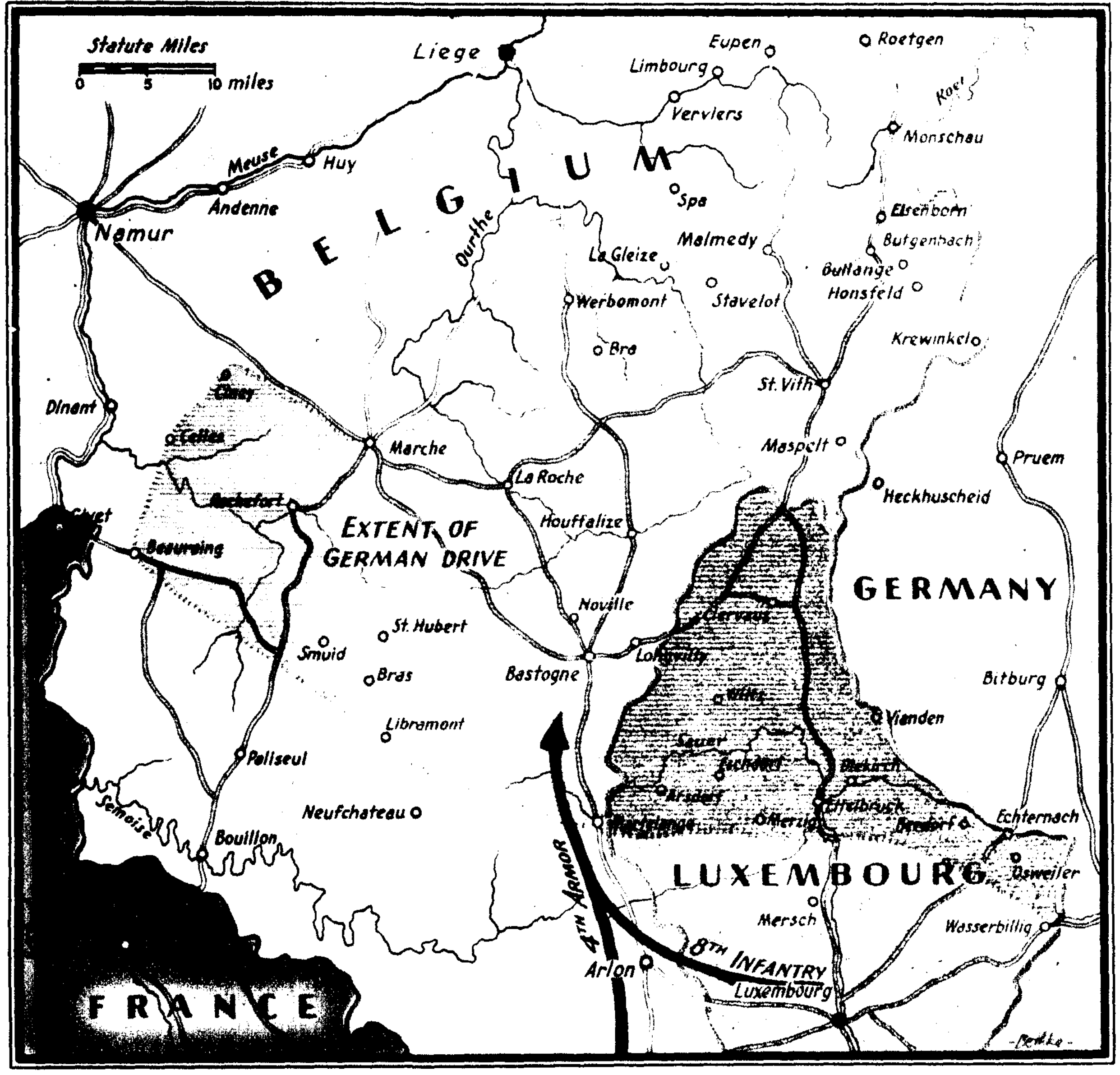
ILLUSTRATED BY LORAN F. WILFORD

# STOGNE!

## e stopped Von Rundstedt

### ert Richards and Richard C. Hottelet

**01st Airborne Division were planning a football game, but got a phone call, then they found themselves besieged on ghting to prevent the worst American defeat since Bataan**



Bastogne's importance is clear here. It shares honors with La Roche to the north as most important road hub in the German advance. The fact that Bastogne stood like a rock in a riptide considerably slowed the German push. Parallel lines show the length and breadth of the Nazi sweep. Red lines mark the border around Belgium and Luxembourg. Patton's relief spears are south

MAP BY E. G. BETHKE

**RADIOED FROM BELGIUM**

THE little man had a deadpan face and a star on each shoulder, and he was getting ready to go to a football game when it happened. They were calling it the "Champagne Bowl" game and it was going to be a real killer-diller, according to the paradoughboys of the 101st Airborne Division. There would be Wacs to act as cheerleaders, with everything almost like the old days back home. Football with snow, wind and clear bright sun, and with two American regimental teams out to settle a year-old rivalry. The men of the 101st were resting. They had earned the right to some fun. But then it happened.

It began slowly but ominously and with grim undertones that they hoped would die away until the night of Sunday, December 17th, when there was a telephone message for the little man, Brigadier General Anthony C. McAuliffe, who describes himself as "the Old Crock." McAuliffe was having a drink. He put his glass down slowly and uncertainly as he listened to the blunt message that drained the bubbles from the Champagne Bowl.

"I'll have to give you a little double talk," the voice said. "Court's in trouble. Jim leaves in the morning. You've got to get going by daybreak Tuesday."

Such double talk might have confused the Germans but it was clear enough to the man in command of the 101st. The reference to "Court" meant that Lieutenant General Courtney H. Hodges' American First Army was in a tight spot. The words about "Jim" meant that a fellow officer of McAuliffe's already was on his way to help; and now the 101st was being summoned in the midst of its rest period. Just why, not even McAuliffe knew at the moment, but he could guess it was bad.

It *was* bad. Up to the north at headquarters, the corps commander looked at a large-scale black-and-white map which covered the wall. In front of him, a weird tree of red grease pencil was spreading out—a tree lying on its side with a wide base in the east, stretching trunk and branches westward down the roads and over the hills and the rivers and the villages. As the commander looked, one of his officers went to the wall and rubbed out sections of the red tree in order to add more branches and make the trunk thicker, to spread it farther westward and southward. It was Sunday, December 17th—the same day McAuliffe got his message—and the sprawling, cannibal tree was the pattern of the German break-through, the beginning of the most serious defeat for the United States Army since Bataan.

For thirty-six hours, men had been changing that map minute by minute. For thirty-six hours the red grease pencil had been trying to keep pace with the German tanks that had broken through our front and were pouring along the roads to the west. For a day and a half tired men had got up from incessantly ringing telephones and had taken the red pencil and drawn little flags on the map like leaves on the trees. They were German divisions—new divisions being identified hour by hour as a few prisoners came in, or as a German staff car blundered into our lines. One after the other, little flags speckled the area until it looked like a hall of fame for the German army. Names appeared like the first SS Panzer division, bearing the name Adolf Hitler, and like the Grossdeutschland Panzer Grenadier Division. The flower of the German army, under Field Marshal General Karl von Rundstedt, was organized into the Fifth and Sixth Panzer armies and was beginning to flow through the breach in our lines.

That was how it started for McAuliffe and the 101st; that was how they found out about the little Belgian town of Bastogne, an ugly and unexciting cluster of houses and shops that nobody thought about twice until an avalanche of German armor burst into eastern Belgium and Luxembourg, and the ghosts of the 1940 blitzkrieg again roared along the winding roads of the Ardennes Forest. Then everybody found out about Bastogne and how it sprawled across a network of roads that meant life or death to Von Rundstedt's surprise offensive.

Even before McAuliffe received his telephone message that Sunday night, there were many American soldiers who had learned the name of Bastogne and had died in the learning. To some of them it was the shattered target of the enemy onslaught; to some it was a place on which to rally; to all of them it was a place to hold at any cost. If McAuliffe had wanted to know about Bastogne that night, the Tenth Armored Division could have told him. The Ninth Armor could have answered, too, and the First Army's 28th Infantry Division. They knew and would not forget.

McAuliffe was going to find out about Bastogne, but that night he knew only one thing: They wanted him to get there. All right, he would. He would be ready to move Tuesday morning.

Then his telephone rang once more. It was that voice again: "Did we say daybreak on Tuesday, Crock? . . . Sorry, but you must get going by fourteen hundred tomorrow. (2 P.M. Monday.)"

So they went to work. The Old Crock worked twice as hard because he was regularly only divisional deputy commander of the 101st under Major General Maxwell Taylor, who had gone to Washington on temporary duty, leaving McAuliffe in command. The Service of Supply scoured the countryside and brought back big trucks, little trucks and trucks of all sizes.

The 101st was a seasoned bunch of paradoughboys. They had been dropped in Normandy and had bucked their way into Carentan. They were now only sixteen days out of the front in Holland but they were ready to move again. They knew how to fight and they could laugh and, watching the wild scramble for trucks, one of them could say, "Hell! Why don't they just give us roller skates?" Then the men who had been trained to plunge from the sky to strike an enemy piled into the trucks and rolled. The 502d Parachute Infantry Regiment and the 506th rode off together. They were to have played each other in the Champagne Bowl, but they were going north to their toughest job of the war.

That was the afternoon of Monday, December 18th, and by then, a thousand Nazi tanks had already chewed and swallowed and digested several units of American armor and infantry.

At Corps Headquarters up north, the red penciled tree was still growing. Already nine German infantry divisions, six Panzer divisions and one parachute division were identified as moving into the gap. And to the east, up and down the line, ready to wheel in behind them and add to the force hurling them westward, were more divisions. Reports never stopped coming in. Men reeled off the map locations—burning vehicles, German road block at crossroads, ambush of Tiger tanks outside a village. More and more frequently these locations were miles westward of the red-penciled branches, and men shook their heads and drew little red circles on the map to show how the probing German fingers were stretching out, far ahead of the main body.

### As the Enemy Tide Rolled Onward

On that big wall map the American units were blue flags and they were terribly few. Nor was anyone rushing up every few minutes to add more. You could see, as the red tide rolled on, how the blue flags were surrounded. Then someone would get up from the telephone, take a rag and erase a blue flag from the map. Another American unit had been submerged. And to add confusion, in between our units that were reeling back or were trying to find new positions to hold—everywhere behind the First Army front—came word of German paratroopers.

Lone jeeps were ambushed within fifteen minutes drive of Corps Headquarters. No one could tell which road was safe. Police jeeps with .50-caliber machine guns raced up and down the roads, armored reconnaissance cars crisscrossed the entire rear area, and one division commander traveled from Corps Headquarters to his division in an armored half-track. Paratroopers were not the only menace. Already hundreds of Germans in American uniform had driven American jeeps through the great gaps in our line. They came to collect information, tap and cut telephone wires and spread alarmist rumors. The enemy chewed up a great deal in that first forward surge, but on the headquarters map, there was still a blue flag to show that the town of Bastogne remained in our hands.

The blue flag was still there because of Colonel William L. Roberts of Lake Charles, Louisiana, and his Tenth Armor. Tall, lean and scholarly, Roberts was already a veteran of the Battle of Bastogne; had already earned the nickname of "the Stone" because he refused to retreat and, finally, shoved his armor into Bastogne itself and dispersed his forces to cover the approaches to the city. That was the line-up when McAuliffe, speeding ahead of his division, reached Bastogne on Monday, as the main force of the German offensive approached the town.

"The first thing to do," said General McAuliffe, "is to find out what the score is."

### A Stone Wall Against the Storm

He found out in a hurry. On the morning of the 19th, the full fury of the German onslaught hit Bastogne's outer defenses, riding the momentum of the fourteen-mile advance through shattered American lines. Then, unexpectedly, Von Rundstedt's drive faltered. Bastogne's northern defense line was at Noville, where Major William R. Desobry of Augusta, Georgia, was attacked by heavy armor from three sides. But he held fast and fought like a panther tumbled by a pack of hounds. His outfit tackled the big Nazi tanks and supporting infantry, and killed and killed until their guns were hot.

East of Bastogne, Lieutenant Colonel Henry T. Cherry of Macon, Georgia, fought at Longvilly until he was cut off, and then he fought his way out again and established a new line and held. To the southeast, Lieutenant Colonel James O'Hara of Washington, D.C., stood firm and forced the Germans to by-pass to the south. So the armored avalanche was turned, but not halted and, at 2 P.M., the first elements of the 101st reached the battle line at Noville to strengthen Desobry. They held at Noville, and time and again the Germans came on through the mist in endless efforts to cut them off. Time and again, the tankers and paradoughs refused to be cut off.

One who refused, for instance, was Sergeant Richard H. Beaster of Waukesha, Wisconsin, who fought with the 609th Tank Destroyer Battalion. Paradoughs don't often soften up, but they decided this Beaster was about as near to being a man as a soldier can get without wearing paratroop boots. On that first day, Beaster drove his new-type tank destroyer, with its 76-millimeter gun, atop a ridge just in time to see five German tanks moving away from him. Then his commanding officer First Lieutenant R. W. Amyer, of Mount Vernon, New York, witnessed "the damnedest thing that I have ever seen."

Beaster knocked out all those tanks within a matter of seconds and then knocked out two others immediately afterward. Just as this happened, he radioed back: "I just knocked out my seventh tank," and the words were hardly out of his mouth before a German 88 shell hit his machine, putting it out of action and injuring him. But Beaster didn't remain injured very long and today he is still hunting the Germans.

Hourly it became more apparent that Bastogne was something greater than merely the hub of eight major roads. The German pattern of attack had grown clearer now, and it seemed certain that its forward motion must halt unless the Germans were able to erase the resistance at Bastogne.

In the beginning, McAuliffe faced about five German infantry and Panzer divisions, while his own force consisted largely of the 101st Division, elements of a Tenth Armor task force, and stragglers from the Ninth Armor and the Twenty-eighth Infantry Division. These last two had been mauled in the earliest days of the Wehrmacht offensive.

Assisted by two young staff officers, Lieutenant Colonel Harry W. Kinnard, and Lieutenant Colonel Paul A. Danahy, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, McAuliffe adopted a plan calling for one combat division to move through Bastogne, attacking to the east to occupy vital high ground. The 501st Parachute Infantry, under Lieutenant Colonel Julian Ewell, drew this task and completed it, but McAuliffe saw that the Germans were attacking in such strength that this move was not enough, so he extended the perimeter around Bastogne with the 506th Regiment to the northeast, the 501st in the center, and the 327th on the southeast.

The Americans cursed the bad weather that kept our Air Force grounded. No one inside Bastogne ever doubted that they could hold the Germans, but bad luck struck hard on December 19th. The Germans came upon a hospital including medical aid men, doctors and patients northwest of Bastogne.

Paul Danahy, McAuliffe's aid, was grim when he heard how the Krauts came up through the rain at night, some of them riding tanks and some of them dressed in civilian clothes. They fired into the hospital, and the officer in charge went outside and asked them to quit. They replied by giving him thirty minutes to pack up everything, including the patients, and they took the entire group away. Three medics managed to escape. After that, no wounded man could get expert surgical aid. Several medical officers came into the pocket by glider later, but they had only the scantiest equipment for their vital task.

On the big map at headquarters, the red tree had not ceased spreading its branches. Where the Germans met resistance they crushed it, or where their spearheads could not do that easily, they side-stepped and raced on westward. The first twenty-four hours went as the Germans had planned; perhaps better. Large amounts of gasoline and stores and large numbers of prisoners, vehicles and guns were taken. Every SS man had himself photographed puffing a big American cigar.

But during the next twelve hours, hardly apparent outwardly, the first steps were taken to halt the great offensive. Recognizing the seriousness of the situation, General Omar Bradley took over personal tactical command almost immediately. If disaster was to be averted, it was necessary to meet the emergency with the combined resources of the three armies under his command—the Ninth, the First and the Third. This he started to do.

One captured German document I saw later had said, in assessing our order of battle: "As learned from experience, it is assumed that the enemy will not quickly recover from unexpected reverses." It was a fatal miscalculation. Relying on their estimate that we would be unable to recover from the blow, the Germans fortunately spent more time and energy in the first thirty-six hours in driving deeper westward than in trying to widen the base of their breakthrough. This gave Bradley just enough time to strengthen the shoulders. Troops were rushed to the edges of the Nazi break-through area. The next stages of the operation followed immediately. The whole area for a hundred miles around throbbed with traffic racing for the danger zone. Movement had to be staggered and controlled. Parallel roads were used. Divisions waited their turn to move. As swiftly as possible the shoulders were manned with fresh troops and held firm. There were a few more blue flags on the headquarters map now, and the one at Bastogne was still there amid a mass of red pencil marks.

It was a wild, confused battle in the fog and rain around Bastogne those first days. The Nazis paused and then struck again and again, until the Americans at Noville were surrounded and had to fight their way back to new lines at Foy.

Curly-haired Sergeant Vernon M. Christopherson, of Beldenville, Wisconsin, who once worked for Lockheed Aircraft at Burbank, California, was one of those in the middle of that early fighting around Foy. He and his pals crouched in holes and listened at night while German tanks came out in the fog and moved about in a circle, trying to find out just where they were. Every now and then they bounced a shell toward our men, and some Joe would mutter, "Hell! This might be worse than Carentan or Eindhoven!"

"But we didn't really worry, see, because we were too damned busy to worry about anything," Christopherson explained later.

The Germans would crack McAuliffe's perimeter sharply, first from one side and then from

*(Continued on page 67)*

ACME

**The man who said "Nuts!" to a German ultimatum is Brigadier General Anthony C. McAuliffe (above). Lt. Col. Creighton Abrams (lower left) helped lead the rescue spearhead to Bastogne. Major Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor (lower right), commander of the 101st Airborne, was in Washington when the drive began, flew to join his men**

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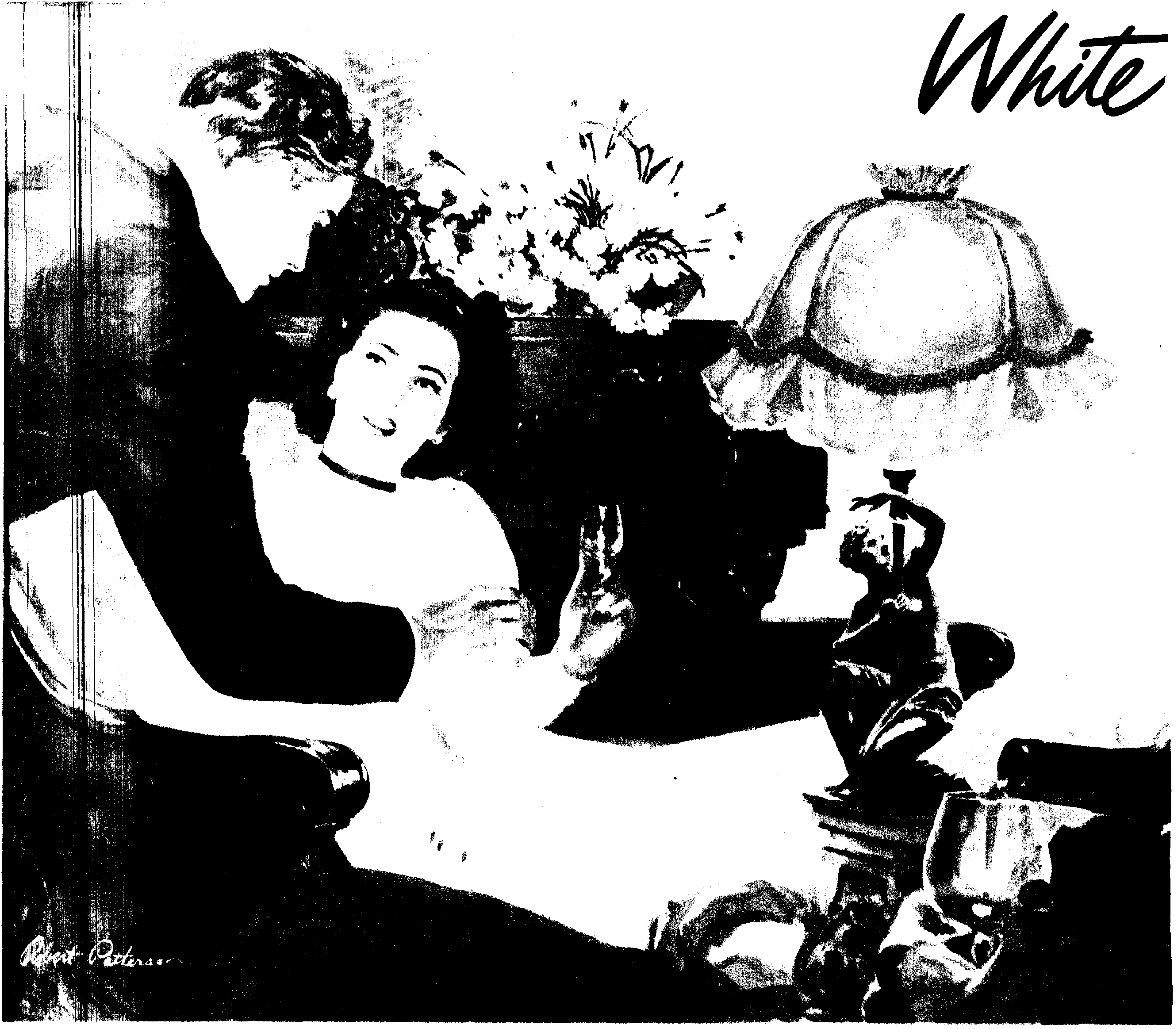
# White



Detective Trant had a passion for the unorthodox—but he got more than he asked for when Angela came to him with carnations in her hands and murder in her background

LIEUTENANT TIMOTHY TRANT of the New York Homicide Division eyed his visitor appraisingly. She was young, beautiful in a careful way and cool—cool as the spray of white carnations she wore at her shoulder.

She said: "I'm Angela Forrest. You don't remember me, do you?"

Trant searched an almost flawless memory. "I don't think . . . yes, of course. Princeton. A prom. Nine years ago. A white evening dress, very little back. You waltzed superbly."

The blue eyes widened. "How extraordinary! You do remember! But then why shouldn't you? I did. You've done such clever things in those nine years. That's why I thought of you when I needed help."

"Help?" queried Trant. "From the Homicide Division?"

"Help from someone in the Homicide Division who isn't just an ordinary policeman, help from someone with enough imagination not to think I'm insane." Gravely she unpinned the white carnations from her lapel. "I've come about these flowers."

It was a passionate interest in the less orthodox aspects of human behavior which had deflected Timothy Trant, Princeton '35, from a solid business career into the police force. A pretty girl who brought flowers to the Homicide Division was unorthodox. Miss Angela Forrest was intriguing him.

"It's my birthday today." She put the carnations down on the desk. "These arrived this morning—dozens of them, anonymously."

"And it worries you?"

"It frightens me." Fear, controlled with an obvious effort, made the blue eyes hard. "You see, two other people in my family received white carnations anonymously on their birthdays. Within a few hours both of them were—dead."

"How discouraging!" said Lieutenant Trant, fascinated.

Quick to take offense, the girl flared: "You don't believe me?"

Trant smiled. "I can't believe you or not believe you until I know more."

"I—I suppose so. You want me to tell you the whole story?"

"Very much," said Lieutenant Trant. "Very much indeed."

She crossed her legs. They were good legs. The traces of fear were still in her eyes, but she was obviously on her mettle as if she'd sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help her God.

"My uncle, Colonel John Forrest, was the first. You may have heard of him. He died six months ago. Shot with his own revolver. He'd just been sent back from the Pacific. Some sort of shell shock, they said."

LIEUTENANT TRANT remembered the case: A tired Army officer overstrained by the hell of a difficult campaign and returned to a civilian life which seemed meaningless to him. A tragic and not infrequent aftermath of war. The department had written Colonel Forrest off as an open-and-shut case of suicide.

Angela Forrest said: "Uncle John lived alone here in New York. The whole thing happened on his birthday. The family, all of us, were coming into town to celebrate by having dinner with him. I arrived early to take him some little present. No one answered my ring. I was worried. I had the janitor open the apartment for me. The first thing we saw when we went into the living room was the white carnations—dozens of them scattered across the carpet. There was a vase, too, a broken vase and a pool of water. I bent to pick up the flowers, and saw that some of them were splotched with red. That's how I found Uncle John. He was lying there, the revolver in his hand—he had knocked over the vase as he fell." She shivered. "It was blood on the carnations."

She paused as if steeling herself to continue. Lieutenant Trant made no comment. He merely murmured, "And?"

"The police came, of course. They investigated. They said it was suicide. Oh, the carnations didn't seem important then. I thought it was strange his having them because Uncle never liked flowers, but . . . but it wasn't until the next thing happened that I began to feel the white carnations were—sinister."

"There were more of them?"

"Last February. My aunt, Mrs. Lucia Dean. She was my father's sister. She died on her birthday, too. Dean—Chippogue, Long Island. Do you remember?"

Lieutenant Trant did. The case had been outside his territory but his friend, Inspector Cadbury of the Chippogue police, had been much interested in it. A middle-aged society woman who had given a family birthday party had later been found in her garage, dead from carbon-monoxide poisoning. An accident . . . that was what the coroner had

# Carnations

### by Q. Patrick

said. No connection had been traced between her death and that of her brother.

"Our family always gets together for birthdays, Lieutenant," said Angela Forrest. "It's about the only time we see one another. We were all at Aunt Lucia's house. The carnations came that morning. They must have been sent anonymously because she asked me if I'd sent them. I hadn't. Later she was found in her car in the garage—dead. Inspector Cadbury's men brought her into the living room. We all came down. The carnations were there by her body. The smell of them seemed to be everywhere, that sweet, horrible smell . . . as if they had been sent for her funeral." There was a catch in her voice: "That was carnations—twice. And now today when I opened that box and I saw . . ."

She broke off, throwing up her hands to cover her face.

Quietly Trant asked: "You told Inspector Cadbury about the carnations?"

"Of course." She spoke huskily. "He wasn't interested. Coincidence, he said."

"Three coincidences," murmured Trant. "I suppose you're giving a birthday party tonight, Miss Forrest?"

"Yes. The whole family, all that's left of us. They're to spend the night."

"Put them off."

"I can't. I . . ." She stopped. "Then you do believe there's danger? You don't think I'm crazy to feel that . . ."

"No, there's something more than coincidence about anonymously sent white carnations arriving for two people on their birthdays a few hours before they died? Of course I don't think you're crazy." Lieutenant Trant watched her keenly. "Do white carnations have any particular significance in your family?"

"None that I know of."

"Strange," said Trant. "A murderer sending flowers to his intended victim. Very unorthodox. You suspect no one specifically, no member of the family?"

"No."

"No one has any reason for wanting to kill your uncle, your aunt—or you?"

She hesitated. "Well, in a way, we all have a motive."

"In a way?"

"You'd call it a motive, I suppose. My father had all the money. When he died, he made one large trust fund. The income is equally divided among his brothers and sisters and their children. If any one of us dies, the rest split his share."

"I'd call that a motive." Trant picked up one of the carnations from the desk. "How did these come?"

**Angela was just about to drink her liqueur when she frowned and lowered her glass. Instantly Trant said, "Angela, you've got my drink. This one is yours"**

"Through the mail. Special delivery. In a plain box."

"Why can't you put off your party tonight?"

She looked at him desperately. "What good would that do? If the carnations mean what I think they mean I couldn't stop this thing by putting a party off." She paused. "There's only one thing to do. Oh, I've thought and I've thought and I'm sure of it."

"And that is?"

"To give the party, to give this person every chance and—and somehow bring it out into the open." She leaned across the desk impulsively. "That's why I came to you. I thought if you'd . . ."

"Come to the party?"

"Oh, yes, yes. I know it's terribly . . ."

"Unorthodox," put in Lieutenant Trant happily.

"But I'm frightened, Lieutenant. I'll admit it now." She paused. "But I wouldn't be frightened—if you were with me when the danger starts."

AS LIEUTENANT TRANT watched the lovely oval of her face, he found that it was not only the detective in him that was stirred by her plea.

"It would be a little obvious having a policeman to dinner," he murmured. "A friend, I think, don't you? An old Princeton beau?"

Angela Forrest's smile was radiant. "Then you will come?"

"Delighted," said Lieutenant Trant. "Most delighted."

Her relief was pathetic. It was as if a great burden had been lifted from her shoulders. She rose, handing him a card from her pocketbook. "Here's the address. It's an old barn of a house, but Daddy left it to me and I've nowhere else to live. Oh, I can't tell you how grateful I am."

"On the contrary," said Trant, "I'm very grateful to you."

"For what?"

Lieutenant Trant smiled. "For giving me something interesting to think about—and for waltzing so beautifully years ago." . . .

After she had left the office, he picked up one of the wilting carnations and stared at its limp petals.

Then he reached for the telephone.

The ensuing conversation with his friend, Inspector Cadbury of Chippogue, convinced Lieutenant Trant that something was very wrong in the Forrest family. Cadbury was competent and stolid. He had a hard-boiled man's contempt for such feminine whimsies as sinister white carnations, and he stated firmly that Colonel Forrest had unquestionably committed suicide. But he also stated that it was different in the case of Mrs. Dean. Although Cadbury had no shred of evidence to implicate any one individual member of the family, he was convinced that Mrs. Dean's "accident" in the garage had been murder.

"Call it a hunch, if you like," he grumbled into the phone, "but it's a hunch with twenty years' police experience behind it. I smelled murder at the time. I smell it still."

"Interesting," murmured Lieutenant Trant.

After ten minutes, Trant had at his finger tips the facts of Mrs. Dean's death. He learned that, so far as opportunity was concerned, any member of the Forrest clan could have faked the "accident." The people involved—presumably the same as would be present at Angela's birthday party—were four in number: Philip Forrest, Angela's cousin, a bachelor and a reasonably unsuccessful Wall Street broker with a weakness for liquor; Herbert and Lucy Bartram, twin cousins, who were both ardent and eccentric research chemists; and, finally, Miss Ellen Forrest, Angela's maiden aunt, whom Cadbury described succinctly as a "holy horror."

"You're sure," inquired Trant before ringing off, "that the smell you smelled in Mrs. Dean's garage wasn't the scent of—white carnations?"

"Carnations—nuts!" snarled Cadbury. "That Forrest girl with her carnations! If you ask me, she's as batty as the rest of 'em."

"Oh, no," Lieutenant Trant sounded pained. "I wouldn't say that. Not at all . . ."

That evening Trant arrived at the address Angela had given him, a severe old brownstone house in a fading neighborhood. He was wearing a dashing shirt-and-tie combination in a deliberate attempt to look as unpolicemanlike as possible. Before ringing the bell, he took a stroll around the block to make sure that the precautionary plainclothes man he had bespoken had arrived. The man was there, waiting unobtrusively at the mouth of an alley which ran parallel to the back yard. Trant nodded to him and, returning to the front door, announced himself.

Angela herself let him in. She was wearing a creamy white dress which enhanced her extreme pallor. Her manner, however, was admirably controlled. With a soft little laugh, she said:

"I'm still alive, you see."

Trant was almost fooled by that laugh, but as she drew him into the hall he felt that her arm against his was trembling.

"I was hoping you'd arrive first but my cousin Philip's already here." She lowered her voice: "Is—is there anything you think I should do?"

Trant looked very grave. "Don't get alone with anyone. That's all. If there's any chance of it, make an excuse to take me along. Promise me you'll do that."

A flicker of alarm showed in her eyes. "I promise."

Philip Forrest was in the large, old-fashioned living room with a shaker of cocktails in front of him. He was indulging the "weakness for liquor" described by Inspector Cadbury and, as Angela introduced him, he was already feeling no pain.

On the piano in a large silver bowl, Angela, rather macabrely, Trant thought, had arranged the huge bunch of white carnations. Neither the flowers nor the ramblings of Philip Forrest added much gaiety to this theoretically gay anniversary.

The arrival of the two Bartrams did not help either. Herbert and Lucy, the chemical twins, both had red hair, thin, scientific faces and quacking voices which spoke interminably about the problems of their current researches. Having informed Angela that they would have to leave immediately after the birthday dinner to attend an important lecture, they drank cocktails, shouted at each other and paid no attention to anyone else.

The single, decrepit maid was in the living room bringing a second shaker of cocktails when the front doorbell rang again.

"That'll be Aunt Ellen. I'll go, Mary."

Angela started to the door and then, remembering Trant's warning, came back, took his hand and drew him out of the room with her.

As they passed through the hall Trant ventured: "Charming relatives."

She grimaced. "Wait till you see Aunt Ellen."

WHEN they opened the door, Aunt Ellen, large and bosomy and formidable, strode in. Inspector Cadbury's "holy horror" carried a fat suitcase and demanded to be taken immediately to the room where she was to spend the night.

With Lieutenant Trant following with the suitcase, Angela conducted her aunt to a room at the head of the stairs. As Trant set the suitcase down by the bed, Aunt Ellen emitted a shrill scream and pointed to a sleek black cat which was batting contentedly at a catnip mouse under a bureau.

"Cats, Angela! You know I'm allergic to cats. I shall sneeze now for hours and hours."

"I'm sorry, Aunt Ellen. I can't imagine how Minnie got in here."

Angela removed the cat, but Aunt Ellen was not mollified. It was impossible for her to sleep in a room where a cat had been, she said. With a sigh of resignation, Angela murmured:

"All right, Aunt. I'll sleep here. You can have my room." She turned to Trant. "Perhaps you'd be good enough to take the suitcase. Just down the passage."

Even Angela's room failed to satisfy Aunt Ellen. It was cold, she objected. There was an old-fashioned gas heater. Trant lighted it.

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

# "They Must Have Loved You Over There"

GENE LESTER

The Benny troupe comes home from the South Pacific. L. to R.: June Bruner, Jack Benny, Carole Landis, Larry Adler and Martha Tilton

### by LARRY ADLER

**When an entertainer returns from overseas, people say, "They must have loved you over there!" Mr. Adler, who can write and also play the harmonica, is not sure the G.I.s "love" all their entertainers**

THE recent caustic comments on performers in the China-Burma-India theater of operations were proof that good will is not everything. While I believe that the criticisms were, in an instance or two, rather harsh, I do not think that the mere fact of going overseas should offer the performer immunity from criticism. I believe that more criticism from the soldiers overseas would result in a far higher standard of overseas entertainment. It would dispel the illusion that for the big-name artist to "be there" is enough.

Last July, our troupe (consisting of Jack Benny, Martha Tilton, Carole Landis, June Bruner and myself) was in San Francisco waiting to take off for the Pacific areas. We were asked to visit the hospital at Hamilton Field where there were some casualties in from Saipan.

We did some entertaining. Martha sang, as did Carole, while I accompanied them on the harmonica. Jack, without his violin, had to tell jokes. In another ward we were asked just to talk to the men, not to do a show.

They seemed to be mostly head-injury cases, and after a while I became conscious of an extraordinary incongruity. These men were trying to cheer us up. Please don't take that as a joke; I'm deadly serious.

The reason might be, I think, that a civilian, to them, is just a casual visitor. He doesn't know the ropes. How can he possibly know? Do you, living in the United States, know what it is like to have your home destroyed by a robot bomb? Even if Hemingway writes it for you, you still don't know. And these hospital casualties had a sort of kindly pity for our comfortable ignorance, so they tried to make us feel good.

The technique of giving a show in a hospital ward is something I have never mastered and probably never shall. It is easier, I think, for a girl. I have watched and admired the way Miss Landis, Miss Tilton or Miss Bruner can engage a patient in conversation, find out his home town or just make cute talk generally. Me, I get very self-conscious. For one thing, I suddenly get to feeling ashamed of being in good health. I even feel that I am intruding on the privacy of these men; that if they don't feel like listening to my music, there is no escape for them; they have to listen to it.

Curiously enough, battle casualties seem to make better audiences than men who become ill or have accidents behind the lines. They seem livelier and more amenable to entertainment.

I visited quite a few psychopathic wards. In one, on New Guinea, a patient sat on the edge of his bed watching me intently as I played Begin the Beguine.

In the middle of a phrase he suddenly interrupted, "Hey, bud, do you *have* to keep tapping your foot like that?"

I stopped, surprised. "Why, no," I answered. "I don't have to." I resumed playing.

Suddenly he spoke again. "I don't know why you sway from side to side while you play. But did you ever stop to think that a guy could get drunk just watching you?"

I stopped the sidesway. A nurse leaned over the patient.

"Shhh," she admonished him, "this man is trying to entertain you."

"Look," he retorted, "I'm nuts, ain't I? I'll tell him what I think."

When I finished my number, he applauded perfunctorily. Then he said, "Hey, bud, do you think I'm crazy?"

"I think," I said truthfully, "that you're the first honest man I've met on the island."

He put out his hand. "You and I, we understand each other," he asserted. "What's your rank, bud?"

"No rank at all," I replied. "I'm a civilian."

He thought this over. "A civilian," he repeated slowly. "You mean nobody *made* you come to this place?"

I said that nobody had made me come.

He shook his head. "You know where you belong, bud? Right in this ward!"

I remember a ward where I met a chap who had had both legs blown off at Biak. "Do a number for some of the other boys, will you, Larry?" he whispered. "Some of them are in pretty bad shape." I don't know how to act in the face of guts like that. I freeze.

The other boys were a pretty lively bunch and full of questions. How was transportation back home? Was there really a liquor shortage? Did men in uniform have priority on trains? And that never-ending question: Do they know what it's like over here? Is anybody telling them the truth?

One day we visited several hospitals and played to about twenty wards. I found myself getting dizzy from sheer blowing. I entered a wooden hut, the last stop, and found a ward and began to play. It was quite a while before I noticed that my audience was sitting upright in bed and staring stolidly at me. It finally hit me, along about the second chorus of Star Dust. These were prisoners of war—I was playing for Japs!

I suppose I should have made an issue out of it, but I didn't. I just stood there like a dope and played, my entrails feeling frozen from the thoughts of Jap atrocity stories. No one made a sound when the number was over. Then one man, evidently their leader, clapped his hands together. Immediately the rest followed suit—one sharp sound, like a rifle fired.

We come to the question of women entertainers. You would think, wouldn't you, that just to look at a pretty girl for the first time in months would be enough? I used to think that. No longer.

If her act is good, there's nothing to worry about. But all too often the girl is going to make sex the basis of her act. She's liable to use a lot of jokes based on the fact that she is just one girl all alone with several thousand men and—but you get it already. The men begin to woo-woo and whistle, and the girl figures that she's quite a success.

Now, I have the impression that the men are idealistic about women, that any woman who appears before them bears quite a responsibility. She may be the first girl they've

(*Continued on page* 58)

# THE WITCH OF TEWLOE COUNTY

## BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

**Brother Elijah had the devil on the run—until he tackled a sinner who had something supernatural on his side**

ELIJAH TAYLOR had brought some lusty sinners to the mourners' bench in his days of preaching up and down the country, but the greatest problem he ever faced was the witch of Tewloe County. The old men at the courthouse still say that there was no danger Elijah wouldn't meet halfway if he had a Bible in his hand, and they say he showed the power that a godly man has over the forces of evil, but how he disposed of the witch of Tewloe County they never knew.

Elijah had preached hard that summer down through the piney woods belt and he came up to Tewloe County early in September to open a five-day meeting. He got off the train with Miss Nettie, who played the organ at his meetings, and the first he heard of the witch was when he saw a sulphur match tucked behind old Sampson's ear.

Sampson had met them at the depot in the hotel hack and as he flicked the reins and started away, Elijah saw the match and asked the old Negro if he was a smoking man.

"Not me, Brudder Lije," Sampson said. "You mean why I got dis yere match? Dat because of de Bellamy witch. De sulphur keep dat witch from ridin' me."

Elijah smiled and clasped his hands across his imposing paunch, leaning back in the surrey beside Miss Nettie. "A little superstition does a man no harm," he said. "If a man feels a rabbit foot in his hip pocket makes him step a little smarter, I see no harm in it. But when it comes to witches and conjuring, I say it's the devil's work and a man ought to open his eyes and see that the sun is shining in the Lord's good world."

"Yassuh, Brudder Lije," Sampson said. "I knows dat. But is it hurt if I turns my pockets inside out an' puts a match behine my ear an' burns me two white candles front of my fireplace? Is it hurt if I don't take no chances on dat witch ridin' me?"

The hills of Tewloe County rolled in like a quartering sea and the trees that dotted them like driftwood were the twisted shapes of scrub oak and pine. Twilight was at hand and shadows came down from the hills and the dim light there in the valley was overhung by the brooding dark forms of the hills. The air was very still, and clear, and the horses' hoofs rang loud on the hard road that led from the depot to the town a mile away. On the right Elijah saw a clump of blackjack oaks, and as the surrey entered the trees the tabernacle came to view— a rectangular roof supported by columns of adzed logs at each corner, but without walls. Elijah looked at it and frowned and asked, "Where are the tents?"

"Ain't no tents," Sampson said.

The tabernacle seemed forlorn among the blackjacks. Usually, the day before a revival, there would have been scores of tents, and wagons among the trees, horses staked to graze.

"Because of dat Bellamy witch," Sampson said.

Miss Nettie's timid eyes met Elijah's. The evangelist leaned forward. "You mean to tell me people are going to stay away because of some story about a witch?"

Sampson touched the match behind his ear. "You know Cowboy Joe Haynes, Brudder Lije?"

"I know who he is. I never heard him preach, though."

"Dat witch done moan him right out of de pulpit las' July," Sampson said. "She done moan him right out of town. He had a meetin' fust night. Second day didn't nobody come an' Cowboy Joe wa'n't dere his own self. She done rode him out of town."

Elijah frowned, and glanced back at the tabernacle among the blackjacks.

"Dat witch nebber miss a camp meetin'," Sampson said. "She sets off yonder in de blackjacks an' moans an' hollers louder den a steam whistle."

Elijah smiled and settled back in his seat. "You know, Sam, I can holler pretty loud myself."

"I knows you kin," Sampson said, and shook his head. "I reckon it be jus' you an' de Bellamy witch. Jus' you two hollerin', Brudder Lije. Won't nobody else be dere."

"I'll be there, too," Miss Nettie said bravely.

The surrey turned into the public square and Sampson reined in the horses in front of the hotel. There was a brooding somnolence that Elijah did not like. No crowd gathered around the surrey to welcome him; there were no idlers on the bench by the hotel entrance. He stepped down from the surrey and adjusted his hat over the ruffles of gray hair around his ears. As he went into the hotel with Miss Nettie his heavy eyebrows were bushed in a frown. He marched up to the desk and the hotel proprietor met him there, a soft-walking fat man with round, solemn eyes.

"Elijah, I'm Jerry Walker," he said. "I saved two choice rooms for you—if you're staying, that is."

Elijah put his hands on the desk, palms down, his fingers spread. He leaned forward over his hands, looking into the mournful eyes. "Now listen, Brother," he said. "What is all this talk about a witch?"

Jerry Walker moved his fat shoulders uneasily, dipped a pen in ink, and put the registration book in front of Elijah. "I don't know as you'd call her a witch," he said.

"My goodness," Miss Nettie said. "Just what is it, then?"

"We call her a witch," the fat man said. "But I guess she ain't a witch. I guess you'd call her a ha'nt. She's Mary Bellamy, though."

"You mean to tell me this whole town believes in ha'nts?" Elijah said.

"Not in ha'nts, exactly," Jerry Walker said slowly. "Just in Mary Bellamy. The Bellamy witch, they call her." He spoke almost apologetically. "Elijah, when she run Cowboy Joe Haynes out of town it was the most horrendous racket you ever heard. She's a ha'nt, all right. I heard her going on. She hung around there in the blackjacks and howled. She rode Billy Bellamy right up to the edge of the tabernacle, but when she couldn't ride him in she went wild."

Elijah wrote his name in the registration book and Jerry Walker leaned across the desk, whispering, "It's because of Billy Bellamy. She was his wife, and a mighty religious woman, Reverend, when she was alive. She never missed an arbor meeting alive and she don't miss 'em dead. All her life she tried to get Billy Bellamy to go to church, and now she's dead she tries to ride him in. I reckon if Billy ever went to meeting that witch would make her peace."

IT WAS dark now and old Sampson was lighting the lamps in the lobby, but he did not use the match behind his ear. Elijah and Miss Nettie went up to their rooms and Elijah sat down on the edge of the bed, looking out the window at the courthouse square. It was already moonrise, and as the sun set a clear light came down from the moon.

This was the time for a man to make up his mind, Elijah thought. Cowboy Joe Haynes would never live it down that the witch of Tewloe County had run him out of town. If he couldn't triumph over a witch, Elijah thought, he had no business serving the Lord. He got up from the bed.

His tread on the stairs was deliberate and the creaks preceded him into the lamplit lobby. Jerry Walker was still behind the desk and Elijah said, "Jerry, you said this woman was a religious woman. How do you account for her coming back as a ha'nt?"

"She swore she'd do it, Elijah. She died a year back and before she went she swore she'd come back and ha'nt Billy Bellamy, and that's what she done. She'd ha'nt him until his soul was saved, she said."

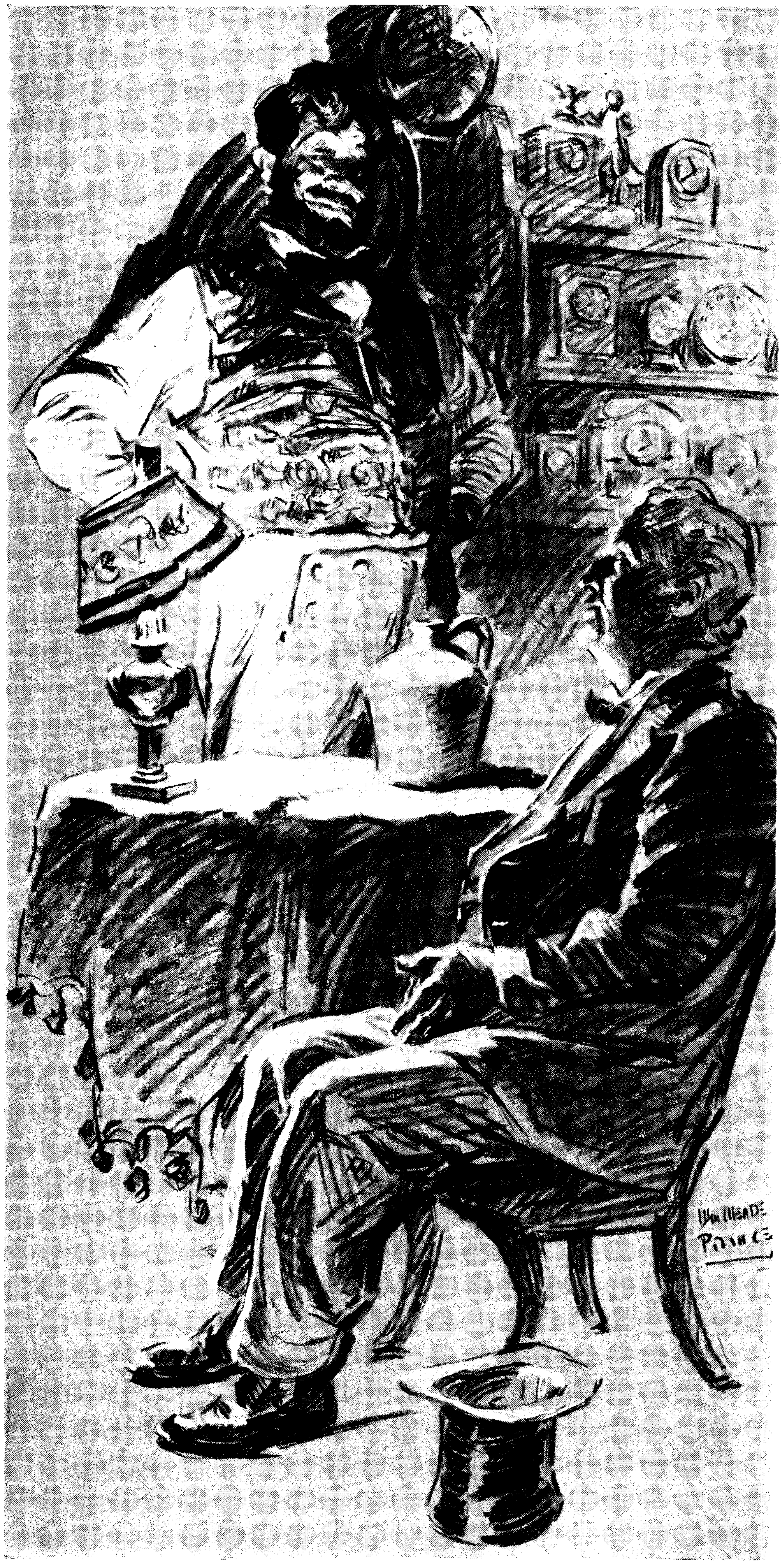
"This Billy Bellamy," Elijah said. "He's an unbeliever?"

"He's a heathen man," Jerry Walker said. "He's a hard-drinking, loud-talking, bully-ragging devil of a man, Elijah, as big as a windmill."

"The answer is to get him into meeting," Elijah said. "Where will I find this man?"

Jerry Walker shook his head. "That Billy Bellamy was never in church in his life and he claims he never will be. He wasn't afraid

*(Continued on page 77)*



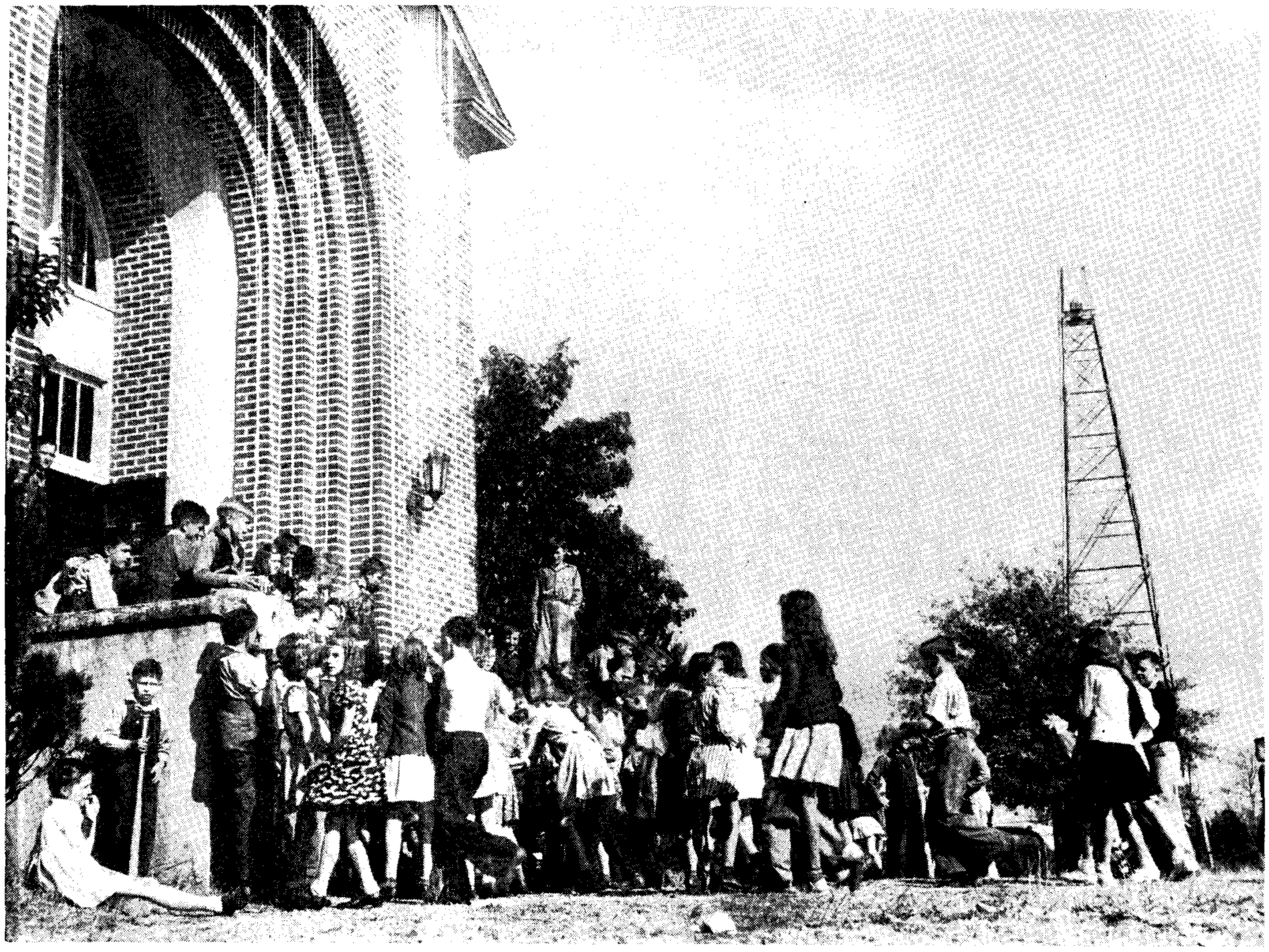
**"Did you come to stay the night?" Billy Bellamy asked. Elijah looked steadily into the leering eyes. "I believe I'll stay," he said**

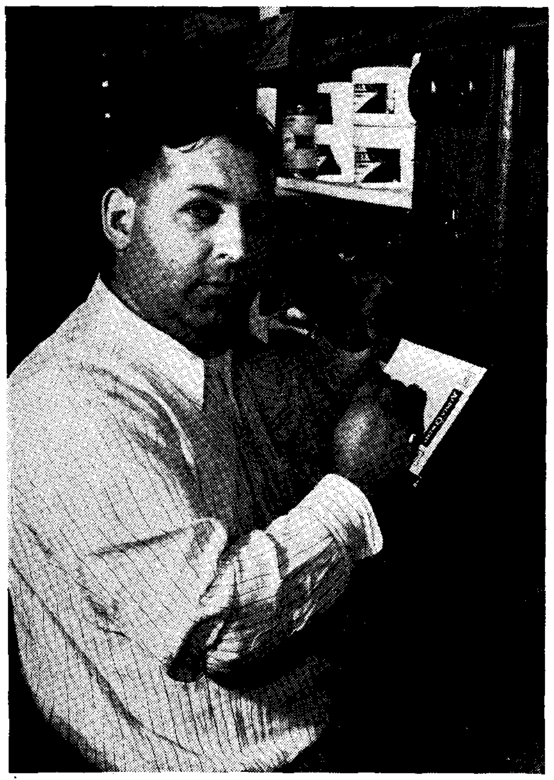
# OLE MISS' STRIKES IT RICH

## BY HARRY HENDERSON and SAM SHAW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

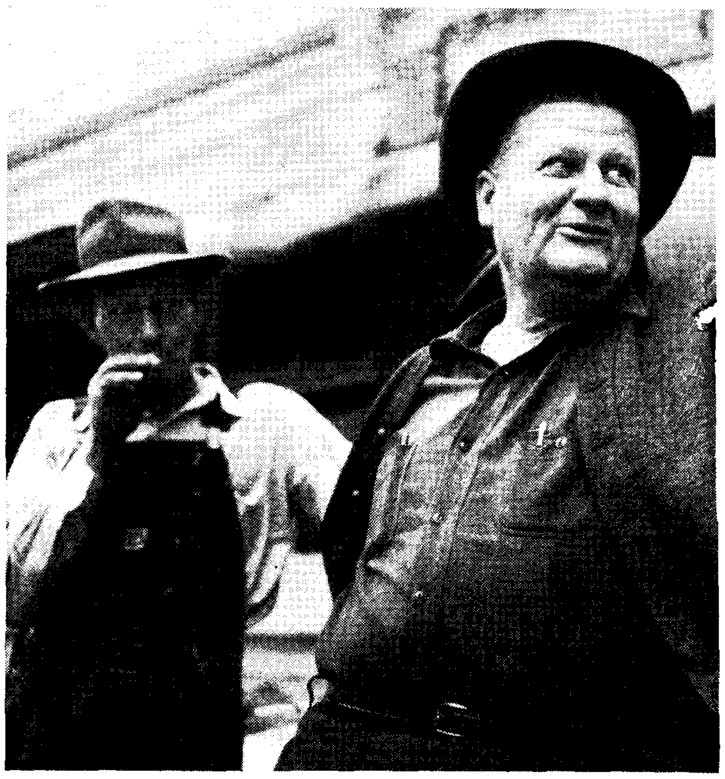
**Oil was what Mississippi needed to take it out of the hominy-and-grits class, and put its people up into an oysters-and-champagne category. And oil is what Mississippi got. When the gushers came in, Harry Eddy smiled at his coon dog and murmured, "I'm goin' to build me a five-story hotel"**





**Village Storekeeper B. C. Burns not only has two good wells and 700 acres, but he trucks pipe for the drillers and sells them carloads of cement too**

**Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Lewis, shown making molasses, struck it rich with five good producers. Like most oil-lucky farmers, they've not quit farming. One said: "Ah doan' know what Ah'd do ef Ah ever quit plowing"**



**The luckiest, happiest man in Heidelberg is Harry Eddy (above) who, down and out four years ago, is now one of its richest men. Below, Pink Morrison, "tradin' 'n' traffickin'" in horses all his life, now strikes oil**

SHOVING a hand into his khaki pants, Mr. Pink Morrison drew deeply on his cigar and surveyed the scene from his barnyard: the derricks standing east, west, north and south, the bulldozer smashing a new road across withered cotton fields, the Negro and his mule team waiting for a trailer truck to pass, the eighty-house village being staked out across the road. Finally he removed his cigar, squinted and said, "Boy, she is hotter'n a three-dollar pistol."

He was speaking of southeastern Mississippi where he has spent all his life cotton farming and "tradin' 'n' traffickin'" in horses and mules. "Ole Miss'" is in the midst of an old-fashioned oil boom which is raining riches down in the poor piney woods, and, brother, it's a treat to beat your feet in the Mississippi mud—especially if you own it.

Eleven fields are now in operation and wildcats are being drilled in twenty-five counties. The greatest drilling activity is near the little town of Heidelberg, Jasper County, where fifty wells, some capable of 1,500 barrels a day, are each choked down to a daily quota of 300 barrels of liquid gold. But the whole state is swarming with geologists, roustabouts, scouts, roughnecks, tool pushers, riggers, drillers, lease hounds, wildcatters, speculators, lawyers, tipsters and gypsters, and that crowd of fast operators who appear wherever money is made and lost hand over fist.

Most of them are in search for tips and all of them try to protect what information they do have. Lease hounds track geophysical crews to try to dope out the area they are converging on, so they can jump into its center and grab some leases. The geophysical crews get up in the middle of the night and drive sixty miles in a circle to escape them. Scouts and lease hounds carry two sets of license plates for their cars, because their numbers become known and they are trailed by rivals.

The competition is frantic and fantastic not only for leases and royalties, but for everything from a hotel bed to a square meal. It is, averred John Partridge, an oil company geologist, "worse than the stock exchange's wildest days."

All the major oil companies and several scores of independents are drilling and exploring Mississippi's substrata. They have unleashed a flood of money, millions in leases and drilling—with royalties still to come—in what has been one of the poorest sections of America. Few of rural Mississippi's 'baccy-chewing, red-necked farmers and Negroes ever got their hands on more than $250 a year. Yet overnight they have seen the red clay hills and sandy gullies that yielded a hard-earned and meager living jump

**Heidelberg's school got $25,000 for its drilling rights. Its producer has since brought in a regular $1,200 a month. After the war a cafeteria and gym will be added to the school. The town's churches have also benefited**

in value from $5 to $3,500 and $5,000 an acre for mineral rights only. Today many of them are well on the way to becoming wealthy.

For the "red-necks," all this is a source of happiness, excitement, suspicion, stubbornness—and much bewilderment. Southeastern Mississippi, which has become the focal point of the boom, has never known wealth. Here there were never plantations, but only small farms, worked by owners too poor to own slaves. Until thirty years ago, much of it was pine forest. Now most of this has been cut off, leaving scrubby, stumpy land almost too poor for cultivation, to be ravaged by soil erosion.

Coming back from the Mallalieu field, the country bus driver, who also works a small farm, mistook us for oilmen. At a way station, he suddenly paid for our coffee and then, on the bus again, began a conversation—about oil, of course, unleased land getting "hot" in Jones County. We, in turn, told him of a gusher that had come in at Prentiss that very afternoon.

But if oil is the first topic of conversation, the Negro is a good second. After the Civil War, thousands of Negroes infiltrated into Mississippi because land was cheap and its yield too poor for white folks. Today the Negro population is 52 per cent of the total. Eventually oil was found on their land. A few will be among the richest people in the state, and some were swindled by operators who took advantage of their ignorance and poverty. Yet the failure of oil to recognize white supremacy has increased the bewilderment of the red-necks.

"Why, some of these Niggahs is getting rich!" they bellow.

From the oilman's view, probably the most significant fact about the Mississippi discovery is that the search for oil has now moved eastward. Four new wells are being drilled in Alabama, with several producers already existing. In Georgia, approximately 9,000,000 acres of land have been leased. Many oilmen are betting their bottom dollar that the oil extends the whole way to the Atlantic coast, and the California Company is sinking a test well at Savannah, Georgia, more or less to prove this theory. Florida is also regarded as a possible big producing area. Ten wells are now being drilled there, although the Humble Oil Company's expensive wildcat in the Everglades has brought up salt water rather than oil.

The importance of these areas to America can be judged, experts point out, by the fact that our oil reserves are being used up at a much faster rate than new discoveries are being made. In fact, new discoveries amounted to only 14 per cent of our oil production.

For over eighty years, people have been arguing that there is oil in Mississippi. Nothing much was done about it, however, until 1901 when the first commerical well was attempted at Bay Saint Louis. It was a costly failure. In the next forty years, over 450 wells were drilled in Mississippi. Six of them brought up gas and none of them enough oil to make the drilling worth while.

### Clay Hunt Yields "Pot o' Oil"

A young WPA geologist, Frederick Francis Mellen, was searching the creek beds of Yazoo County for a clay which could be molded into cereal bowls and mugs for a school lunch project for undernourished children. He found a fossil bed fifteen feet above sea level. Later he located the same fossil bed 150 feet above sea level. This fault was reported to the state geologist, William Clifford Morse, who backed a stratigraphic exploration of the area by Mellen.

Looking at Mellen's results, Morse recommended that the "Tinsley dome" in Yazoo be drilled. The Union Producing Co. sank a test shaft and on August 23rd, 1939, brought in G. C. Woodruff No. 1, Mississippi's first commercial well. The field expanded so rapidly that it is now the third largest producing field in the country.

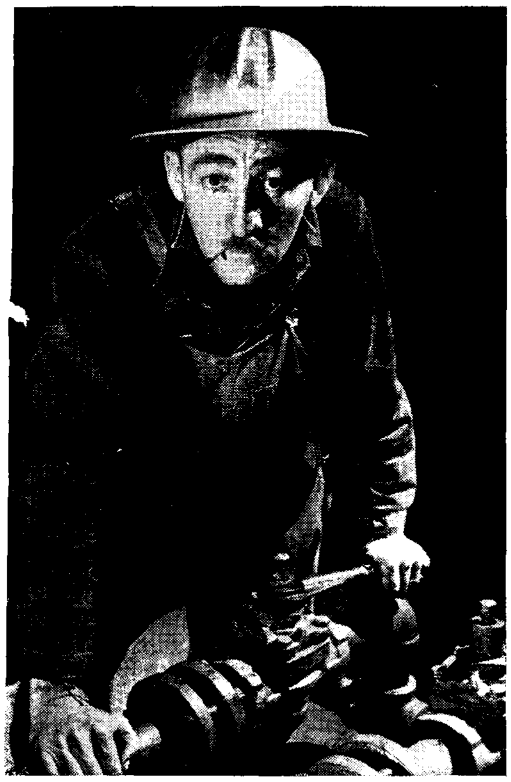
After the Yazoo field was opened up, seismographic crews started working over the whole of Mississippi, often with one company's crew working one side of the road and another the opposite side. Between September, 1939, and January, 1944, they found nine more fields among which were the Vaughn-Pickens in Yazoo and Madison counties; Carey in Sharkey County, by British-American Oil; Brookhaven in Lincoln County by the California Company; Eucutta in Wayne County by Gulf; Flora in Madison County, and the Cranfield in Adams County and only fifteen miles from Natchez.

But these were peanuts compared to the Tinsley field in Yazoo County. The oil companies took things easy; they leased huge blocks of land, explored and drilled leisurely. Then suddenly at the end of January, Gulf brought in a good producer, Helen Morrison No. 1, just outside Heidelberg and some twenty miles northwest of Laurel.

A small crowd of red-necks and oilmen had gathered as the word got around that the Morrison well had reached 5,000 feet. At midnight, as the thick black liquid bubbled up, the oilmen broke and ran for long-distance phones, the red-necks scratched their

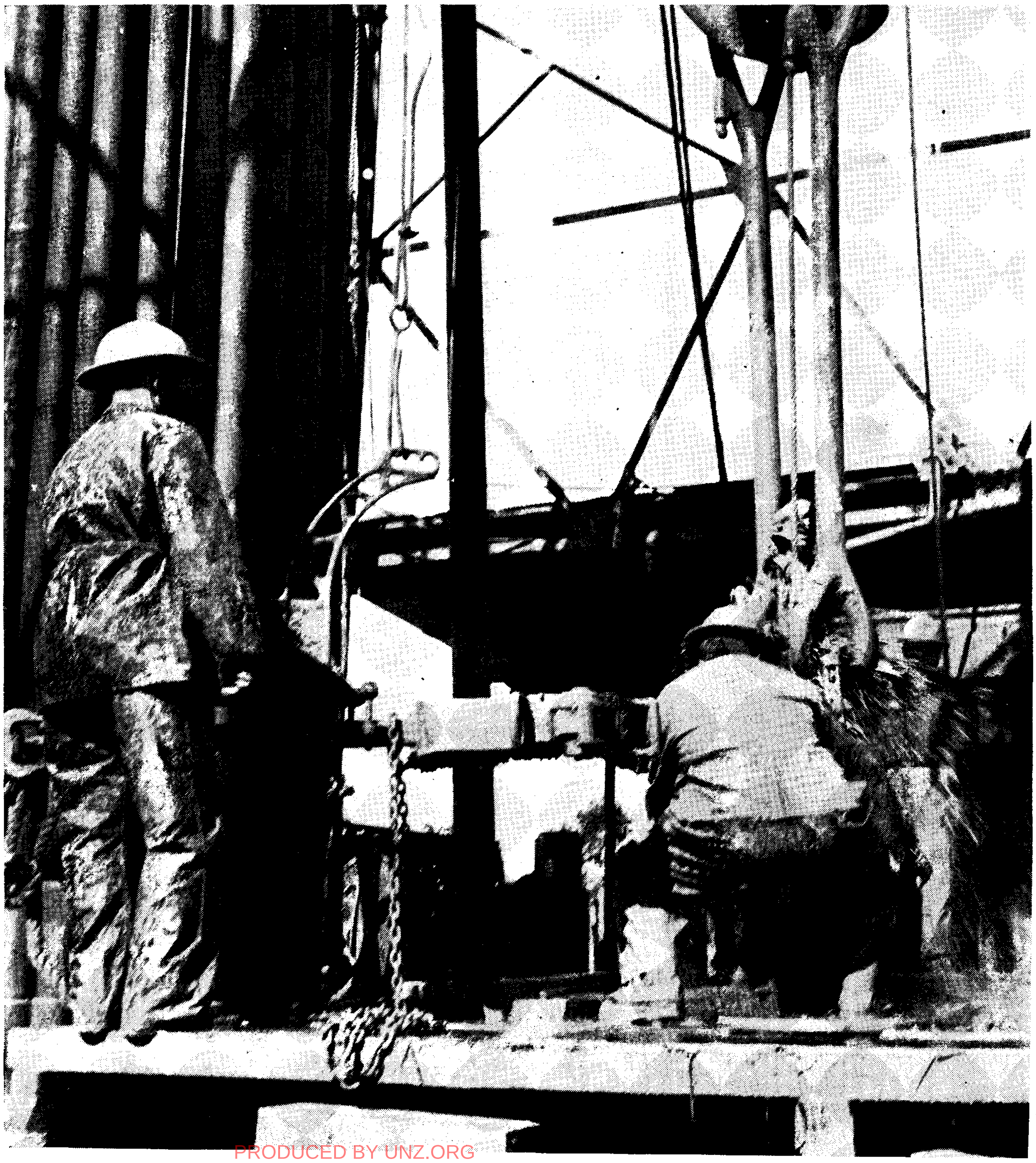
*(Continued on page 61)*

**Martin Ratcliffe missed the millions. He once owned 3,000 acres in the Cranfield area, sold them in 1926. He is now a night-shift roustabout**



**Many Negroes, like Mrs. Effie Husband, below, are among those made rich by the oil boom. Three good wells are on her farm in the Heidelberg field**

**Two roughnecks, W. V. Smith and R. L. Boyd, are drenched with mud forced up from the bottom of the M. R. Douglas No. 1 in the Mallalieu field, near Brookhaven. Drilling operations are going on in eleven Mississippi fields. The oil is being found in the Tuscaloosa sand at around 11,000 feet in the west and around 5,500 feet in the east. Fastest growing of the new fields is the Heidelberg. Meanwhile the search for oil moves eastward across Alabama into Georgia and Florida**



# THE
# WHI

## BY BILL WOLF

**That's another name for the common groundhog or woodchuck. You can hunt him in summer, and he's good to eat, but don't bet on him as a weather prophet**

IT IS a hot day during the tag end of summer. The lazy drone of insects' wings and voices rises and falls in volume, and in the distance the faint clatter of a reaper or the snorting of a farm tractor are muted sounds of the season. The sun, still warm although nearing its autumnal path, beats down indiscriminately upon the meadow, the woods, the mound of earth surmounting a burrow near a hedgerow and upon the silent, motionless hunter who is watching the den entrance intently. The game he is after is not visible at the moment. So he waits, his rifle with the telescope mount stretched before him, his binoculars handy, his body hidden in a slight depression.

At last there is movement in the field. Following some hidden runway, the animal is making its way back to the den, but little of it is visible—only a flash of grizzly-red color against the green-tan background or a momentary glimpse of a close-cropped head raised inquisitively above the cover.

The hunter, holding his gun at approximately the spot where the animal will enter the clearing near its den, does a peculiar thing. He whistles shrilly—once, twice. At the sound, the animal rears up on its hind legs, looking for all the world like a huge squirrel. You can almost hear it listening, head tense, its forefeet stretched out like two hands.

The hunter is all concentration now as he aligns the telescopic sights. The cross hairs come to a position just slightly above the animal's heart, the whole hand seems to squeeze the trigger so there is no side pull, the high-powered cartridge explodes as the firing pin falls and, almost immediately, the hunter hears the sound of bullet hitting flesh.

He's shot a groundhog, or woodchuck, an oversized rodent weighing some ten pounds. The adults average seven to fourteen pounds, although heavier ones are killed. Since it spends the entire summer gorging on vegetables to store up fat for its winter-long sleep of hibernation, the groundhog looks plump; but there are powerful muscles beneath the fat—muscles that power the strong black claws of its forefeet with which it digs, and give strength to the sharp incisor teeth with which it fights and slashes through roots.

To the average person, it is the only animal honored with a special day on the calendar (Groundhog Day, February 2nd) when it is supposed to emerge from its hibernation and predict the weather for some weeks in advance.

The farmer considers it a villain which digs burrows on his land, endangering the legs of his livestock, and eats his vegetable crops.

To the millions of gunners who hunt it, the groundhog is the most interesting animal in America. As much skill is required to stalk it as is needed for the big-game animals, although the stalking distance necessary is shorter than in hunting pronghorns or mountain sheep. It requires more accurate and better shooting than most big game because it is hard to kill.

It can be hunted all summer when other game is out of season.

The eastern half of the continent is pockmarked with its burrows' entrances. A tremendous digger, one woodchuck may make several burrows in a summer, going as much as five feet below the surface and creating twenty or more feet of tunnels and dens in each. The nation's woodchuck population is unknown. There are probably between 2,000,000 and 3,000,000 in New York state alone; in New York and the New England states combined, one naturalist believes, there are 200,000,000 woodchucks.

Since each woodchuck brings to the surface an average 200 pounds of subsoil, New England's groundhog population would dig up some 20,000,000 tons of earth in a year, a nearly incredible amount which would make the woodchuck the nation's No. 1 mining engineer. Their digging activities have a beneficial effect upon the topsoil through exposing subsoil to the action of the elements, and they thus compensate in part for the damage done on farms.

### What's in a Name?

The name woodchuck, commonly used through New England, is deceptive. It has nothing to do with wood or chucking wood; it's only a corruption of the Indian name for the animals, Ot-choeck. In the South, they are generally called groundhogs because of their burrowing habits and, in some places, they are known as whistlepigs—partly because, in common with the marmot family to which they belong, they have a whistling call and partly because the hunter who wishes to attract their attention whistles sharply, and they sit up and listen.

They seem to know whether you mean harm or not. I have looked up from the stream to find one watching me with evident curiosity from the bank, as I cast for trout. It showed little or no fright, only inquisitiveness and perhaps critical contempt for my backcast.

Once a friend and I were setting up tackle beside a car when a woodchuck waddled out on the road with its strange, rolling gait and stared at us. It waited until we were rigged up, then ambled along beside us as we walked to the stream and stayed with us for a long time.

However, just carry a gun or show signs of stalking them, and they seem to know your intent. Some years ago, when living on a farm, I spent a day setting out cabbage plants, and groundhogs cut off every one at the stem. I set out the next day to exterminate them with a gun—and watched and waited futilely near their burrows without seeing one. I don't know what I did wrong; maybe

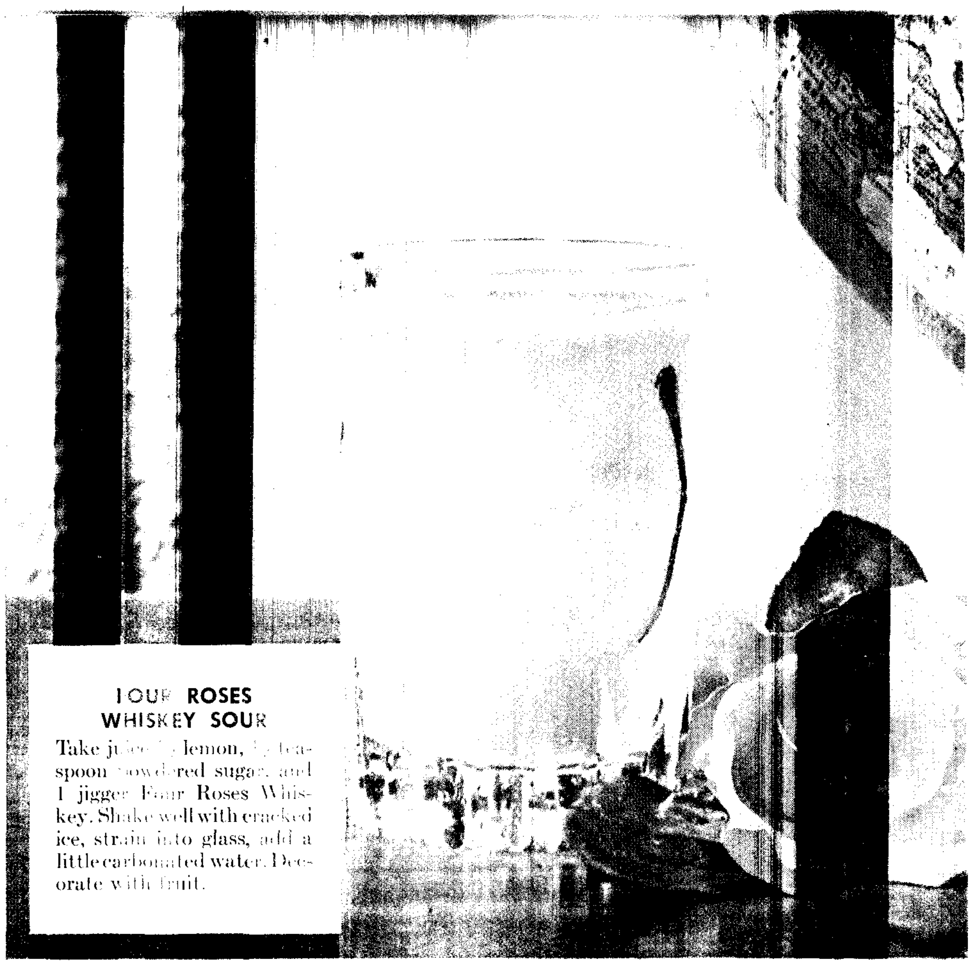
(Continued on page 66)

**The woodchuck has a well-developed bump of curiosity. Whistle at him, and he'll rear up on his hind legs and look around to see what's doing**

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY YLLA-RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

**FOUR ROSES MANHATTAN**

Pour 1 part sweet vermouth and 2 parts Four Roses Whiskey into shaker. Add a dash bitters. Stir well (don't shake) with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass containing cherry.



**FOUR ROSES WHISKEY SOUR**

Take juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar, and 1 jigger Four Roses Whiskey. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into glass, add a little carbonated water. Decorate with fruit.

# 4 ways to settle an old argument

WHAT IS the very finest whiskey ever bottled?

Many people tell us that it's our own Four Roses.

If there's any doubt in your mind, we wish you'd settle it for yourself. Here are four very agreeable ways to do it.

No matter which of the four you select, see if you don't end up by agreeing with those who insist that the superlative flavor and downright magnificence of Four Roses simply can't be matched!

In order to help you make your mixed drinks very much on the special side, we have prepared a 16-page Four Roses recipe book, which is yours for the asking...(except in States where such mailing is restricted). Address: Frankfort Distillers Corporation, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.

*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.*

**FOUR ROSES**

***A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY***

*—the same today as before the war*

**FOUR ROSES OLD FASHIONED**

Muddle ½ lump of sugar, 2 dashes bitters, and a twist of lemon peel, with just enough water to dissolve the sugar, in Old Fashioned glass. Add ice cube, then pour in 1½ jiggers of Four Roses Whiskey, and stir with muddler.

**FOUR ROSES HIGHBALL**

Pour 1½ jiggers Four Roses Whiskey into tall glass. Add ice cubes. Fill with plain water or soda.

## When it's *"Mail Call"* for the folks back home...

# IT'S MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE TIME!

### This richer, finer coffee adds mellow good cheer to the hours we enjoy the most...

PRESENTS from overseas! A happy occasion in wartime home life . . . well worth prolonging pleasantly, over a friendly cup of Maxwell House Coffee. This famous coffee—bought and enjoyed by *more* people than any other brand in the world—adds its own note of cheer and relaxation to the brighter hours of our busy days!

There's an *extra* flavor satisfaction in Maxwell House . . . a richness . . . a mellowness . . . a full-bodied vigor that comes from choice Latin-American coffees skillfully selected! . . . then *expertly blended!*

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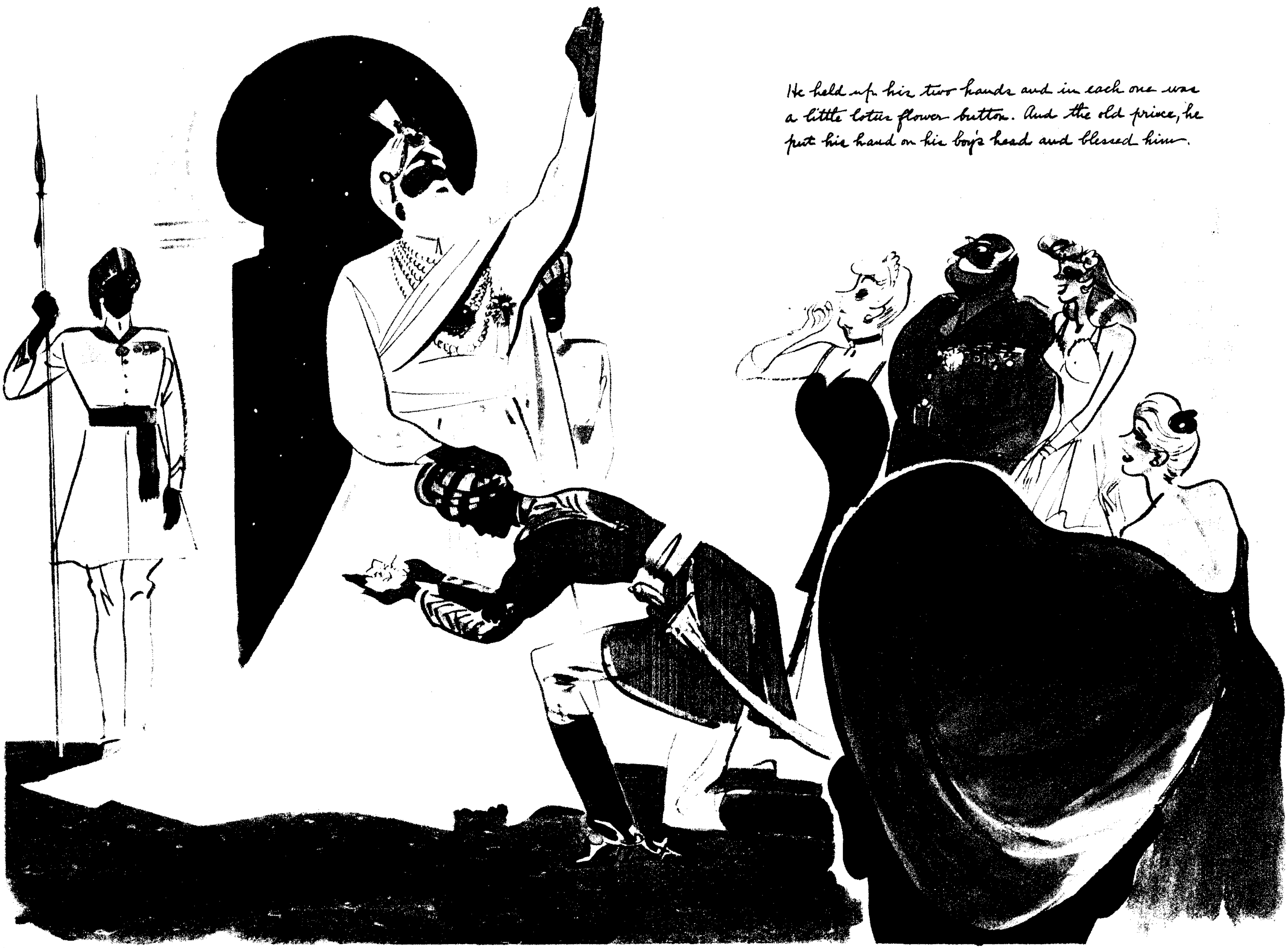
A Product of General Foods

Radiant Roasting, too, plays its part . . . developing the *full* strength, the *full* flavor of every bean in this famous blend . . . evenly . . . *thoroughly!* That's why—in victory bag or vacuum jar—Maxwell House Coffee is now, as always, *truly* "Good to the Last Drop!"

It's Maxwell House Coffee Time on the air too . . . starring Frank Morgan, Robert Young, and Cass Daley . . . NBC, Thursday night.

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP!



He held up his two hands and in each one was a little lotus flower button. And the old prince, he put his hand on his boy's head and blessed him.

# Maiden with Butterflies

**BY TOM POWERS**

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

*The Story:*

Strange things begin to happen to the little Chicago cigarette girl when she helps a kindly, soft-eyed Indian prince (HALLA BANDAH ROOKH) regain a ruby heirloom stolen by a small-time racketeer, PIMPLES. Rushed onto a plane by an F.B.I. man, MR. WENS (known also as MR. SWIFT), she flies to Mexico City, Rio, the Sudan and, finally, Calcutta, accompanied by the prince, a mysterious AUNT MARY and an Oriental stranger (MR. BOSCO). While she wonders how she will get back to Chicago and JEFF, the soldier she loves, she learns the prince is selling jewels to collect money for a brother in India, who may be in cahoots with the Japanese. At the prince's palace she finds out that a British Intelligence officer, SIR GERALD BURROUGHS, plans to arrest both the prince and his brother, but the prince sneaks her away to a temple where he tells her he will break his pact with his brother. When the brother arrives, dark and evil looking, a deathly silence falls upon them.

### Conclusion

THE two brothers stood like that for a minute, and then the prince walked slow toward the other one, and I saw him reach up and take off his little lotus flower button and all of a sudden I felt like I was seeing something I had no business to see. So I edged around the priests and went to where I had seen the car. And I got in and shut the door, easy.

I knew something awful was happening between those two brothers that had loved each other so and had sworn never to be against each other in anything but always together. But I just sat still in the car with my hands clasped and my eyes shut and I prayed for the prince to be saved from what I knew was coming to him, if this didn't work out like I hoped.

I sat there, and through the jungle I saw first a shaved head over a rock and then more and more till it seemed like from all directions hundreds of these priests was moving, quiet as cats, toward the stature.

Then the prince spoke pretty near right in my ear. "Please," he says, "go to the house of my father. If I can I will come. I beg of you do not tell a word of what you see here, not to anybody."

He looked pale and old and sick and tired, poor little Halla Bandah.

"I won't," I says. "I'm so sorry about it." I couldn't say anything more, because the two men that drove the car come from nowhere, and got in and we drove off through the jungle toward the old prince's palace.

And that palace was something, I can tell you. All white it was, and covered with ruffles and borders of white stone lacework around the doors and windows. And it was clean and pure looking, like the main building in heaven.

I got out and nobody couldn't speak English of any kind, so I couldn't tell the ones that opened the car and helped me out, or at the main door of the house, who I was or what I was doing there, and come to think of it I didn't know the name of who I had come to call on. And I guess I talked pretty loud trying to make 'em understand, so finally there was Aunt Mary and then everything was all right.

Lady Burroughs ordered tea like it was her house. So we had it, too strong like always.

Aunt Mary asked me about the prince, and I just said he had gotten delayed behind and we had better send the car back for him, and she did.

So we went into a big, big room and that's where I met General and Lady Burroughs. The general was enough to scare you to death, barking like a Saint Bernard, instead of talking, but didn't mean it as I found out later, and when I did, I couldn't help smiling, thinking of an old saying Pop used to say, "A barking dog will never bite." Then Pop would laugh and say, "Or maybe it's a barking dog is worth two at a bush."

Well, I didn't see the old prince anywhere and I didn't like to ask, specially as Lady Burroughs ordered tea like it was her house. So we had it, too strong like always, but good things to eat with it and lots of 'em.

Aunt Mary gave me some strawberries that was as big as my fist and cream so thick I thought it was ice cream but it wasn't. I was glad to think those humpbacked cows they have there done so much better than they looked.

I asked her if she had ever been here before and she said, No, she had known Lady B. and Sir G. in England.

And Lady B. said Englishmen had to go home from India every so often, or their livers got too, too appalling. She said they were so glad to see Mary and to meet her charming niece because whenever they had seen her for years, she had always been telling them what a dear girl I was, and now they could see for themselves it was true.

This stumped me for a minute. Here was this English lady telling a lie and pretending to think I was what she must of known I wasn't, and old Sir Gerald agreeing with his mouth full of toast and marmalade, not talking, but just opening his big pale blue eyes and saying "Woof, woof," which meant, "Yes, I remember it, too."

"Why would they do this?" I thought, specially with nobody in the big room for 'em to fool, but then I saw Mr. Bosco standing behind my chair, and I knew that this niece talk was for his benefit.

So I just ate the strawberries like they did, by taking 'em by the stems that was left on 'em and swabbing 'em first in powdered sugar and then swabbing 'em in the thick cream and I knew I was among friends.

When the four men had taken the tea things away, Sir G. took Aunt Mary away down to the other end of the room, about half a square away, and Mr. Bosco and Lady B. and me sat down.

Lady B. smoked one cigarette right after another and talked about the war, and I was sure surprised at things she said about her own government. "Stupid, bungling British war office," she says, and "Damned old British fuddy duddies at Singapore that are so busy singing 'Brittania rules the wave,' they never think of looking up to ask who rules the sky."

She cussed and swore, all the time lighting one cigarette from the other and swearing worse than Millie when the customers get too fresh with her.

So I thought she was maybe against her own country and for the Japs, but I was pretty ignorant about the English then.

LADY B. had on an old black georgette dress, long but not the same length all around. It had been cleaned pretty often, but not often enough, so it was pretty limp. Her gray hair had never been done, it was just twisted up, and her skin was like a piece of leather with brown spots on it. And her teeth was pretty crooked and long and too many and a lot of gums but her eyes was as bright and pretty as they had ever been. And somehow with all of this she looked like a queen, and wasn't scared of the devil.

"You Burmese are going to be the crux of the whole thing in the east," she says, looking down at Mr. Bosco.

"Granted," says Mr. Bosco, "but, fortunate for you, some of us very loyal to your side."

"I hope so," says Lady B. and that was that.

Sir Gerald barked at Mr. Bosco to go and find out what time was dinner as if he was Simon Lagree in a play we gave at school, and Mr. Bosco didn't get mad like he might of, being as he was as rich as Rockefeller, he just got up and went to find out.

"Well," says Lady Burroughs, "you are an extraordinarily beautiful child."

"Thank you," I says.

"Listen," she says, "how much do you know about all of this business?"

"What business?" I says.

"This Indian business," she says. "Have you got any idea of marrying Halla Bandah?"

"No, ma'am," I says.

"Good," she says, "I was afraid you might have. He's rich and very powerful," she says, "but we aren't sure of him," she says. "That's why you are here, you know that."

I didn't know what to say so I kept quiet.

"You see," she says, "no matter how beautiful his eyes are, he'd still have to go to jail if he is arrested."

"He's really not like his brother," I says.

"That remains to be seen," she says. "Do you smoke?"

"No, ma'am," I says.

"Filthy habit," says Lady B. "Go over there and ask Sir Gerald to send me another packet of mine, and don't trip over that damned tiger's head on that rug."

WHEN I got the cigarettes Aunt Mary says, "I asked Lady Burroughs to explain some things to you." So I came back for more.

Lady B. didn't say "Thank you," but the way she said, "Sit here," meant "Thank you," I guess.

"As I say," she began, "the old prince is all right, and we are reasonably sure of him. You see, he went to Oxford."

She didn't say when, and I didn't know where that was or whether he hadn't gotten back yet, but I didn't ask any questions.

"As I say," she says, "Halla Bandah is our problem. His brother is a stinker, a proper stinker," she says. "You see, their states being so near to Burma, they could be dangerous. So my husband, whose job it is to know about such things, tried to get around Halla Bandah to find out their sympathies in all this business and he simply ran into a stone wall. Halla Bandah became a perfect clam. Before Gerald could learn anything, off went Halla Bandah to England. And Gerald found out that he was hoping to get a lot of money in your country, taking with him enough precious stones to sink a channel boat. And so your Aunt Mary got the job of flying to America. Of course the prince didn't know he was being followed. Her job was to find out whether the money was to help the Japs or not. Then he picked up that plane he had ordered, and your Aunt Mary was troubled, as he was about to get away from her altogether. But then this young American," says Lady B. meaning Mr. Wens, "thought up this fantastic scheme about you, so from then on your Aunt Mary could not only follow him but travel with him. Is this all a great surprise to you?" she says.

"No," I says, "except that it seems like as if Aunt Mary is working for England in this. Is that right?"

"Yes," she says.

"What about Mr. Bosco?" I says.

"Who?" she says, and I told her I called him that.

"A good name for him," she says.

"He's nice," I says.

"Nice, yes," she says, "but nice to which side? We do know that Halla Bandah's brother is building an airfield, but whether Mr. Bosco is in on it, we are not sure. He's lived in Japan, did you know that?"

"He's all right," I says.

"Well," she says, "if Halla Bandah hasn't given us the slip he will be here to dinner and when he comes don't be surprised if things pop."

"I won't," I says. "Do you think maybe he's run away?"

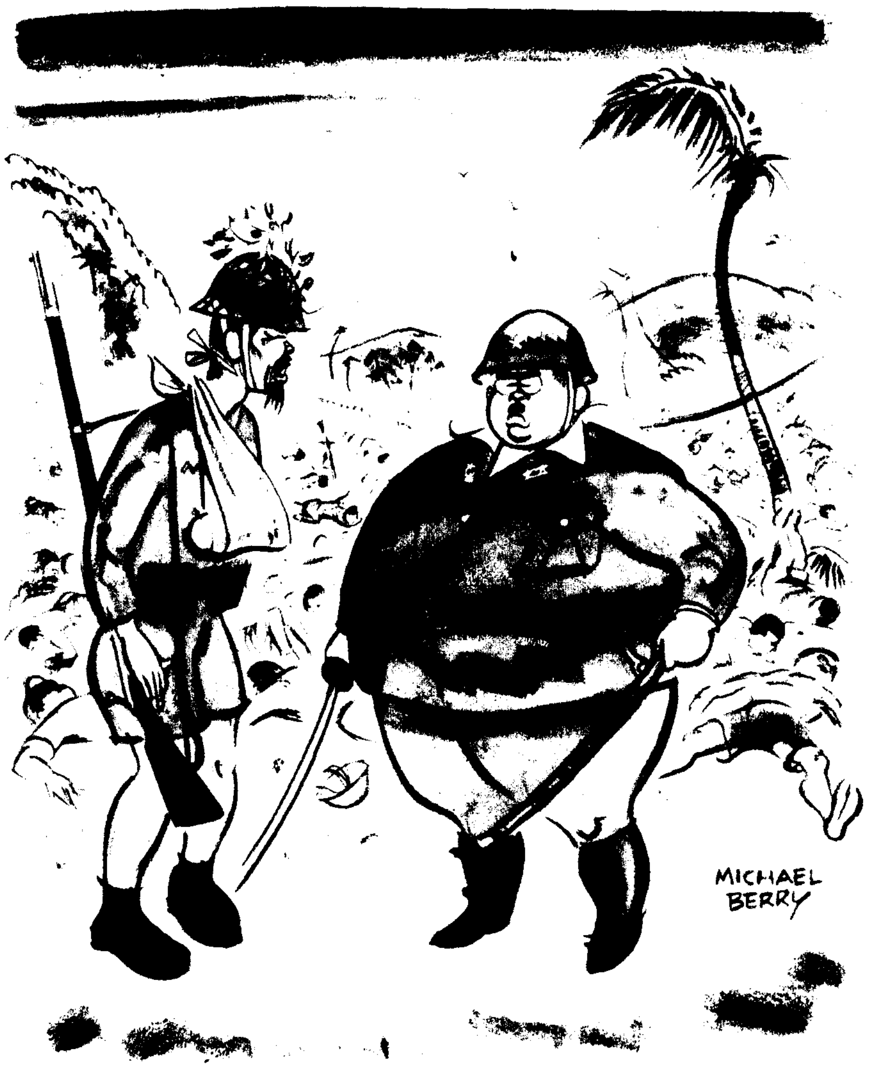
"Time will tell," says Lady B.

"I guess you work for the government," I says.

"My husband does," she says, "and he's very good at his job."

## TOKYO TALKING

**by MICHAEL BERRY**



"In my humble opinion, Col. Kobayashi—reports of American shortage of ammunition slightly exaggerated!"

COLLIER'S

Mr. Bosco came back about then and said dinner would be at eight and that the old prince asked to be excused from seeing all of them till then. But the old prince's compliments and he would like to see me right now in his room.

Well, believe me, after what I went through with those Soodans, I was scared to go, but Aunt Mary says, "Go."

Mr. Bosco took me along a narrow hall and up a stairs-steps that I thought I was nearly to heaven when I got up it. And he opened a door and told me to go ahead, and I went on by myself through a gallery like. I got to the end of it, and there was a door and it was a little bit open.

I waited a minute and then I just opened it and there was a big, big room with pretty near no window at all and just about as much furniture as there was window.

I couldn't see for a minute, and when I got so I could, I will surely never forget until I *am too old to remember anything* and that will be when I am dead.

I believe Pop was right about me having a good memory, but I didn't trust too much to it. Like Aunt Mary, I would write down if people said words that I wasn't use to and might forget, and that's how I remember now.

But I don't think I would of ever forgotten the prince's old father.

He looked just like God, not the Old Testament God, full of fire and war and eyes for eyes and teeth for teeth. He had a face that was old, but without a cross or a mean or a worried line in it. And gray hair in a long bob and a beard and a gray gown with some white and black on it, and he came toward me and I sure felt like crossing myself when I looked up into that beautiful face.

He smiled and held out both of his hands, and his hands was firm and warm. After we had looked at each other for a while, he spoke to me in a kind of English I never heard, but it was the best English there is, you could feel that.

"I'm glad to see you," he says, "so glad." And we went to the only two chairs in the room, facing a dark wall, and we sat down.

"You are a Catholic, aren't you?" he says.

"Yes, sir," I says.

"Do you know Saint Cecelia?" he says.

"I've seen her pitchures," I says, "playing the organ, with little angels dropping roses on her hands."

"I always thought that wasn't much of a blessing," he says, "having to play the organ with a lot of roses to get in the way of your fingers. Well, I think you look like Saint Cecelia."

"And I was thinking," I says, "that you look like God."

"Thank you," he says.

"Oh, that's all right," I says, "but you do."

"MY SON is in love with you," he says. "He'd like to have you for his wife."

"Don't you worry about that," I says.

"I'm not worried," he says. "I only wish it was possible, but I know it is not, and so, now, does he."

"You mean because I'm a Catholic?" I says.

"No," he says, "I mean because you are not in love with him."

"How do you know?" I says.

"Your friend Mr. Bosco told me," he says, and he smiled and so did I.

"I couldn't marry your son," I says, "but I feel sorry for him."

"So do I," he says.

"Do you know what is happening at that temple, where I left him?" I says.

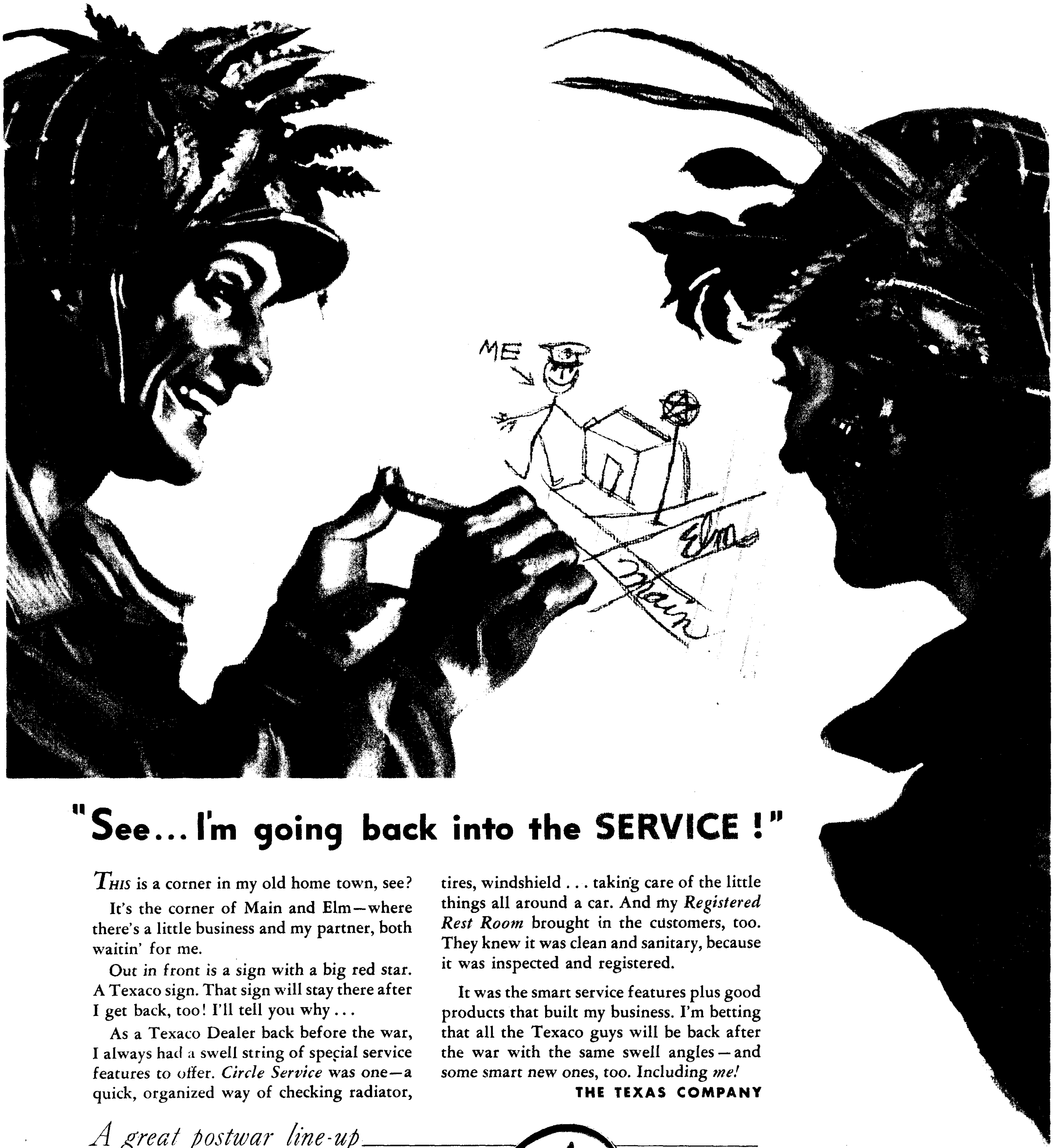
"Yes, I do," he says.

"Please tell me, is he safe?"

"What is safety?" he says. "In this world it is one thing we should not seek. Not being safe, but being right, and if we die for what we know to be right, is it not better than living for what we know to be safe?"

So we sat there quiet for awhile. And soon a little door opened, and two shave-headed priests came in with little tiny lanterns and then two more and two more, till there was quite a lot, and from the light the lanterns made I could see that what was in the back of this arch was a kind of an altar like. There seemed to be things, hooks like, or little brackets in the wall on each side of it, and

*(Continued on page 30)*



# "See... I'm going back into the SERVICE!"

*This* is a corner in my old home town, see?

It's the corner of Main and Elm—where there's a little business and my partner, both waitin' for me.

Out in front is a sign with a big red star. A Texaco sign. That sign will stay there after I get back, too! I'll tell you why...

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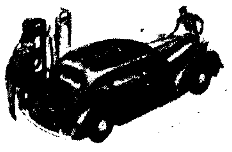

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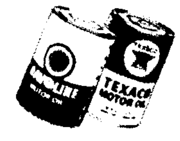

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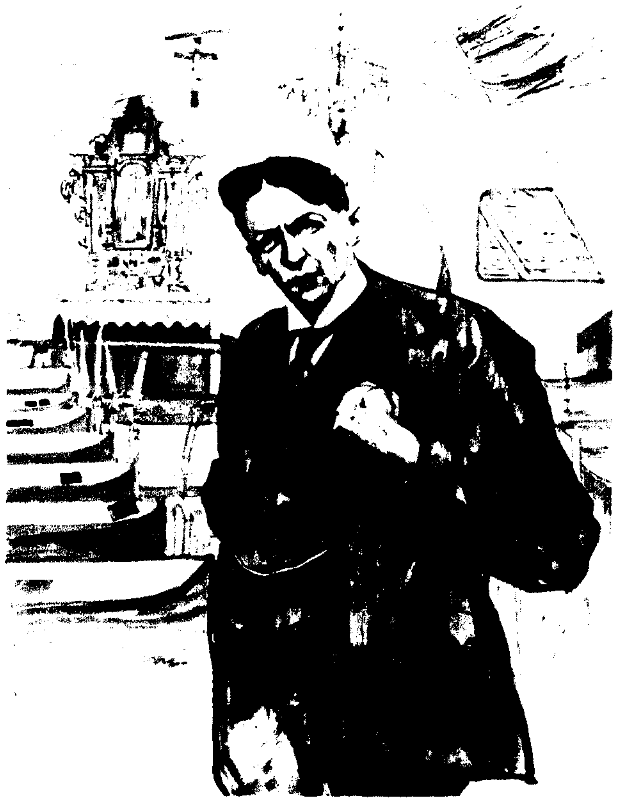
# THE Heroes

## PASTOR KAJ MUNK



PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

IN DEATH as in life, Kaj Munk leads the people of Denmark in their desperate resolve to rid the land of invaders. When the Germans assassinated the dauntless pastor, throwing his body into a wayside ditch, they thought they had smothered the fires of revolt, but Danish men, women and children knelt at word of his passing, and consecrated themselves anew to God and country, vowing that the struggle should not cease until liberty had been regained.

When the Germans first entered Denmark capturing the unarmed, unsuspecting little kingdom overnight, they came in the role of generous, warmhearted protectors. It would, of course, be necessary for them to take food, machinery, money and everything else not nailed down, but in return for these petty deprivations, there would be full partnership with the Reich in the New Order. King Christian could not be fooled, and was put under guard, but the people as a whole recognized their helplessness, and were disposed to put faith in Hitler's glib promises that occupation would be peaceful and considerate of Danish institutions.

Only one voice lifted itself in impassioned protest against mean, sordid bargaining that put the body above the soul. From his pulpit in Vedersoe, a small town in west Jutland, Kaj Munk sounded the call to arms, even if it meant defeat and death. A poet and a dramatist as well as a pastor, his words had wings, and the pen burned his hand as he wrote. It was not enough for him to call Hitler the Antichrist, "the Beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit." Going back to Icelandic mythology, he branded him as Nithhogg, the dreadful serpent that gnawed unceasingly at the great World Tree, wanting to destroy it.

Threats and entreaties alike were powerless to silence him. "Divine service," he thundered, "which is afraid of the truth, is the devil's service. What is the meaning of this absurd demand laid upon the Church that it should be cautious? Was Christ cautious? Were the martyrs cautious? I prefer Jesus. 'Hypocrites and whited sepulchers.' That is what He called the political leaders of His country. Not by the grace of others shall Dannebrog again become a free banner. For freedom only God can give, and He gives it only to those who accept its responsibilities. Lead us, cross in our flag, forward toward unity with other flags of the cross."

When anxious friends pointed out that continued defiance might mean his death, he made this answer: "If I were to sit down as a passive spectator because of fear of men, I should feel myself a traitor to my Christian faith." When they came to him and urged him to speak more softly, lest Hitler's friendly attitude might change, this was his retort: "It is better that Denmark's relations with Germany should deteriorate than Denmark's relations with the Lord Jesus."

For four successive Sundays he was barred from his pulpit, whereupon he had the sermons printed secretly and given widest circulation. When the persecution of the Jews began, he cried out against "detestable practices," and warned that God's wrath must strike at a people that stood idly by when its ideals were violated.

His words were a flame that set the land on fire. An underground, in operation from border to border, sabotaged until German activities were brought almost to a standstill, and in village, town and city, stubborn resistance to rules and regulations made German authority a mockery. General Hermann von Danneken, sent from the Reich, imprisoned and killed, but the viking breed fought back, and in August, 1943, a nation-wide revolt came close to success.

Planes and Panzer divisions, rushed in from the Reich, crushed the uprising, and Kaj Munk, denounced as the Great Disturber, the cause of all the unrest, was thrown into a concentration camp. Two months they kept him there, subjected to every humiliation, and then General von Danneken, thinking that the pastor's spirit had been broken, ordered his release.

On the first Sunday following his return, Kaj Munk walked to the church where the congregation waited, but did not enter.

"How can I preach from the pulpit," he said, "when men are here who shame the house of God? Men who still traffic with the enemy, putting material considerations above their souls' salvation?"

Standing on the steps outside, he recalled that the Lord Jesus had whipped evildoers from the courts of the temple, and, with all the majestic wrath of a major prophet, he scourged collaborationists and collaboration in any form.

Now came word from Himmler himself that the mouth of the pestilential pastor must be closed, and armed men, invading the parsonage, snatched Kaj Munk from the very arms of his wife and children. They took him to Gestapo headquarters in the forest of Silkeborg, and what happened behind closed doors is not yet known. Farmhands, going to work the morning after the arrest, found the bullet-riddled body in a ditch.

General von Danneken took immediate steps to suppress demonstrations, but none was attempted. A moment of silent prayer, and then the Danish people turned to the work of resistance, fiercely, implacably, knowing that it was the one tribute that Kaj Munk would have wished.

GEORGE CREEL

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# Maiden with Butterflies

**Continued from page 28**

they hung their little lanterns on both sides. And the light got bright enough for me to see that the altar was just two gold doors.

"That," he says, "is a shrine."

"I see," I says.

"There once was a great stature on a hill before this house," he says, "and there came an earthquake, many years ago, and the stature fell down and was broken to bits."

"I know," I says, "and the stone hand fell down and rolled down the hill in the front door, with the ring on it, and so this house was blessed, and that's why you put the ring around your boy's neck like a holy medal. And the stone in the ring is called Hankah."

"And when Hankah was lost," he says, "you know who risked her life to get it back. But who told you the story of Hankah?"

"A Mr. Swift," I says, "in Chicago, that I always call Mr. Wens, like I call Mr. Bosco Mr. Bosco."

"Oh, yes," was all he said. And we didn't say anything more till all the priests had gone out, two by two.

"Well," he says, "the wise men have come to bring Hankah back here, and I thought, since it was you that saved it for us, you might like to be here when it came home safe to rest," he says.

There was a clacking now, like the galloping of ponies that I heard back there in the cathedral, only here they seemed to be mighty little ponies.

The doors on each side of the arch opened, and four of the same wise men come in, two at each door. And two of the wise men had a little pillow and on it was my old friend the big ring.

We stood up and the gold doors swung open and there, in a bluish light, was the big stone hand broke off at the wrist.

They said prayers and the old prince bowed over three times and I did too. And the blind wise man came in, led by the two little boys, and he took the ring and held it up and red and blue lights shot out of it, and while a soft deep gong kept sounding he put the ring on the stone finger of the hand.

The men shut the doors and went out, and the priests took the little lanterns down and walked out two by two, and the ponies galloped for a second, and the gong went, and that was all.

The old prince turned and took my face in his hands and he kissed me on the forehead, like I was being blessed by the bishop.

Then the other door away down where I had come in opened, and Mr. Bosco came in and took me away to outside of what I guessed was my room. I guessed too that we wasn't going to dress for this dinner but I didn't bring anything as I didn't know how long we was coming here for.

BUT what we was coming here for I didn't know either, or I would of been more nervous than I was. So I waited for Mr. Bosco to say what he looked like he wanted to say, and when he said it I was sure surprised.

"You want to go home now. You finish your work so, after tonight, you can go."

"You mean it?" I couldn't hardly keep from crying.

"I miss you," he says. "What you want take with you?" he says.

"I don't know," I says.

"I got present," he says, and he went away down the hall.

So I went in, and there was Aunt Mary and Lady Burroughs talking and smoking cigarettes, and there was my best formal and slippers and longeray and everything all laid out, and two girls to help us to dress.

So we were ready to dress, so Lady Burroughs left us to do it, and I guessed she was going to, too.

I looked nice all in white, Aunt Mary said, and she wore everything deep blue and when we was ready we sat down, till we was called to come and eat, and while we was waiting I found out I was going to go home, alone, by myself. It seemed that Aunt Mary had to go to England, where she said she was with the intelligence, which I didn't understand, but that's what she said.

Well, it was time for dinner and we went down.

We all met in another great big room with tapirs like they light candles with in church, thousands of 'em, all around the walls. And there was Mr. Bosco in his same little suit, but everybody else, you bet, done up like for Cinderella's ball.

Sir Gerald had his uniform on, instead of the old hunting coat and the wrinkled pants he wore before. And he had colored ribbons with teeny weeny little medals all over one side of his bosom, and his hair brushed straight up on the sides and his mustache straightened out.

And there was Lady Burroughs, not a rummage sale like in the afternoon. She was thinner, too, in her corset and a black velvet formal and rhine stones in her hair in a little crown like, or maybe they was diamonds, and a cigarette holder to match.

The doors opened and two brown soldiers come in uniforms and big striped things on their heads like Franshot Tone and Gary Cooper in Beau Jest, that was the first movie I can remember, but I sure never forgot it.

They got out of the way, and we waited and then the old prince came in.

He was all in a fine-quality white wove gown and a long white coat thing to the floor. But the prince wasn't there. And he didn't come and he didn't come. Finally I guess the old prince knew we couldn't wait all night so we went to the table and sat down.

I talked to Aunt Mary, like you do, with just my eyes, across the table where there was a place set for him that stayed empty. Aunt Mary just shrugged her shoulders.

So we ate, and it was good, and one man to take care of feeding each one of us, but the man to serve the prince had nothing to do.

I felt like the old prince was taking his time with the dinner. And after awhile we sort of run down and couldn't think of much to say, except Lady Burroughs, and everybody was glad, I could see, for her to go on and on.

The food was all served very dignified, with silver and gold dishes and not a bit like those crazy Soodans, with their carrying on, but after a while we couldn't just go on for ever and so we went into still another big room. Along one wall of this room that was on the ground floor was tall windows, round at the top with stone lace over 'em and no glass. They opened right out into the black night.

AT FIRST I wasn't right sure, but I began to think I heard something, away off, a soft clattering and rattling and a jingling, like a lot of horses walking, or maybe just fox trotting over a gravel road.

Pretty soon they all heard it, and Lady Burroughs looked real relieved that she didn't have to keep on with her talk anymore. So she stopped.

From then on we just sat there and waited, except Mr. Bosco. He couldn't stand it and he got up and nodded to the old prince and walked straight out of the room toward the front doors.

By this time the clatter and the jingle was plain to be heard that it was being made by maybe a hundred horses out there in the dark. And we heard 'em ride right up to the house.

There was a sharp order and the horses stopped. Then there was another order, and the men all got off and chains jingled and horses blew their noses, and suddenly there was Mr. Bosco.

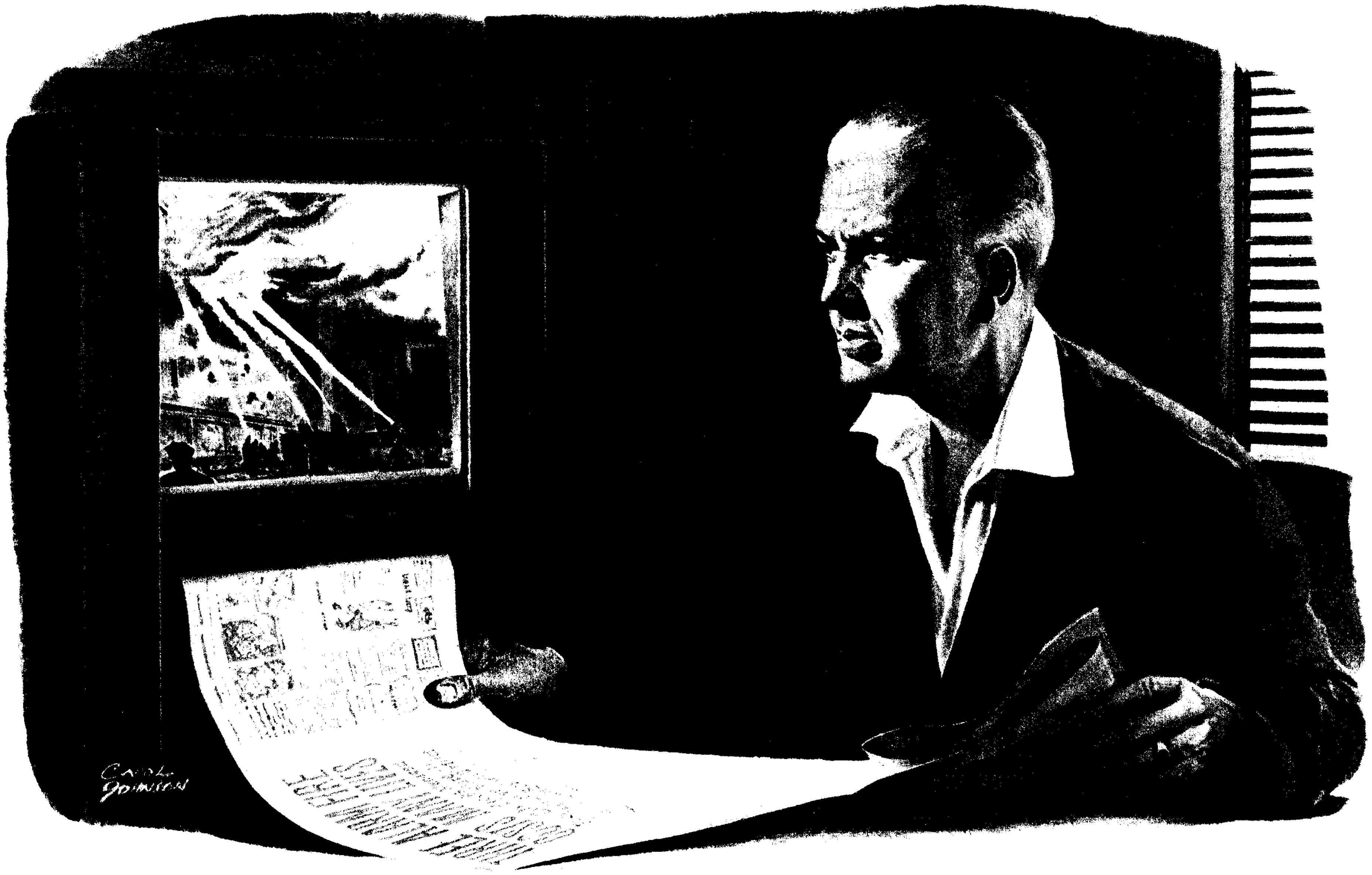
"Your son is here," he says.

The old prince got up, and we all got up too.

And which one will it be? I thought.

Then we heard a firm quick step, in boots, coming along the stone floor of the hall and I thought to myself, It's not Halla Bandah, in

# Men Who Plan beyond Tomorrow Like CANADIAN Whisky at its Glorious Best



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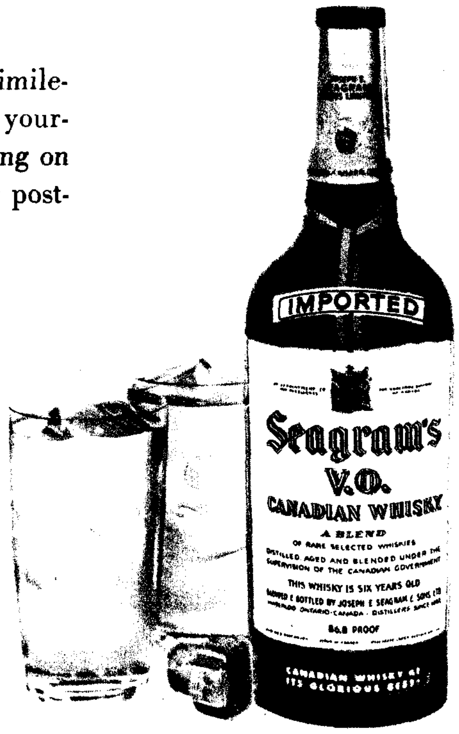
Ready for you when you wake up, your newspaper of the future will be facsimile-printed through the night—in tabloid size, on a continuous roll. You will bring yourself up-to-the-minute on the highlights of the news...by *seeing* what is happening on the television screen of the same machine. Fantastic? It's already planned for post-war home use!

**YESTERDAY'S PLANNING FOR TODAY'S PLEASURE!**

1939 planning for your pleasure today! Six long years ago, when foreign propaganda agents were first required to register in the U.S....when Swedish royalty attended Delaware's 300th anniversary—even then, Seagram was selecting and storing away the finest, lightest of Canadian Whiskies for your pleasure today. The lightness of those whiskies...mellowed by patient aging...will add to your enjoyment of Seagram's V.O.—Canadian Whisky at its glorious best!

Six Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation. New York



**Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN**

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

Aren't Grownups Funny?
HECK, JANIE! I GET A BANG OUTA BUTCH, TOO! BUT HAS HE GOTTA PUSH ME CLEAR OUTA THE PICTURE?
BUTCH COULDN'T PUSH YOU OUT, JOE—IF YOU PUSHED OFF TO OUR DENTIST'S FOR—FOR A BREATH CHECK-UP!
HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
HO HUM! DIDN'T I TELL YOU GROWNUPS ARE FUNNY?
COLGATE'S SURE DOES A JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH
Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night—NBC Network

his little soft gold slippers. It's the other one, I thought.

Then he got to the door and came just one step in and stopped there with his heels making a pop of a sound, and I thought to myself, It's nobody I ever saw before in my life.

But it was, you bet. But what a difference. Halla Bandah looked tall, and no wonder. He was in a uniform and with boots with heels, and with the things on his shoulders to lift them up. And with the big high thing on his head he was nearly as tall as Gary Cooper.

He stood there like a soldier, and like a soldier he spoke to the only other one of us that was a soldier, that was a general, and General Sir Gerald stood and listened to him like on a battlefield.

"I come to report, sir," he says. "My soldiers are ready to go where we are sent," he says. "I went away to sell what I could, sir, to get money to buy my brother back to us so he do not make friends with Japanese. Before I go, sir, I do not like speak my fear about my brother, so when English ask me, I will not talk, even to my father. But, sir, before I can get back, my brother he has taken order from Japanese, and I find he build airfield like he would plant orchard, so now I come tell you, sir, and to my father I must tell that my oath with my brother was a bad oath, so it is no longer."

His eyes looked bigger than ever but he said the next thing he said slow and quiet.

"Sir," he says, "I have done what I think is my duty. I take over my brother's state, I use this money I collect in America and Africa to finish airfield for British. And, sir, me and my soldiers," he says, "are now at your service." And he saluted like Nelson Eddy in West Point.

Then he walked over and kneeled before his father, and he held up his two hands and in each one was a little lotus flower button. And the old prince, he put his hand on his boy's head and blessed him.

Everything was still for a minute. Then the old prince said, "Where is your brother now?"

The prince got up and, "I have had him arrested in the name of my father," he said.

The father stood still a long time, then he said, "You have done well." And he excused himself and took the prince away, and Aunt Mary let me cry all over her dark blue formal.

So we went upstairs and sat and talked with Lady Burroughs while Sir Gerald was with both princes, old and young, downstairs.

We talked it all over, but I didn't talk much, because I had seen the old prince's face and I knew how he felt. That old man was a saint if I ever saw one, and I loved him and I couldn't get out of my mind the prince in his uniform, kneeling before him.

SO THE next morning, we had breakfast in our room, and who should bring it up but the two serving boys, that I had got to calling Bill and Coo by now. There was flowers on the tray same as always, a white orchid for me and something dark red for Aunt Mary.

While we was eating, Aunt Mary told me that we was to go back in the car to Calcutta with Sir Gerald and Lady Burroughs and that I had done a good job and that it wasn't Mr. Hoover had paid for my clothes but the British government, but she couldn't tell me before. So she told me now.

She had had all my things moved over here from the prince's house and she said I was welcome to take with me whatever I wanted to, but since I was going to be flown to Australia by the R.A.F., which stands for British Flying Core, I could only take one bag, and she had picked out the best things for me to take in it.

Then she showed me a jewelry case that was very pretty that had been hers, and she said she wanted me to have it as a present.

I says, "What will I need that for?"

And she says, "You'll have a few little trinkets unless I am very much mistaken. Besides," she says, "if I had only fourteen strings of real pearls and an emerald anklet I wouldn't feel entirely unadorned," she says.

Then Aunt Mary gave me a big wad of English money, and my passport that I didn't know I had one, but it seemed that Mr. Wens had gotten it and brought it with him to Mexico City that time, and she had kept it for me.

So we got ready to go downstairs, and then Aunt Mary said she sure wished she had me for a real niece, and I said I sure wished I had her for a real Aunt and no lie, and we was downstairs in the big room with the tiger head to stumble over, and she left me with Mr. Bosco, and said we'd meet at the car when I was ready.

Well, he took me up that long stone stairs-steps and then through the gallery to the door of the chapel with the hand altar where they kept Hankah.

And there the old prince was, with the morning sunlight from the one little window shining on his white hair.

HE HAD a little carved ivory box with silver on it, and he said he wanted to give me something to take with me, and it was the chain that Halla Bandah had worn on his neck with the ruby ring, Hankah, on it. And I thought how nice, and the chain was beautiful with flat little gold links and every link with some writing on it, and he said that was like a rosary in my religion, and that each link was a prayer for my safety, and he said he wanted me to have something to take the place of the ring that I had saved, and he began unlocking the little ivory box with a tiny key. And the key turned and the little ivory box came open.

In it was a diamond, and I knew it was no rhine stone, because they don't make 'em that big.

It was set in a band of gold with a little gold ring on it for that purpose so he threaded the chain in it, and let it hang down and it just trembled and sparkled like a dewdrop as big as a hazelnut.

I couldn't thank him, because I knew it was worth, maybe not the Wrigley Building, but anyway the Annex to Marshall Field's, and I thought of how kind it was of him. And I started to try to say thank you, but something come over me and before I hardly knew it I dropped down on my knees, and he put his hand on my head and I said a quick Hail Mary and got up, and he kissed me on the forehead.

Mr. Bosco was waiting for me outside the door. "You get present?" he says.

"Yes," I says and I showed it to him.

"Very pretty," he said and he weighed it in his hand.

"Yes," I says, "but most of all I love it because he gave it to me."

"That's right," he said, "but still, very heavy, and very heavy diamonds makes very pretty."

"You're a bad one, Mr. Bosco," I says.

"Granted," he says, and we walked down a few steps and he stopped again.

"I got no present for you," he says, but he sure didn't look sad about it.

"Don't you worry," I says, "I've still got that little green bug you gave me."

"That little bug bring you much luck, many grandchildren. That little bug made of jade," he says.

"It's very nice," I says, "so you see I don't need any going-away present from you, because I couldn't never forget you, Mr. Bosco."

He looked at me with one eye squinted.

"No," he said, "I got no present for you now, but I got present. You don't smoke pipe?" he says.

"No," I says, "do the girls in Burma smoke pipes?"

"Sometimes," he says, "but I no got pipe for little girl. This pipe English pipe. This pipe man's pipe. This pipe present for American gentleman."

"Who?" I says.

"Pop," says Mr. Bosco and he laughed and took a polished wood box out of his pocket and gave it to me.

I couldn't hardly see how to open it but I did. Inside of it, on a purple silk cushion was a briar pipe, that I knew Pop would die for. Because for somebody that had smoked nothing but corncob pipes all the years I've known him, he knows more about briar pipes than old Mr. Briar.

Well, there it was with a gold band around the stem and a gold band let into the bowl, and I saw some writing on the gold and I looked and it said "Pop" on it.

I tried to thank him for Pop, but I couldn't.

"I guess I'm going now," I says.

"You be careful," he says, "you got young man at Chicago."

"Yes," I says. "Anyway I hope he's in Chicago. If I don't pass him on the way. He's a soldier," I says.

"Good," he says, "you be careful." And then he gave me a card.

"You ever need me, you let me know," he says, and I knew he meant it. So we shook hands, and then he took me to the door of another room.

"You go in there," he says.

"What for?" I says.

"You see," he says, and he put his little old black hat down on his ears and that's the last I ever saw of Mr. Bosco, except his hat, and I did see that again just once.

SO I knocked on the door and Bill opened it, and Bill and Coo looked at me with solemn faces.

When I was inside the little room they both bowed till they nearly fell over, with their hands behind 'em. And finally, both at once, they brought their hands out from behind their backs, and each one had a white paper flower made out of like tissue paper, and they gave 'em to me. Then they both turned around and ran out of the room.

I just stood there with those two poor mussed-up paper flowers in my hand and fished out my handkerchief and, believe me, I was glad I didn't wear mascarro.

So finally I took my handkerchief down from my eyes and raised my head up, and there was Prince Halla Bandah Rookh looking at me.

It looked like he couldn't say anything.

"Listen," I says, "I'm so sorry for you. About your brother," I says. "But I know you done right," I says. "And another thing," I says, "I got to ask your pardon for what I did to you."

"What?" he says.

"Well," I says, "I knew after awhile, you liked me," I says, "but I couldn't very well go back after I started, and I felt guilty, because you see Aunt Mary, she's not my aunt at all."

"I know," he says.

"Yes," I says, "you know now, but you didn't know she was watching you."

"I did," he says. "I knew all the time."

"Then why did you let her?" I says.

"Because," and his eyes was soft as the underside of a toadstool, "because so long as they think they fool me, just so long I can keep you with me," he says, and he touched my hand.

Well, I couldn't say a thing to that.

"You are right not to marry me," he says. "This is a time for a man to go to war. But always, always, I will remember you, and your beauty and your goodness," he says, "and that across this world somewhere, I hope, I have a friend."

He took the paper flowers and the wooden pipe box and the ivory diamond-and-chain box out of my hands, and he put them on a table. Then he took a little gold box out of his pocket and he put it between my hands. Then he turned them till the back of one was up and he kissed it, then he turned them over and he kissed the back of the other one.

"Do not open this little box until you are at home," he says.

"All right," I says, "but won't you tell me what it is?"

"Only this," he says, "it will keep you and yours comfortable as long as you live. Promise not to open it."

"I promise," I says.

"I will not say goodby," he says, "but may your god and my gods protect you always from harm."

So I took the little gold box and my other presents and I went out to the car, and there was Sir Gerald and Lady Burroughs and Aunt Mary waiting, with two of those cockney soldiers to drive us. And Lady B. had on her funny hat that was like John Alden's if Prissilla had sat on it.

"Where in the world did you get those dreadful flowers?" Lady B. said.

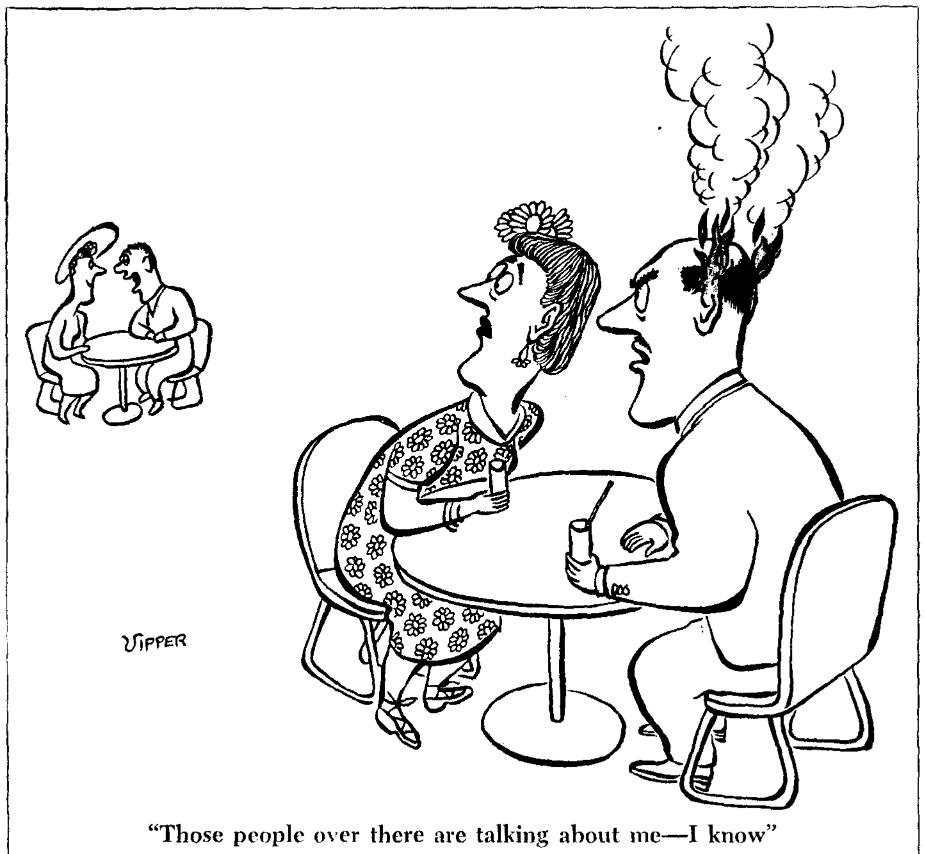
"They're not dreadful," I says, "they was made for me by two of my dearest friends," I says, "and I'd rather have them than the Wrigley Building," I says, "or that old Thread Needle Bank, or anything in England, not leaving out the king," I says.

"So sorry," she says, and we got in and drove away.

I took a last look back at the old prince's palace and suddenly, out of a window high up, I saw an arm and it was waving a little old black hat, and it was Mr. Bosco and I waved and waved till the sight of that little hat was cut off by the big trees.

WHEN we got to Calcutta, Aunt Mary bought me a karkai-colored suit and hat, and we had tea at the British place where the government was at, and suddenly Lady B., who I had asked the pardon of for getting mad about the flowers and she had forgave me, suddenly she looked around behind the high-backed chair she was sitting in and she poked back there hard with her teaspoon and there was a yelp from somebody that was back there hiding.

And "Roddy," she says, "Roddy, you fiend,



"Those people over there are talking about me—I know"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

No curative power is claimed for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION IS WORTH A POUND OF CURE

PHILIP MORRIS are scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat

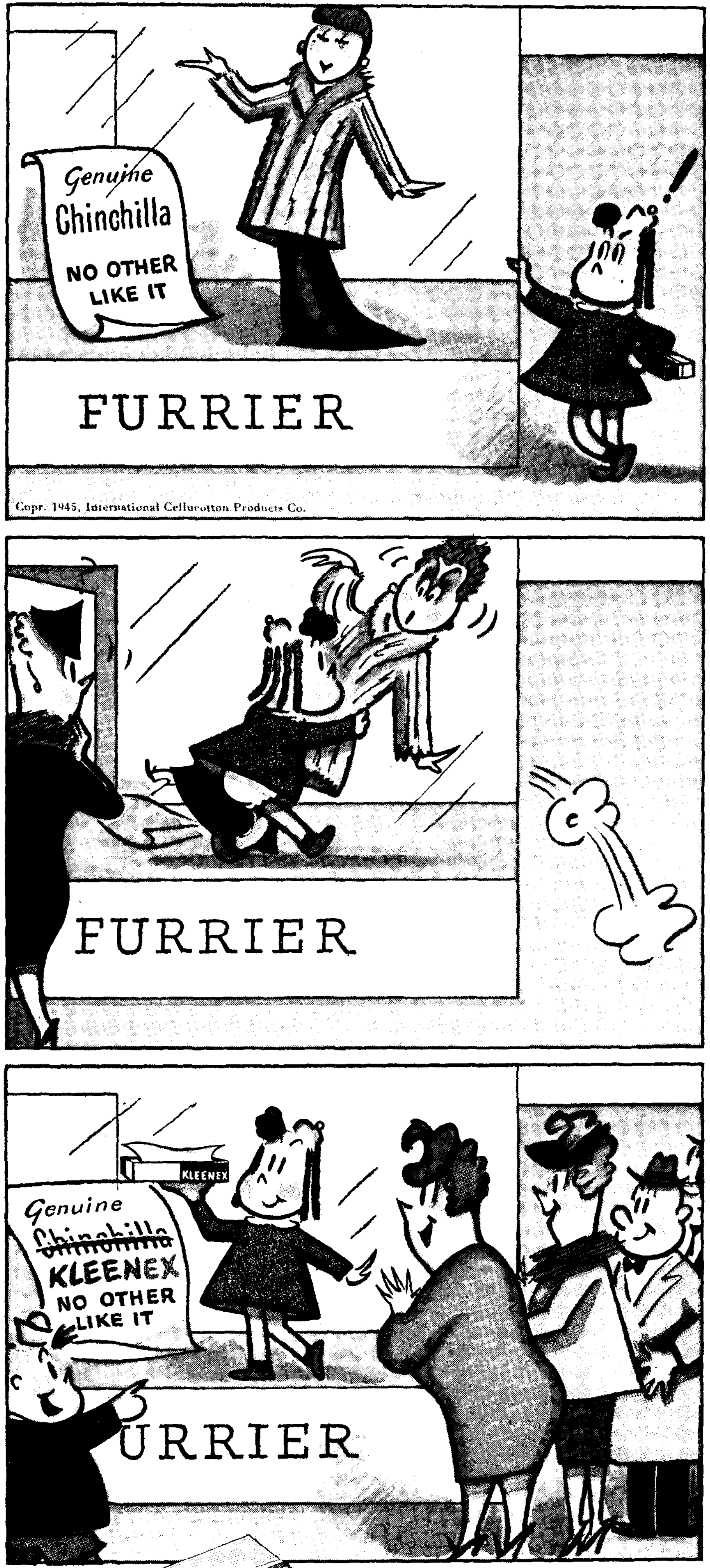
When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, substantially every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved.

—findings reported in a leading medical journal.

FAR FINER PLEASURE plus FAR MORE PROTECTION

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

LITTLE LULU by marge



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KLEENEX TISSUES

A special process keeps Kleenex LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—DEPENDABLY STRONG

Watch for Paramount's latest LITTLE LULU cartoon in technicolor at your favorite theatre

stop this ragging and come out at once and meet this sweet and amazing child." And out he came with his hair all mussed. He had on a uniform with wings on him and ribbons all smudged that needed cleaning.

"This is Captain Sir Rodney Carmichael, called Roddy, and as bad as they make 'em. Look at her, Roddy, you're to take her to Australia. Won't that be jolly? She's a Yankee."

"How perfectly ripping," says Roddy and he gave my hand one shake and let go of my hand but his eyes went all over me.

Sir Gerald cleared his throat and barked soft into his teacup. "And no tomfoolery now, on the journey," he says.

"Last thought in my head, sir," says Roddy.

"And the first," says Lady B. "Yes, this bright little lad, as a reward of merit, gets the prize," and she patted him on the head and gave him a cup of tea.

Sir Gerald cleared his throat again. "Tell truth, Roddy, is this a surprise?"

"Absolutely," says Roddy.

"You mean, you haven't been told by the old bear, what you're to do?"

"Not a syllable," says Roddy with his little boy's eyes going around the curves of me, fit to skid into the ditch. "But I trust," he says, "it is not unconnected with international relations, lend lease, and all that."

"It is indeed, she's a loan and not a lease."

They laughed a lot at that, but I sure thought it was too Eddie Cantor.

Then they talked about stuff I didn't understand. I can remember it, because I wrote it down. So here it is:

Lady B. says, "You are to take her tied up in Christmas ribbons and deliver her to old King Mark. You can look but mustn't touch."

I knew they was joking, I mean English joking, but I didn't get it all.

And then Roddy says to me, "Are you fond of Tristan?"

And I said I never had any that I knew of. And everybody laughed and I knew I had made a mistake, but I didn't care much. I was going home.

So then Roddy got sent for and went with the soldier to the old bear's office to get his orders, they said.

Roddy was nice, if a little silly, like I said, acting full of stuff all the time when he talked to a girl, till he got alone with one all by himself, and then he stopped all of his foolishness and was just as nice as anybody.

Well, after a while Roddy came back to the tea table and said it was all too absolutely something and the old bear had been "very red hot," whatever that meant, but anyway I found out what I had guessed already, that The Old Bear was the name they all called the head British council there.

But he wasn't an old bear at all, but a nice old boy that we had dinner with and stayed at his house, and the next morning at the first streak of day we got to the plane.

IT WASN'T a little plane at all. It was a big army plane, and had a crew all English and guns too and was taking a whole raft of stuff, including me, to Australia and another passenger too.

Just as we was about to start, Sir Gerald barked once, and then says, "You've got me to thank, Roddy, for this. They were thinking of giving her to the tigers."

Well, that sure give me a start.

"But I wouldn't hear of it," he barked on. "No, I said, this is a job for the British lion, I said, so I got the job for you."

Roddy laughed and says, "Don't let anyone know, sir, when we're taking off or those damned tigers may come dashing out of China," he says, "and hijack her from me in mid-ocean—or is it hijohn? I forget."

I guessed they was joking about the tigers, but I couldn't be just sure.

"Shut up, both of you," says Aunt Mary, laughing, "you'll scare the child to death." Then she turned to me. "The tigers, my dear," she says, "are the greatest American heroes of this war, to date. Chennault and those boys of his, in China," she says, "are tops. And any girl that wouldn't jump at the chance to be hijacked by those boys," she says, "well, all I can say is, she doesn't deserve any such good luck."

"Very true, indeed," says Roddy, and we started saying goodby.

"Well, cheerio, sir," says Roddy.

"Cheerio," says Sir Gerald.

"Cheerio, Lady Burroughs."

And then they all said cheerio two or three more times.

"Goodby," says Aunt Mary, and we got in, and I says hello to all the boys, some cockneys and some like Roddy, but all nice and making a few cracks, but nice too.

Just before we started, a soldier ran up and give something to Sir Gerald, and he gave it to Aunt Mary, and she opened the envelope and there was another one inside of that one, and "Hey," she says, "you're always getting letters just before you take off."

"Me?" I says, and I couldn't breathe hardly.

"You," she says, and she give it to Boggs that was a sargent with wings. That looks funny when you write it, a sargent with wings, but when I think of Boggs now, and I could never forget his funny crooked little face, a sargent with wings is exactly the way to tell what he really was like.

I couldn't understand hardly a word Boggs said till I got to know him better, but that first morning, I sure loved him when he handed me that envelope that had come halfway around the world from I could guess who.

SO I don't remember the goodbys, or the take-off, or anything much, but that we were in the air and I was sitting quiet so my goose pimples would smoothe out, before I opened my letter, that was surely from Jeff.

And I knew all of a sudden that Jeff was what I wanted, that with Jeff everything would be different and here I was, at last, headed for home. And a letter from Jeff in my hands, and what a fool I was to be sitting thinking when I might be reading it. So I opened it, and here it is, what I remember of it:

"For the love of Davy Crockett, where are you at?" That's how it started. "That Swift feller seems to know, so I am sending this to him. I could ring his neck for knowing and me not knowing, that is, I could if it wasn't he went to see your Pop when he was so sick and got him in the hospital in Mattoon, and ain't costing your Pop a dime. Being I am in this man's army, now, I can't go like I did before. Pop is on the mend. I will try to see him before I leave Wensday. Hope my last letter found you as it left me, well and so full of love and crazy about you, and thinking about you getting back soon, and about you and me.

"I don't like to ask young Swift about you as he says things like, never was such a girl, and like that. I never thought I was jealous, except for once of a man in Texas that my pony Rowdy would walk right off from me to follow. But I guess I was wrong about myself, so you better get used to the idea.

"About you and me, I was all right until one morning about sun-up, we was having a cup of Java at the Greek's and I stood up over you and I smelled your hair, and it didn't smell like perfume, but like a nice clean dog I was crazy about when I was a kid and I kept washing all the time with Mammy's soap. So then I knew my goose was cooked.

"I will write a postscript onto this after I see Pop Wensday or maybe Tuesday, as I don't know which at this writing, so will stop now and say goodby. But oh if I ever get you back again, I will sure hold onto you and smell that good clean smell of your hair, close, and it will be a damn' good thing you don't wear lipstick to get smeared around all over both of our two faces, and I won't stop but just keep on forever and ever, amen.

"Your friend and well wisher,
"JEFFERSON DAVIS WADE

"P. S. Wensday. I couldn't see Pop but he's fine and here's a letter he wrote and with it is one long kiss from
"JEFF

"More P. S. Did I say I got orders and they say I got to go away, where I don't know till tomorrow if then and couldn't say if I did or do. But will keep in touch with

# *Style that'll make 'em stare . . .*

● Today—a big, new, handsome Mercury must necessarily remain a dream to you and to countless others. But the day is steadily drawing nearer when you'll see that dream come true.

Then you'll cruise along in new-found style and comfort—looking proud as any peacock. For you'll find this car will have both a character and a beauty that will draw admiring glances.

"Here," you'll say, "is a car that has the power I want . . . a car that is superbly engineered . . . and one that places smartness and thrift in perfect balance."

You can help hasten the day when you'll drive your new Mercury. Just buy War Bonds—and even more bonds—now!

*Step out with* **MERCURY**

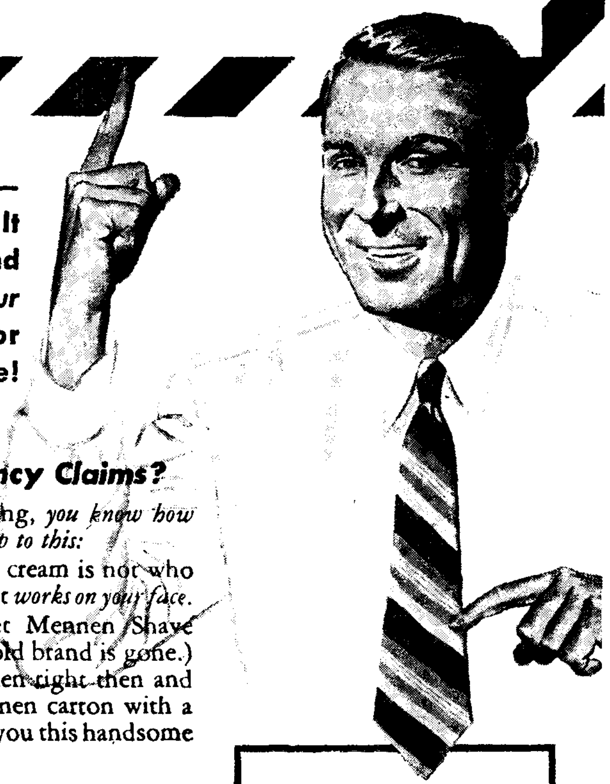
*A PRODUCT OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY*

YOU CAN'T LOSE THIS

2 TO 1 BET

ON YOUR NEXT SHAVE

**Try Mennen Shave Cream—Lather or Brushless! Either It Gives You More Comfort and a *Cleaner Shave, Keeps Your Face Presentable Longer*—or You Get This Quality Necktie!**



***Isn't that Better than Fancy Claims?***

Mr., if you, yourself, sell anything, *you know how superior it would have to be to stand up to this:*

We claim that the test of a shave cream is not who makes the loudest claims—but how it *works on your face.*

***So we make you this bet:*** Get Mennen Shave Cream today. (Don't wait till your old brand is gone.) Try one shave. You'll prefer Mennen right then and there—*OR* send us the empty Mennen carton with a letter of explanation, and we'll send you this handsome tie—without cost or obligation.

***You Win Either Way***

We make this offer because *not one man in a thousand* sends for the tie. *What magnificent proof that Mennen out-performs other brands* in giving more comfort, and cleaner shaves that keep men presentable longer.

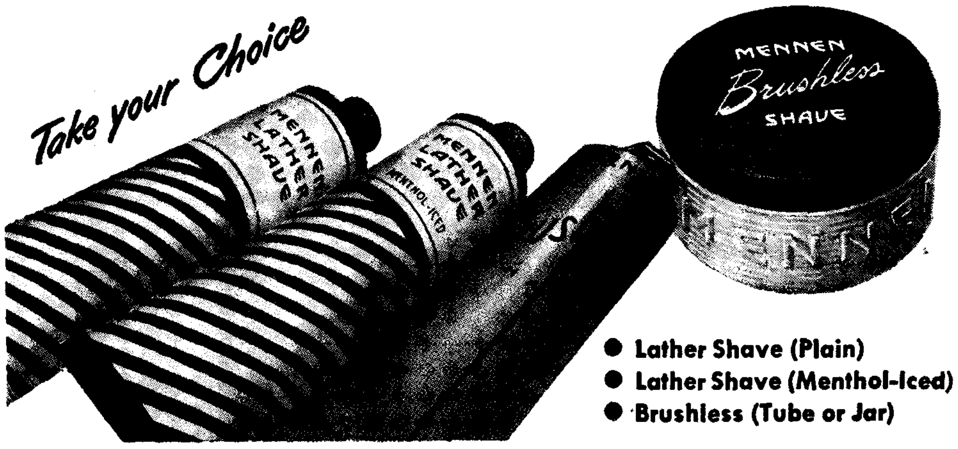
So you see, if what we say is true, you win better shaves for life. If not, you win a handsome necktie.

Just as a fair-minded man, accept this astonishing 2 to 1 bet. Get Mennen Shave Cream today!

*Bet Expires April 30, 1945*

*After every shave cool, soothe, and protect your skin with healing Mennen Skin Balm—It makes your face feel wonderful.*

**MENNEN** *Shave Cream*



● **Lather Shave (Plain)**
● **Lather Shave (Menthol-Iced)**
● **Brushless (Tube or Jar)**

**LOOK BETTER—Stay freshly shaved longer by using . . .**
**MENNEN TALCUM FOR MEN—**
"Hammerized" for finer texture. Neutral tint—can't show. The overwhelming favorite of America's well-groomed men.

Pop and he can tell you where I am at, if I know.

"If it is China or Alasca or the Dutch Indies, I'll try to get Swift to stop you so you can stay there until I can get there as you seem to get to everywhere. But wherever it is, I'll be loving you and missing you always. Hoping you are the same.

"Your friend and well wisher,

"JEFF"

The letter from Pop smelled like his old corncob pipe, and I had to read it slow, because I was getting to be a crybaby and I couldn't see half of the time.

"Dear Podner," it said, "Jeff was headed this way, but a strong military wind blew him off of his course. However Ted Swift says he will give this to Jeff to send it with his, as he will see Jeff tonight.

"Ted Swift gave me the money again that you sent, but where you got so much I don't like to think, because surely I didn't bring you up to rob banks.

"I seen your pitchure in the papers and you looked prettier than Lillian Russell to me, and that lady with you looks alright for a chaperone.

"I am alright now or soon will be, I hope, just took on a job was too stout for me, now I'm kind of getting along in years as you might say.

"Don't you worry about anything as I am not worried about you. But if you ever get around to it you better take a good look at Jeff—or maybe you have.

"So long. POP"

Well, those two letters give me enough to think about all the way to Australia and back, if I had of rode the whole journey on a lame cangaroo.

But I had to stop thinking for awhile, or anyway to put it off till another time for there was Sargent Boggs saying, "Got some letters, huh?"

"From my pop," I says.

"Everything all right?" he says.

"Sure," I says.

"You flown before?" he says.

"A little," I says.

"How much?" he says, without the h.

"Well," I says, "Chicago to Mexico City, to Rio, to Natal, to Libeeria, to Kartoom, to India, and now this. Why do you ask?" I says.

"I just wanted to know whether to bring you a cup of tea or a paper bag," he says.

"Tea," I says, and he brought it. So, after he took the cup away and before he could get back, another boy sidled in beside me. He was the other passenger to Australia. He had a uniform and wings and ribbons and a kind of cowboy face.

"I'm Sessel Dillon," he says, and he was like a mixture of the kind of an Englishman that Roddy was, and the kind of a cockney that Boggs was, but better educated than one and maybe not quite as much as the other.

"Hello," I says.

"Got letters from home?"

"Yes," I says.

"I'm going to Sidney," he says.

"Who's that?" I says, and he laughed and told me that was the name of a town in Australia, only he called it just Strylia. He showed me a leather folder with pitchures of his wife and kids, and they sure looked sweet. Sessel, the boy, took after him and Nell, the girl, after her.

He had to pick up his family at his mother's place in another town that I forgot as soon as he told me, where they was waiting for him, and they would all go back to Sidney for his leave.

He had been flying out of England over the channel for ten months now, and he said there wasn't much danger of any sort of a show on this jaunt we was taking, but he was jumpy. I guess it was from what he called channel hopping and kept on looking out of the plane, like something might be following us. He talked an awful lot and I was glad for him to, because once he got started that's what it seemed like he had been busting to do.

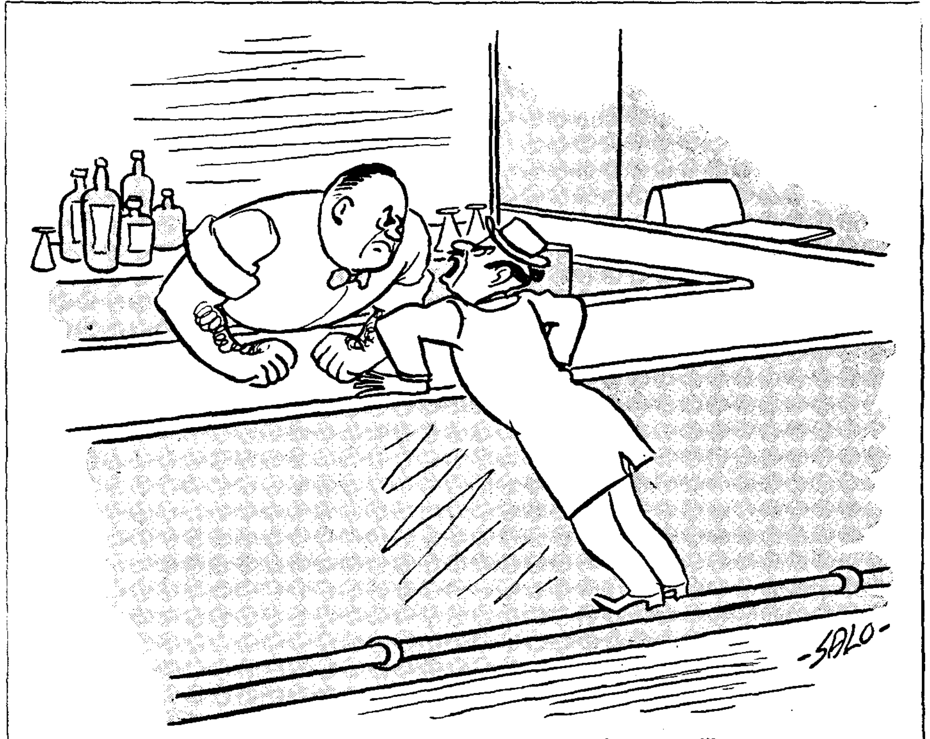
AFTER he talked I don't know how long, just suddenly in the middle of a word he was asleep and all the tightness and braveness was gone out of him, and his head slid over onto my shoulder, and I kept real still, so he could rest.

After Sessel woke up, Roddy got relieved from his piloting and came and sat with me. He acted a little smart alecky again, but nice too, and funny and like I had learned to expect from his kind of English, talking about big things as if they was little, calling Lady B. The Perfect Pitchure of the British Unickhorn which I sure had to write down not to forget it.

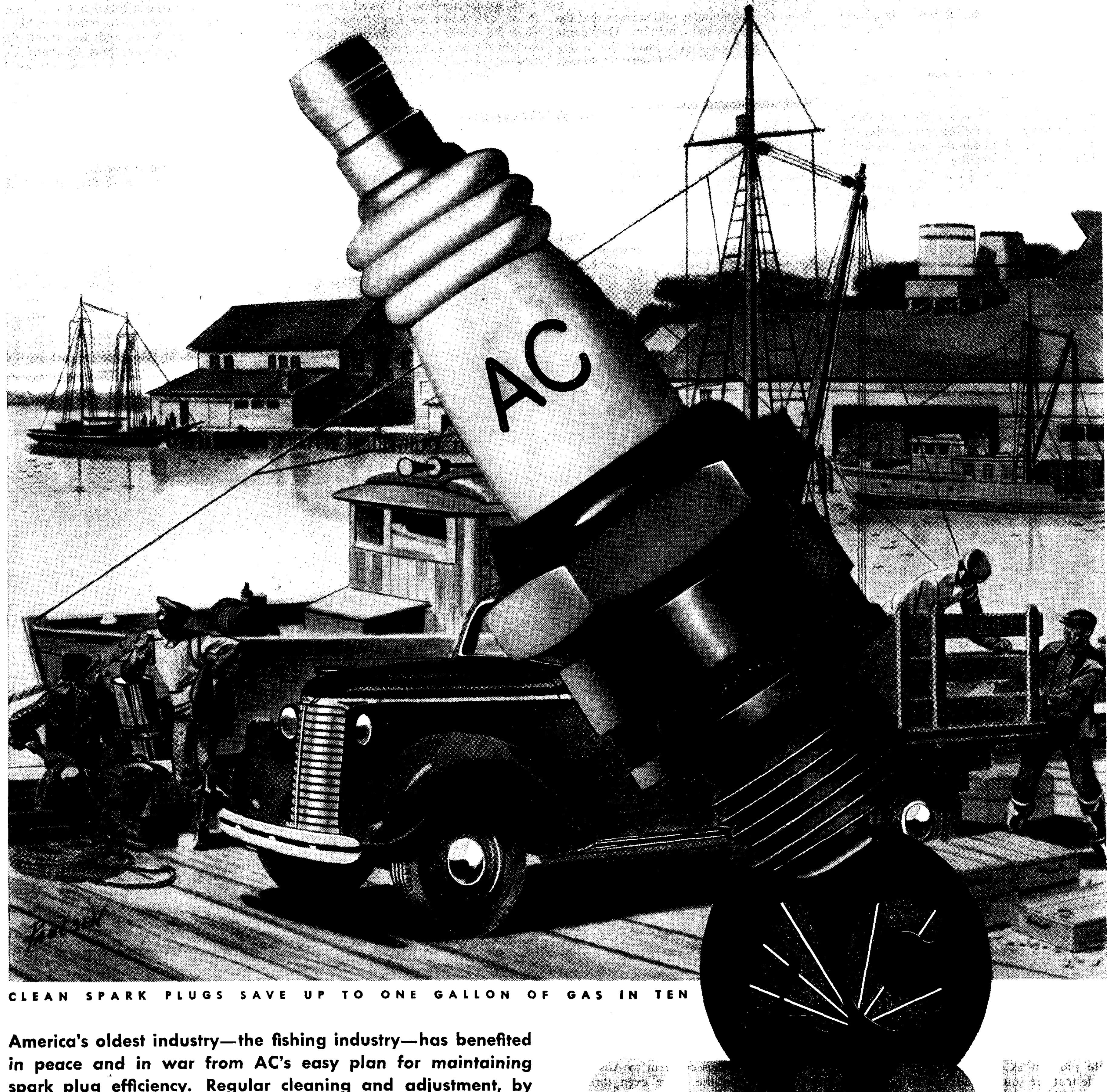
He said this was a picnic that he had taken a few times but never with such dainty supplies.

The others heard this, like he meant them to, so they called out jokes about him not overstaying his leave from the controls while he was inspecting the cargoe. But they was nice, and we all had sandwiches that was sure good, and by now nothing to see but sky and water down there and us. And then for a long time just through clouds and no sky and no ocean—just us.

So we stopped at places and wherever we stopped was English, anyway there was lots of Tommies, and did they open their eyes when a regular big army plane come down and landed, and then me stepping out of it. I was glad I was dressed anyway in the same color as them. So they thought first it was a uniform, but soon found out it wasn't, so then they always thought I was what they



COLLIER'S "You heard me. I said all right, I'll get out!" SALO ROTH



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called a Musical Gel, and they wanted me to sing or dance.

Roddy was a wonderful boy. He tended to everything, and everything went fine till one day after we had left Singapore we was flying in a fog and suddenly somebody yelled, and there was a roar right on us nearly, and something going Pop, Pop, Pop, Pop.

I looked and there was a flash of flame like a burning house falling through the sky and nearly going to hit us, and something out of it spitting more fire. And Boggs yelling, "That's it, mates, I got it."

And before you could say, "What?" Sessel laying flat on the floor face down like a train had run over him and all the time that streak of burning fire coming at us a mile a minute and shooting past the windows as we bumped and started going over sideways.

By then I seemed to know that the thing burning and falling out there was another plane on fire but shooting the hell out of us as it went down. We heard it hit the water, and Boom, one big flash of light.

About that time we hit, and everything got all mixed up together, and Roddy climbing back to where I had my bag open to save something, and me feeling so relieved that I had found it. And then I don't remember anything till I was in the water just coming to myself and Roddy pulling the last of me into that little rubber boat.

Just the tip of the wing was above water now, and Boggs was in the water, swimming away from the rubber boat as hard as he could, and Roddy yelling, "You bloody, bloody fool, come back here," and he was sure right, I never saw so much blood as was on Boggs. But he wouldn't come back because it was just the little boat instead of the big one, with hardly room for two, and he waved to us and then he disappeared.

And the wing tip went under, and then me seeing Roddy's arm, all smashed up. And just us in that little rubber boat, and some stuff floating around, like that little leather folder with Sessel's Australian kids, that I tried to reach and couldn't.

Then me tearing strips off my skirt till I was nearly naked to make a turneket for Roddy's arm, that made Roddy faint with how it hurt him it had to be so tight, but it sure stopped the spurts of blood. And after a while, nothing to do, so there I sat with Roddy sort of in my lap, and before I knew it it was dark, and was I ever seasick!

AFTER what seemed like about a hundred days and nights, but wasn't really so very many, a destroyer saw us and picked us up and took us to Australia.

And it wasn't until we were almost there that the commander of this destroyer got word that explained what it was that had happened to us. He told me so I could have it to tell Roddy when he came in to see me in the cabin that was turned into a hospital just for me, with a sailor that I couldn't hardly understand at all, because he spoke nothing but Scotch, to look after me, but all of the officers and most of the men coming in to do anything they could.

I'm a squarehead, see? All pale, like a white pidgeon as Millie use to say. And people that are squareheads are all pale, like that. And if anybody's one they learn early not to get sunburned, because it's just burn, blister, peal and heal, and then burn again worse the next day.

And with no clothes on that Swede skin, and salt water to spray on top of it as it cracks, and to turn white and drop off leaving like raw lamb underneath, it can't get tanned but just about ruins you, anyway it did me.

That's why when we got rescued I had to remember to try to think I was somebody else, entirely, while that poor Scotch sailor that had a red cross on him greased me and bandaged me, like a newborn baby. And the only reason I didn't blush was that I was worse than that color pretty near all over, not having had anything on worth mentioning, all that time in that boiling sun.

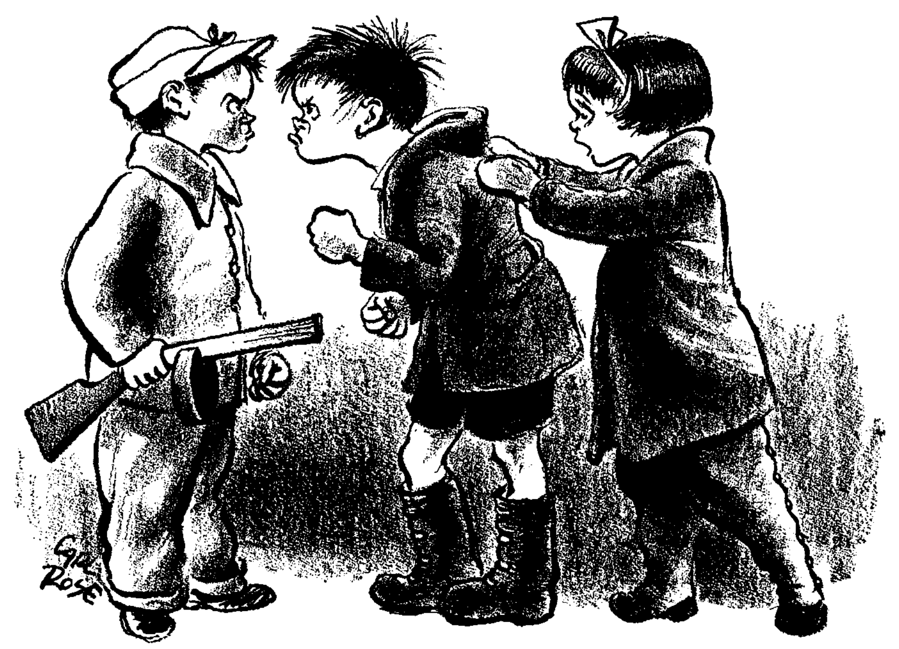
So, while he was fixing me, the only thing that saved me from dying of thinking what was being did to me, and by who, was that I pretended I was unconscious, and here I was now, wrapped in clean white bandages all over me, except the very middle and the brazeer part.

What the commander told me was that the Tigers got in a dog fight, high up. They come out of China, those Tigers, just to get in dog fights, and that means not what it sounds like, but shooting Jap planes, when they can find 'em.

Well, they found one this day and they chased him out over the water up high in the air. So finally they shot him up bad and he slid off sideways with puffs of fire shooting out of him, and here and there, into the fog that was below them. So the Tigers said, "Another yellow skin sipped the drink," and went on back to their chopsticks.

Well, when the Tigers got back they heard about what happened to us. It was news, I guess, because it seems that we wasn't supposed to be shot at much, being just to carry stuff. And because of the fog the commander that had picked us up and the Tigers just had to guess what really did happen.

Well, they guessed that this Jap, coming down through the fog with his tail burning, pretty near hit us, and the commander said he guessed the Jap must of decided to pop a few into us as he went down.



COLLIER'S "Don't Joey—he's got a gun!" CARL ROSE

Like Pop says, I sure get bunged up easy, but I sure get better in a hurry, too, and by the time we got to Australia I was just as good as new.

When we was getting ready to come into port there, the commander of this destroyer thought I better not make his ship look like a young ladies seminary, so he give me a white English sailor suit, and I tucked my hair up inside one of the English navy caps. And there I stood on the bridge, as they call it. It's like the upper front porch of the boat that they don't like to have you call a boat, but a ship. I stood there with Roddy with his arm in a sling and the officers with us to see us come in to Australia, and I guess from the shore even through opera glasses I looked like any other sunburned sailor but taller than the English ones.

THE sailor that was on duty up on the bridge kept laughing and blinking a light slow and fast, and flicker, and Roddy said he was telling the shore man about us, and specially me, and he must of made it quite a story, for when we finally got in, there was a lot of fuss, and people and pitchures.

The commander agreed with me I better not try to go through the town in that sailor suit, so somebody, a very nice girl named Rosalie, came to find out the sizes of everything, and when I was dressed I came out on the deck to say goodby to all the boys. The commander had 'em all drawn up at attention but it looked too much like they had looked that day when they said a burial service for Boggs and Sessel and our other boys that didn't get saved. So I told the commander to loosen 'em up so I could tell 'em goodby. He looked a little shocked, but he did like I asked him. So then it was easier.

So, to my surprise, I talked a long time, about how brave an Englishman could be when he come up to scratch. And they thought I meant something about an old joke they've got about throwing a sailor in the ocean because he's got fleas, so they like to of died laughing at me saying a sailor come up to scratch. So I acted like that was what I meant, but I got 'em to listen when I talked about how I wish I could tell their folks how good they had been to me.

How can you thank a lot of men like that for treating you like they done me, you can't, so I didn't try. But my eye lighted on that bowlegged Scotch angel that had took care of me, and I just walked over and kissed him. You never saw a man turn so red, and you never heard such a yell from the others.

THAT night the officers and Roddy all come to the American government place to a big dinner, and they all brought newspapers about me and the rescue at sea of me and Roddy. And was it wonderful to meet some people that spoke American.

Of course, I didn't have any money and not even my passport, and just about nothing at all, only what I had saved out of my bag that I was diving into to save stuff just as we hit the water.

I guess something takes care of you times like that. I saved the paper flowers from Bill and Coo. They was soon melted and torn and just disappeared and I used the wire stems to twist around my hair to keep it out of my eyes. Then I had my little green bug that Mr. Bosco gave me, on the chain on my neck, and then I saved one of the boxes I got in India.

Well, after dinner, Roddy and me were standing on a balcony, like McDonald and Eddy, and he was pretty sweet, and not smart alecky, and he wasn't even very British, but just sweet.

He said that, to make it all just like an adventure yarn, we ought to get married.

And I joked too, and I says, "Yes, Roddy, can't you just see me going back to England as Lady Carmichael?"

And Roddy says, "Yes, I can." And I saw, for the first time, he meant it. And was I surprised.

But it was sure a compliment, because I had learned a lot about Roddy, on the destroyer, not from him, you bet, but from other officers. Those straight little stripes on his sleeve wasn't like he told me, to prove he use to be a sargent, but they was wound stripes, that Roddy got in other parts of the war. And his family was real stuff, and I sure felt obliged to him, even in the craziness of a war, to ask me that, and I told him so.

I tried to make him understand why it sure would be asking for trouble, and then I told him goodby, and he was going to go very formal on me for not being fool enough to marry a gent like him.

But I says, "Listen, big boy," I says, "any two people has been together for as long as us and has got things to remember like us, I mean about Boggs and Sessel and those other poor boys, that puts us pretty close together," I says, "for now and for always, so you snap to attention, Roddy, and march yourself over here and kiss me goodby."

Roddy was a nice boy and he did as he was told. So we went back in and they all said they could see us plain on the balcony, like those black cut-outs against the sky, and the upshot of it was I had to do a lot of kissing goodby, before they all left. But they sure had been nice to me, and I felt like they wasn't foreigners at all.

At the party was two American United States officers named Herb Furse and Jimmy Talbott, and they was the ones the American council said had been arranged to fly me back with the new passport he made out for me to use. And nice as the English was, was I glad I was going from here on home with American boys.

Mr. Warburton, one of the councils, said, could he do anything for me before I left and I said yes, if there was any way to find Sessel Dillon's wife I wanted to see her. I said his mother must be a Mrs. Dillon, and she must live somewhere close and the wife and kids was with her waiting for him to take 'em home. Anyway, I told him they was in Australia, and from what little I ever saw of my geography, Australia was just an island, and even if Mrs. Dillon was on the other side of Australia, maybe I could just run over and see 'em for a minute before I left.

He looked funny, but he called up two or three places, and after we waited a while, it turned out Mrs. Dillon, Sessel's mother, lived right there where we was at, in this town that's named Melbourne.

HE SENT me in his car. He said he'd go with me, but I said I'd rather be by myself. So a soldier drove me, named Captain Breckenridge, from the state of Virginia, and we got to a little house, and there was the kids outside. Little Sessel playing with a homemade airplane, and little Nell sitting on the steps watching.

They saw me and I got out and asked Breckenridge to wait for me.

Mrs. Dillon, the mother, came to the door and I asked her if Nell was home, and she was in the dining room laying the table for some American soldiers they had invited to Sunday dinner, and for the first time I knew it was Sunday, and couldn't I stay too with the American boys that would be coming soon? But I said I was sure sorry but I had an engagement with two other Americans that afternoon to fly across the Pacific Ocean.

They laughed and was very polite about it. And they asked me to please step in and rest my hat. So I couldn't wait any longer, so knowing what a shock it was going to be, I told 'em who I was, and why I had come.

They said, yes, they knew who I was the first minute I drove up. They recognized me from the paper. They said they had had word from the Air Ministry. Preachers, I guess, for the fliers. They was kind and sweet, and showed me pitchures of Sessel when he was growing up.

So I told 'em about our trip together and how he loved 'em all, and that nearly the last thing he talked about was them, and for the first time since it happened I cried, and they comforted me like I had come to comfort them. And they never cried a tear.

I couldn't help saying, "Did you know all this, when you invited these Americans to come to this Sunday dinner?"

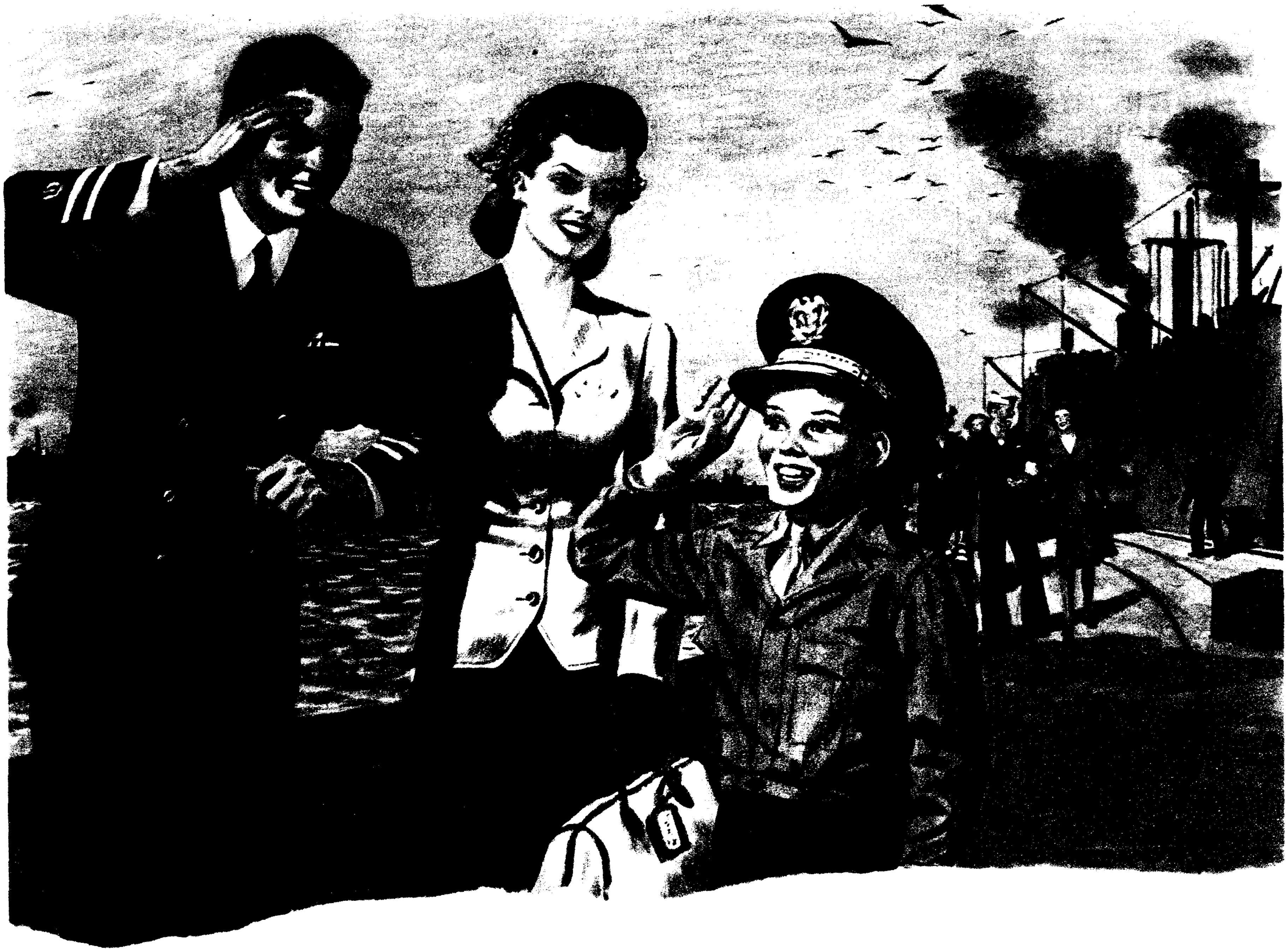
They said they had a few Americans every Sunday and they didn't like to disappoint boys so far from home, so they decided not to change.

So I had to go and I told 'em goodby, and got in the car. Nell stood in the door and smiled at me. And I waved and she waved, and we drove away. . . .

We left Australia then, and flew to Hiwaii. And after Hiwaii there was San Francisco and California too, and by that time I was all kind of tingling with being so near home.

We landed and got out, and a lot of soldiers was around and newspapermen, and photographers, and I had to pose for 'em.

Well, while I was posing, this way and that,



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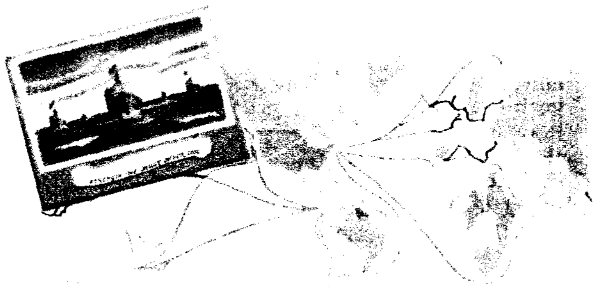

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and saying "No" to having the skirt "just a little bit higher over the crossed knee, please," somebody in the crowd says, "Hello, Miss Garbo." And my heart stopped. And, "Well," it says, "tell us all about your trip," and it was Mr. Wens.

I could of died for joy, and I thought, he sure keeps up with what goes on around the world, to be there to meet me, for I hadn't never thought of that Aunt Mary could let him know. But Aunt Mary had, so he had.

He said Pop had been pretty sick. And Mr. Wens said Aunt Helga was the best cook he had ever et after, and that he knew Jeff had been shipped away but nobody didn't know where.

I told him a lot, and he listened and kept shaking his head, big-eyed and serious about some of the bad things, and chuckling about other things and calling me Cinderella and Alice in Wonderland, and kid names like that, and we were going to fly to Chicago.

So we had dinner and went to the theater and then to a place up on a hill where you could see all of San Francisco. And Mr. Wens says, "How about it, big shot, do you want me to manage your career for you?"

And "What career?" I says.

"Well," says Mr. Wens, "it's no use being modest. You can cash in on all this publicity, and get enough dough to do it all over again, de lux, when you feel like it."

"What would I have to do?" I says.

"Go in the movies, do a lecture tour, write a book, sell your face to advertise sunburn lotion."

"Listen, Mr. Wens," I says, "all I want is to see my pop and get a job that I'm fitted for and see a few other people that I don't know where they're at yet, and to never see my name or my pitchure in anything."

"You're wonderful," he says, "and there's only one of you in this world, and, by heaven, I hope you can fight 'em off and do it, and I'll do my best to help you."

So I said I was tired and he took me to the hotel I was sleeping at, and up to my door, and I had to laugh at what a funny boy he was, saying things nobody else couldn't say in such a way you couldn't think he oughtn't to of said it. Like when we got to the door of my room, him saying, "Don't tell me that you've come back from this little adventure as good a girl as you went." And after I had laughed at that and put out my hand, he says, "I was sure right, when I first saw you in that white number in Mexico City and called you the Snow Queen. Good night, my little ice maiden."

Boy, I sure was tired and so quick into a hot bath and a real bed for the first time in I don't know how long.

IN THE morning I woke up to let in a bell boy, with four white orchids, and a card in em with Mr. Wens' right name on it but scratched off, why I don't know, but on the other side he had wrote, "Pure like you, white like you, expensive like you, and only God can make them. Wens."

I wore the orchids down to have breakfast with him and he showed me papers full of war and me, but I was so anxious to get started I didn't want to eat hardly, and certainly not to waste time reading things about myself that I already knew.

So, "Let's go," he says, and we did, and flew to Chicago.

The pilot was nice and before we landed he showed me a pilot's-eye view of the city. There was the Wrigley Building, and the lake, and Michigan Boulevard, and the Outer Drive and all, just as if it didn't know I had ever been away, and it sure didn't.

Cities don't miss you. There's always plenty of others to take your place, and that made me think of Butch's and I asked Mr. Wens, and he said he hadn't been there, but he had heard Pimples hadn't gotten out of jail, but we'd go there tonight and see, and then I could get a night's rest at the Trask and start off to Mattoon tomorrow to see Pop.

"I don't know about the Trask," I says. "What money I got left, I better use to pay Mrs. Calahan, that I owe some rent to," I says, "and get back my few belongings, if she hasn't sold 'em," I says.

But he only laughed and said, "What a girl," again.

So there we was, coming in to land, so I buckled my belt, and as we leaned over forward to come down I'm ashamed to say my old trouble come on me at the sight of Chicago coming up to meet me. I thought those butterflies had molted into catipillars and that I had graduated from them that night at Mulloy's, but no, there they was still on the job. But they settled down as soon as my feet was on Illinois.

It didn't seem like I could believe it. Here I was in Chicago, and maybe none of it happened to me at all. I could of been standing there yet wondering, but here come the reporters and photographers with their flash bulbs, and that brought me back to life.

So after a pitchure or two we got in a taxi, and then we were at the Trask, and it was the same rooms up near the top that I had before we left. And I took a bath and went to sleep for a nap, singing to myself that old song that starts, "Chee-caw-go, Chee-caw-go, dum-deedily-dum."

THE telephone woke me up, and it was Mr. Wens downstairs and I dressed and went down and we went to Mrs. Calahan's.

Mrs. Calahan was an actress before she got too fat for her brother to catch her. He could catch her, she said he never had missed in twenty years, but when she got so fat she said he was strong enough to hold her with his hands, but it was too much for his knees on the trapeese, so she couldn't do it any more.

"Well," she says, "come in, come in," and I wondered what could be had come over her. But it seemed like she had seen the mystery woman pitchures in the papers, and she had saved my things, and even washed out a slip and a pair of knickers and ironed 'em too, because she said I was a celebrity, and she was glad to of had me in her house, and only charged me what I owed and no interest, and glad to have me back, any time, or the young gentleman, if he wasn't located.

Mr. Wens thanked her and told her he was my manager.

So we went away. And we had dinner and went to a show, and after midnight we went over to Butch's.

We went in the door, and I couldn't hardly believe it could be so much the same, Butch behind the bar, a few customers, the juke box lighted up and playing, Moe cleaning tables like always, and a girl selling cigarettes out of a new bright red tray, trailing her long white formal around the floor. And it was Millie.

When she saw me, she let out a yell that made the customers all turn around and she hugged me with the new tray up, edgeways between us, and packs of cigarettes sliding off all over the floor.

Even Butch looked pretty near pleased, but not quite, till I asked him if he didn't find the tray and the cash box, and he hadn't, and nobody hadn't, for there it was, just like I left it that last night, up over the ladies' john, only covered with dust. He counted the money was in the cash box, before he could really let go and give Mr. Wens a Scotch on the house and me a Coke.

So we all sat down and talked for quite a while, and the biggest news that we found out was that Millie and Red had got married. Pimples was still in jail, so far as anybody knew, and the others didn't seem to be together any more. Anyway they didn't come here much.

The next morning more papers full of me come up with breakfast, and Mr. Wens too, and we had it in the parlor. And then we went to the station for me to go to Mattoon.

And the more I thought of me getting home, the more the feeling of me going to see Pop got so big in my chest it nearly pushed out the ache that I wasn't going to see Jeff for I didn't know how long, if ever. Then the feeling about seeing Pop was pushed over, to make room for that. All this I was thinking, while I was sitting there in the parlor car, that I had never been in one before, and it seemed like I just couldn't wait to get there.

But finally we did, and Mr. Koltinsky took me home in his taxi. He had seen the papers and he wanted to know a lot, and I talked to him, with my mind shut.

And then, we turned the corner past the

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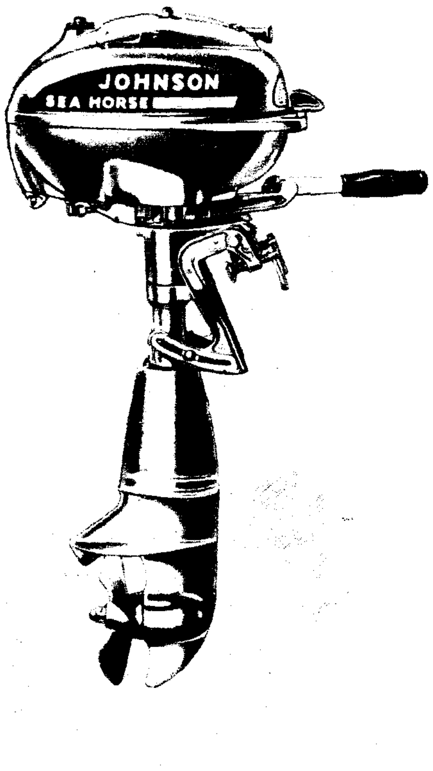

*THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT PAUSE . . .*

One of these days, restrictions will be lifted on outboard motor sales for pleasure use.

While Johnson has the facilities to build a major share of all outboard motors manufactured, there will definitely be some lag between the lifting of restrictions and full deliveries of all Sea-Horse models.

How long? That depends on many things, including army and navy requirements. There has been, there still is and there will be a large army and navy demand for ***Sea-Horses.***

The qualities that make Sea-Horses suitable for war—ruggedness, smooth performance, and DEPENDability—are qualities worth waiting for. To get these qualities, you may have to wait a while after restrictions are lifted; but you'll have them for YEARS of satisfaction thereafter.

**DEALERSHIPS:** If you are interested in selling AND SERVICING outboard motors after the war, write us now—no matter what your location may be.

JOHNSON MOTORS, WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS

JOHNSON SEA-HORSES for DEPENDABILITY

DO YOUR DUTY
BUY WAR BONDS

ARMY NAVY

THERE IS
NO SUBSTITUTE FOR
EXPERIENCE

Passtime Theater, that use to be Mrs. Murphy's Ice Cream place, and there was the street, and there was the house, with the fence at the low end of the yard painted new, and there was the porch and the door shut.

I got out and paid Mr. Koltinsky and he said, "Glad to see you back," and wouldn't take any tip.

I hadn't let them know I was coming or anything, because I didn't know how sick Pop was; and I thought I better just walk in. So I opened the gate that was always easy and firm, because a good carpenter lived here. And I put my hand on the knob of the front door that was always unlocked, and then I thought, "Suppose it's locked, suppose nobody lives here, or suppose that something has happened to somebody." And I got so scared, I didn't dare to try the door.

I rang the bell, which I hadn't never done before in my life, and it sounded like a bell in a house where somebody had died.

I stood there listening to how fast I was breathing, I stood there for too long. And then the door opened, and it was Aunt Helga. And then over her shoulder, in the hall, there was Pop with his mouth twisting out of shape, and then we was all hugging each other in the dark hall, and then I was hugging Pop, and Pop was hugging me, and my hat fell off, and Aunt Helga picked it up and went in the dining room and shut the door. And Pop took me in the parlor, and we sat on the sofa, and I put my head on his thin old shoulder, and I just sighed and settled down, and I was home.

After a while Aunt Helga came in, looking pretty and sweet, with a big tray of sandwiches and the big pot of tea, and Pop made me take off my shoes and he tucked the croshay quilt around me and sat and looked at me, while we all drank and ate, and I talked and talked and told 'em about everything I could think of.

I told about the little green bug and showed it to 'em and told 'em what the wish was about having grandchildren. When I told what the prince gave me and how he told me not to open the little box, till I got home, I could see it begun to get pretty exciting for them, specially about it keeping me comfortable all the rest of my life.

Finally I got to the part about us getting shot down, and me saving nothing but the bug around my neck and one little box.

They got so interested, and Pop said, "Well, I guess this is the time."

"For what?" I says.

"To open it," he says. "You're home, and I thank God for that, be he Catholic, Lutheran or Indian God," he says, "you're home, but it don't seem to be for want of trying to get yourself killed," he says.

So I says, "All right," and I opened my bag, and there it was, pretty near the only thing I had brought back to prove I'd even been. So I gave it to Pop, and he says, "You better."

And I says, "I would rather you opened it, Pop."

And Pop said, "All right, podner." And he started to. But just then, I heard something. And it was the sweetest sound ever made in this world.

It was the stomp of a big heavy old G.I. boot on the porch, with a big heavy old Texas foot inside of it, and I never got so many butterflies in all my life.

Don't ask me how I knew. I hadn't dared to even ask if they knew where Jeff was at. But there it was, and it shot me up off of that sofa and out into the hall like it did, my stocking feet not hardly touching the floor. And I opened the door and stood there, waiting, hoping for the cyclone to hit me, but it didn't, not right away.

Jeff just stood there for a long time and he come in quiet and shut the door quiet. Then he says, soft and hoarse in his throat, "Oh, honey," he says, "oh, thank God." And still I couldn't move. And then he begin to grin with big tears in his eyes, and "For Pete's sake," he yells, "what are we waiting for?" And, boy, I sure had forgotten how strong he was, and how big, and rough, and gentle and everything that I ever wanted in this world.

AFTER about a year, we went in the parlor and sat down, and "Listen, podner," Pop says, "I still got this here little box, but I sure think it's you ought to open it," he says.

"Go ahead, Pop," I says.

So he opened the box and his forehead wrinkled right up, and he looked like he had opened a bureau drawer to get a handkerchief and found a litter of kittens.

"Look," he says, so we did. And then after awhile, "How's this going to make you comfortable the rest of your life?" he says.

"That ain't the box that's supposed to do that," I says. "That box is at the bottom of the Indian Ocean," I says, "along with pearls and emeralds and diamonds, and some of the finest people I ever met," I says. "But this is the one I saved," I says, "and if it makes you comfortable for the rest of your life," I says, "that's all me and Jeff care about."

"But hadn't you better give it to Jeff?" Pop says. "Why, there never was such a pipe in the world."

"It ain't mine to give," I says. "It's yours. Look how you're printed on it, in gold. It was sent to you, special by the Rockefeller of Burma. And besides," I says, "I got something else for Jeff." And I took off the chain from around my neck with the little green jade scarab bug hanging on it and I put it in Jeff's big hand.

"What's this?" he says, sitting there on the sofa and looking down at me.

"It brings good luck," I says, "and makes you have many children and grandchildren," I says. And the butterflies flew and flew, but I didn't feel sick at all.

THE END

NO
ONE
IS
SAFE

!

**EVERYONE—every father, every mother—must know that all the casualties of war do not occur on the battle fronts. War ricochets at strange emotional angles to strike the apparent safety of family life. Next week we begin a four-part serial of war's shocking impact upon one average family in an average town—of its shattering blow to a girl whose only faults were innocence and youth:**

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By ZENITH BROWN

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WINES

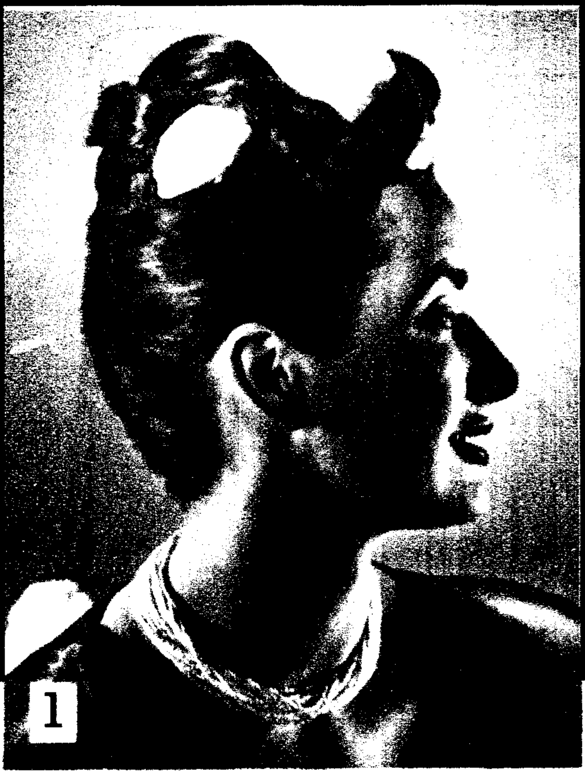
*Bottled at the winery*

BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

# Braids

By Pauline Crook

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY
MARIAN STEPHENSON AND FLORIAN DE NARDE



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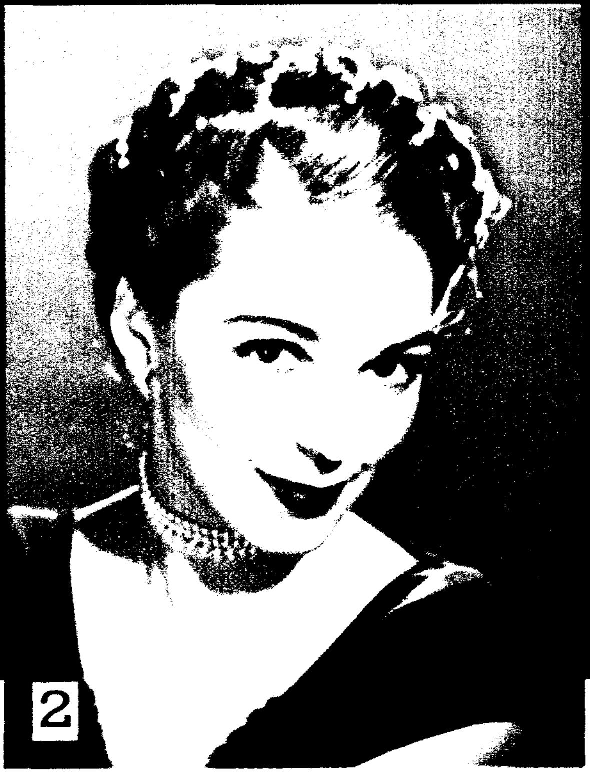

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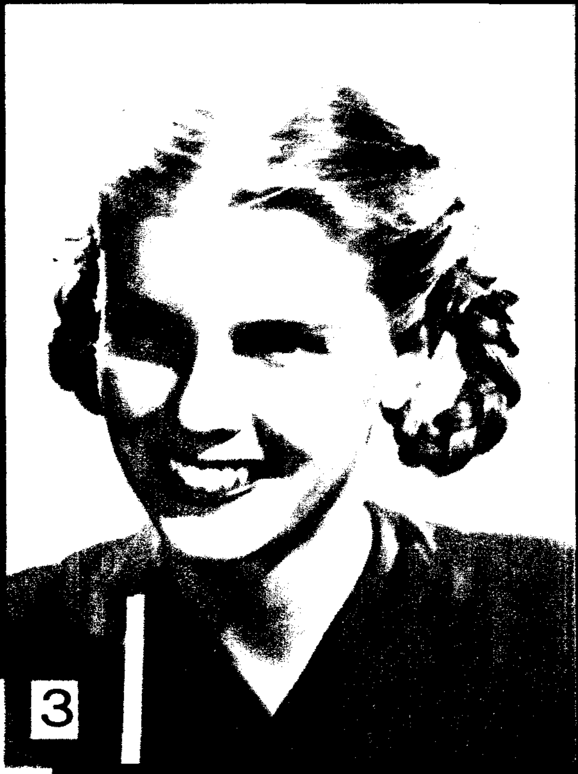

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### 1. WHITE YARN IN BLACK HAIR

**Braids are in again. This arrangement is made of the model's own hair, braided with a twist of white yarn. The hair is a long bob, fastened at the top of the head with bobby pins before braiding. The yarn is attached to the knot, then braided in. Hair arrangements like this are effective only if the hair is clean and shining. Shining hair against the dull yarn forms an interesting contrast in textures.**

### 2. CORONET WITH PEARLS

This M. Louis creation is one of the season's most popular hair styles. The coronet is an extra hair piece called a twist, which could be copied at home if you have a long switch to match your own locks, and if you know how to make a twist. The pearls are short strands, pinned front and back with hairpins, but a long, unbroken strand of pearls, wound round and round the twist, would look every bit as fancy.

### 3. SCHOOLGIRL BRAID

**Old-time little-girl pigtails, tidied up a bit and given a new shape. Barbara, our schoolgirl model, has shoulder-length hair, thinned and uneven at the edges. But her braids are neat just the same, because all the uneven ends that insisted on popping out along the braids were soaked right back in place with hair lacquer on a pad. Barbara likes hair ribbons. These were fastened into place with hairpins.**

### 4. BRAIDED CHIGNON

When you see a braided chignon as large as this one, you can be pretty sure it is an extra hair piece. Designed for Collier's by M. Louis, this was made of two 18-inch switches. They can be unbraided and brushed into a smooth chignon, or made into a coronet twist or braid. The trick is to pin a hair piece like this on firmly, so you won't lose it just after you have convinced everyone it is your own hair.

### 5. BALENCIAGO BRAID

**Though these braids are usually made up and ready to be pinned on, this one is custom-made, using the model's own hair with a one-strand switch added to make it fatter. If you want to copy it, gather all your hair to the crown of your head, tie it together with a string and braid it, then coil the braid. You may want to wear your heart on your crown, too, like our model, who certainly makes no secret of her choice.**

### 6. THE PSYCHE KNOT

This lovely young hairdress, designed by M. Louis, one of America's outstanding hairdressers, agrees with the trend in clothes for spring and summer—the bustle back, the sassy peplums and the back flare to skirts. The braid is an extra piece. The hairdress is too complicated for a girl to attempt herself, but M. Louis thinks it will be a hit, anyway. Why not have your hairdresser copy it for you?

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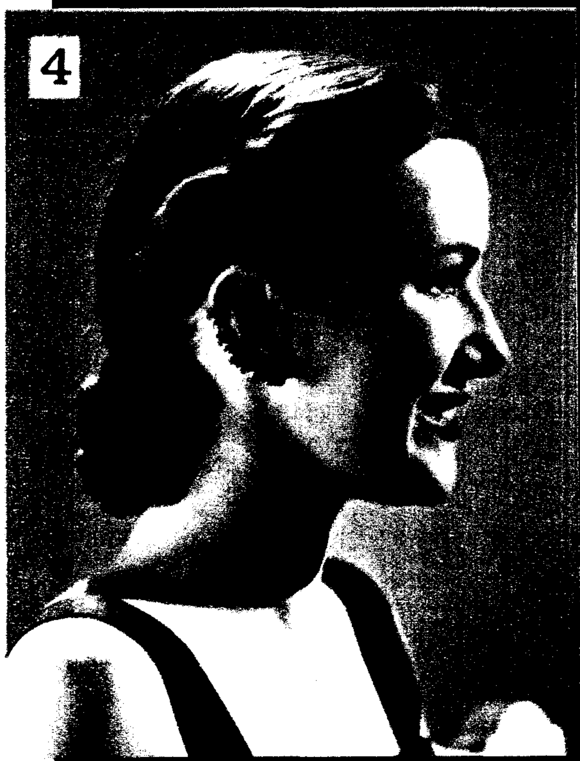

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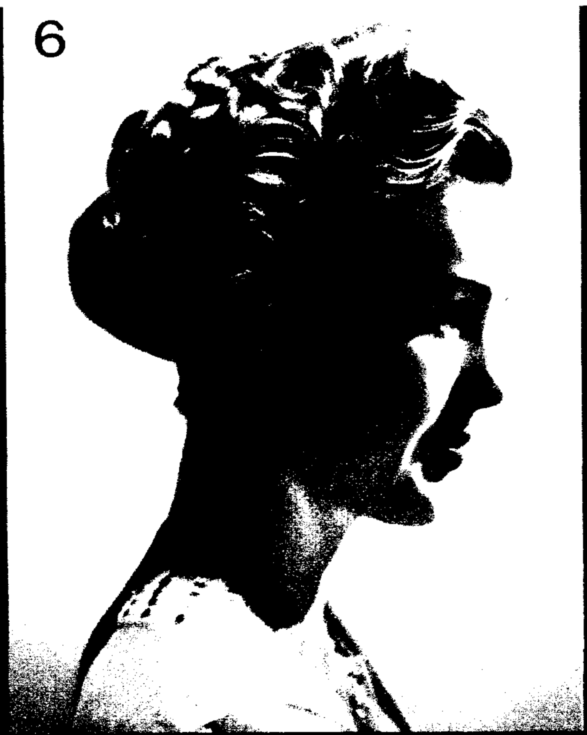

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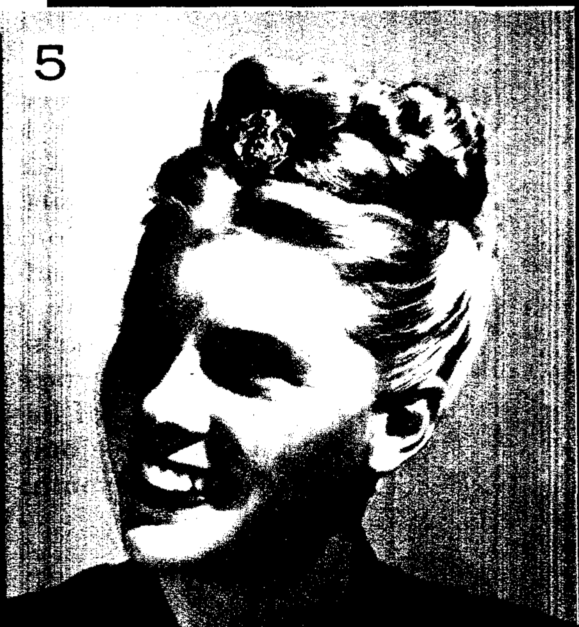
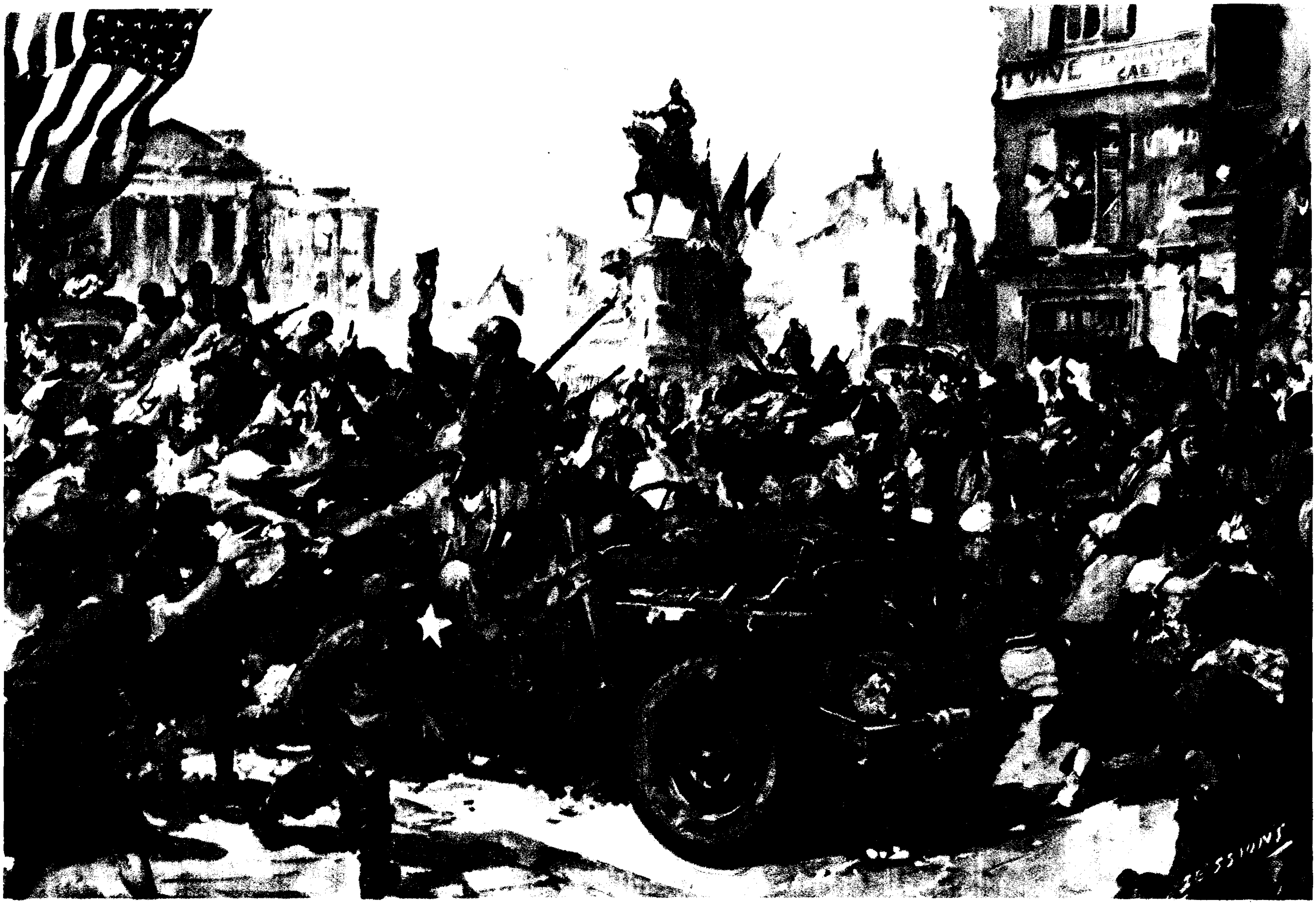


• • In every country in the world · · · to millions of people · · · **"JEEP"** means **WILLYS** • •



*The Sun Never Sets On the Mighty "Jeep"*

# VIVE LES AMERICAINS! VIVE LA FRANCE! VIVE LE JEEP!

A WORD PICTURE OF THE HOUR OF LIBERATION IN ORLEANS, 1944

ON THE morning of August 17th, 1944, Nazi-infested Orleans came suddenly alive. The air was charged with suppressed excitement. Emotions were masked, but French hearts beat wildly. For the glorious news was being flashed from lip to ear, that the victorious Americans were marching toward the city. Liberation was at hand.

All that day and night the air trembled from the violence of the fighting. Next morning a joyful, almost hysterical Orleans realized that the hated Nazis had fled.

Soon the welcome roar of American motors was heard, and the people streamed forth from their homes and shops.

Some hastened toward the oncoming Americans. Others gathered round the statue of Joan of Arc.

Into the city and straight to the square the first Americans came—strong, forthright young fighting men with friendly grins on their battle-stained faces. For a few seconds the deep emotions of the people held their lips silent. Then a single clarion voice pierced the stillness—"Vive le Jeep," it cried. And the crowd, their suppressed emotions suddenly released, shouted, cried, wept and joined the chorus—"Vive Les Americains! Vive la France! *Vive le Jeep.*"

> *In the center of the city square in Orleans, looking out over the gleaming river Loire, there stands a statue of Joan of Arc, the saint-like peasant maiden who in 1429, led an awed and inspired army against the enemies of France, raised the critical siege of Orleans, and saved France for Frenchmen. Today her name is hallowed throughout all of France as a saint and the immortal liberator.*

And so, in the shadow of the statue of their saintly liberator, Joan of Arc, the overjoyed people of Orleans gave thanks to a modern deliverer who came, not on a prancing white horse, but in steeds of steel called "Jeeps."

★ ★ ★

In France and in every country in the world, the mighty "Jeep" is a symbol of freedom and of American genius—clean, rugged, tough and dependable! A mighty servant in war—and a mighty servant for the coming dawn of a golden era of peace. Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., Toledo 1, Ohio.

**Willys** *Builds the Mighty* **'Jeep'**

# The Magnificent Hats of Costanza

Continued from page 15

laid his pudgy hand on his friend's knee and looked into his eyes. "You are a man of such keen insight that you have already touched at the very heart of the problem. You say that our citizens *could* wear hats, but *do* they wear hats? I ask the question in the interest of public service." Then Mayor Garcia stood up and spoke as though to a great many people: "I say to you that the answer is no! You have only to look through that door onto the street to be convinced that I am right. Our women have been very reasonably brought up to cover their heads, but what else can you see out there? You will see passing at this very moment three of our fellow citizens. One of them, I am happy to observe—I believe it is Mr. Antuna from the coffee store, although it is difficult to tell at this distance—is very sensibly wearing a new brown-colored *sombrero,* but notice the other two, my good friend. They are hatless! The cruel sun is striking their heads without mercy, and in all probability is permanently injuring the workings of their senses at this very moment. As mayor of Costanza it is impossible for me to stand by and do nothing about such a deplorable situation!" Garcia sat down again. He was breathing heavily with emotion, and he mopped his face with a handkerchief of chartreuse rayon.

Chaldez looked at the mayor in some bewilderment. "But the people who want hats have only to come into my store," he said. "What can you do? You cannot put hats on their heads by force."

Now Garcia placed both his hands on his friend's knees and his eyes lighted with a keen interest. "What you have just said is not absolutely and entirely true," he said impressively. "You forget that as mayor I have a certain authority. As a matter of fact, due to the recent, untimely passing of Mr. Ramirez, your colleague on my council, it might even be said that we *are* the authority in Costanza. For some days now I have been considering the passage of a city ordinance, drafted by myself after much thought."

"An ordinance?" said Chaldez blankly. "What kind of ordinance?"

"It is an ordinance born out of my concern for the welfare of the people," Garcia replied gravely. "It will require every citizen of Costanza at all times to wear a hat, under penalty of the law."

FOR a moment Chaldez looked at the mayor with dull, dreamy eyes. Then, slowly, the significance of Garcia's words came to him, and to watch his face was to see the burning sun rise out of a gray and murky sea. He was illuminated. He sat up straight in his chair and smiled as though he would never again stop smiling. "Your Honor," he said at last, "you are a statesman whom destiny will recognize!"

Garcia held up his hand warningly. "Remember, I remarked only that I was considering such an ordinance," he said. "I have not yet passed it."

"Then pass it at once," Chaldez said with feeling. "It is an inspired bit of legislation, and it is no more than your duty to pass it." And overwhelmed by his enthusiasm for the proposed social legislation, he bent forward and whispered at some length in the mayor's ear. Garcia listened intently, nodded his head, whispered briefly to Chaldez who frowned and whispered again. Then both men stood up, each smiling benignly at the other, and shook hands.

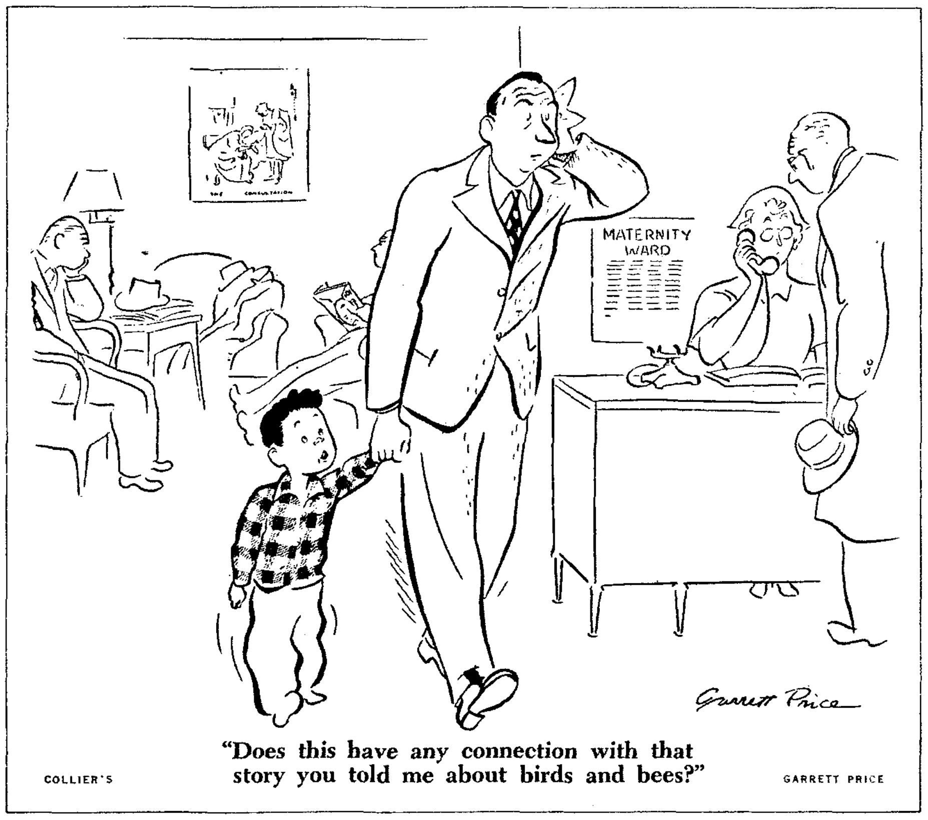
Two days later there appeared on the streets of the town, nailed to fences and lampposts in prominent places, an official *proclama* addressed to the citizens of Costanza. It was Local Ordinance No. 1385, and it explained about the hats. "One week from this date and from that time onward," the text said, "all citizens will be required by law to wear hats while on the streets or in public places in the town. This ordinance has been adopted as a health measure and is designed for the purpose of protecting our citizens against the rays of the sun, which are well known to be of a sinister character in this vicinity. Due to the tender regard of The Mayor for the population . . ." The *proclama* was very long, and was signed at the end by Emilio Garcia, Mayor.

The citizens of Costanza crowded around the printed sheets, and those who could read explained to those who could not. At first there were many bewildered expressions, but then it occurred to someone that the whole thing was a joke, and laughter could be heard from one end of the town to the other. The mayor rose immeasurably in the estimation of the people because he had thought of such a good joke to entertain them. However, this did not last long.

Officer Robles, the neatly uniformed policeman of Costanza, pushed his stocky body through one of the crowds on the street and thrust out his chest impressively. "Well, you have all read the *proclama,*" he said. "In one week's time I trust you will all be wearing hats. Otherwise, I will be forced to do my duty."

"It is not then a joke, Robles?" asked a young man, who wore no hat and whose eyes squinted in a troubled way.

"A joke! No, it is not a joke, Pablo Guardia!" Officer Robles cried. He had spent the previous evening at the home of Mayor Garcia and understood his duty well. "You stand before me hatless, and even as you ask your foolish question the rays of the sun are frying like bacon the inconsiderable quantity of brains with which the provident *Dios* has seen fit to endow you!"



"Does this have any connection with that story you told me about birds and bees?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

"Pitooey!" Pablo ejaculated derisively, and he swaggered away from the crowd in a contemptuous way. But Pablo did not feel inside him nearly so sanguine as he appeared. He had a great respect for the law (if not specifically for its personification in Officer Robles) as did everyone he knew, but this new law struck him as a particularly senseless thing, and it troubled him. However, Pablo was not much given to the prolonged mental examination of problems, as it made his head hurt. He preferred to talk, and for this reason he hurried now toward the house of a friend whose opinions he valued over all others'.

Pablo's friend, as the result of a fruitful international alliance, was called Estaban O'Hanlon, and he held the unofficial position of *el escribiente,* the letter-writer of Costanza. He was kept tolerably busy at this occupation, and when Pablo entered his house he had just finished copying three letters in a graceful, rolling script.

Estaban laid his pen aside and studied the troubled face of his friend. "Your burro, Fifi, is ill?" he inquired politely.

"Worse," replied Pablo. "Much worse. Our mayor has taken leave of his senses. There is a new law to prove it."

Estaban reached under his work table and took up a nearly full bottle of wine which he placed halfway between them. "You are overwrought, Pablo," he said. "Ease yourself and tell me about the trouble."

"How very right you are, my friend," Pablo replied, shaking his head. He took several swallows from the bottle, then recited as nearly as he could remember the text of the new ordinance. "It would be plain, therefore, even to Fifi," Pablo concluded, "that Mayor Garcia is the one who has been touched by the sun which he criticizes."

Estaban meditatively wiped the throat of the bottle and drank. "If all you tell me is accurate, Pablo," he said, "I fear the mayor is not so mad as you think. I can see more than madness in this new law."

"So?" said Pablo, leaning forward. "Then your eyes are better than mine, *amigo.*"

"When you think of hats," Estaban continued, "what name is suggested to your mind?"

"Manuel Chaldez," said Pablo promptly.

"Exactly," Estaban nodded. "If the citizens of Costanza are all to wear hats, we must buy them from Manuel Chaldez' factory. By the merest chance I was passing the mayor's office only two days ago in the company of Mr. Antuna from the coffee store, and I saw Manuel Chaldez in deep discussion with Mayor Garcia. Chaldez makes the hats; Garcia makes the laws. Does not this situation suggest anything to you, Pablo?"

Pablo set the wine bottle down on the table with a clatter. *"Madre de Dios!"* he whispered in an awed voice, for such willful corruption was beyond his own invention. "We will set fire to the hat factory! I will lead a revolution personally! *Caramba!*"

"We must be calm," said Estaban, patiently taking hold of his friend's sleeve and pushing him back into his chair. "Acts of violence will get us nowhere. After all, we ourselves elected Garcia mayor. We must conceive of a way to defeat this law with our brains. Have another taste of the wine, Pablo, and we will think."

DURING the following week, which was the period of grace stated in the ordinance to enable the citizens to procure hats, Pablo and Estaban made a tour of the town on a mission of enlightenment. It was their purpose to inform the residents of Costanza of the diabolical marriage of the monopolist and the people's representative, and to beg of them to remain hatless yet a little longer. The citizens were very naturally shocked by what they heard, and there were several of the younger men who muttered of insurrection as Pablo had done, but Estaban O'Hanlon reasoned with them and promised to tell them of a pacific solution to the problem just as soon as he thought of it. Actually, unknown to anyone, Estaban had already written a certain letter which he believed would bear fruit if the situation became sufficiently desperate.

Meanwhile, Estaban urged those who owned no hats to stock up on foodstuffs during the week of grace so that there would be no real need to go onto the streets after the law had gone into effect and, consequently, no immediate need for hats. Because Estaban himself owned a hat and could have no ax to grind, and because of their boundless admiration for his magnificent calligraphy, the majority of the people complied with his requests.

There was, of course, a timid minority which preferred injustice to inconvenience, and these people flocked to Manuel Chaldez' store to buy hats. Chaldez sat heavily behind his cash drawer and smiled continually.

On the night before the new ordinance was to go into effect Pablo Guardia sat in Estaban's house and watched his friend gloomily. "The time is now here, Estaban," he said, "and we sit like helpless old women while Chaldez and Garcia fatten their pockets. You should have let me put a match to the hat factory."

"I have not been idle, Pablo," Estaban replied. "I have not only one plan, but two, by which we may abide by the law and, at the same time, defeat it. The first I will not tell you about at once; but the second—you will have the honor of initiating."

"So?" said Pablo cautiously. "And what is that?"

"I will show you," said Estaban, and he went into his kitchen for a moment and returned bearing something in his hand. He held it up to the kerosene lamp. "What would you say I am holding in my hand?" he asked.

PABLO squinted at the object and his dark face spread into a wide smile. "Clearly," he said, "it is a hat! The sort of hat in which you and I played that we were soldiers when we were little *chicos*—a newspaper hat!" Pablo rose and placed his hand on Estaban's shoulder. "Truly, my old friend, yours is a mind of unrivaled brilliance," he said excitedly. "Chaldez does not sell such hats, and they will cost the people nothing! I will tell everyone at once how you have solved the problem!"

"Patience!" said Estaban. "This must be looked upon in the light of an experiment and we must advance cautiously. Our enemies are resourceful. For this reason, and to protect the population as a whole, someone must act as a test case. I believe this honor should be yours."

Pablo opened his big eyes vaguely. "Test case?" he said.

Estaban nodded. "Tomorrow morning you will appear on the street wearing this paper hat, and you will contrive to confront Officer Robles. The result of your interview will determine much."

"Ah!" said Pablo, and his eyes burned now with the martyr's zeal. "It is an honor indeed, and my duty as a disciple of freedom! I will do it." Perceptibly moved, Pablo took the paper hat from the hands of his friend and left the house.

On his way home Pablo felt impelled to stop at the houses of just a few of his friends to inform them of his impending mission. The word spread quickly, so that by the following morning nearly all the citizens of Costanza were crowded behind the curtains of their windows on the main street to watch their champion.

Presently Pablo appeared. It was perhaps the most splendid moment of his life to date, and he was determined to make the most of it. During the night it had evidently occurred to him that a hat constructed of an ordinary black-and-white newspaper did not do justice to the occasion, and he had made himself a new one, using instead the comic page. It rested now on his head, gay and multicolored under the morning sun, and triangle-shaped in profile, like the hat of an admiral. He wore it jauntily, as a ship wears her flag.

Pablo sauntered down the nearly deserted street, puffing easily on a black paper cigarette, acutely conscious of the many eyes that watched him. At last he spotted Officer Robles coming toward him from the opposite direction. He moved very slowly then, so

*Finish the Fight—with War Bonds*

## All-star Production

Long before the B-29's bombed Japan, the Boeing Superfortress was faced with its first great challenge. This was in the battle of production . . . the problem of establishing one of the greatest manufacturing programs ever attempted.

Producing the Boeing-designed Superfortress in quantity is a colossal example of team-work involving people and plants all over America.

Completed B-29's are turned out by Boeing plants at Wichita, Kans., and Seattle-Renton, Wash., and by the Martin and Bell aircraft companies as well.

Major assemblies are built by Briggs, Cessna, Chrysler's De Soto Division, General Motors' Fisher Body Division, Goodyear Aircraft, Hudson, Murray and A. O. Smith. The Superfortresses' huge engines are manufactured by Wright Aeronautical and by Chrysler's Dodge Division. Their 16½-foot Hamilton Standard propellers by United Aircraft and Frigidaire Division of General Motors.

Literally thousands of sub-contractors and suppliers, from small shops to large factories, supply sub-assemblies, parts and equipment.

To Boeing fell the task of co-ordinating this vast, nation-wide manufacturing organization. Its engineers furnished design and engineering data to the other companies, and laid down the tooling plans.

Boeing production specialists blazed new trails in planning, developed new facilities, processes and manufacturing procedures on a scale that had never before been tried. They had to execute the program in terms of other manufacturers, *and in Boeing plants at the same time.* For Boeing's own eventual schedule is approximately 75% of all Superfortress production.

*After Japan is defeated, this unique experience, and this same Boeing ingenuity in research, design, engineering and manufacture will be turned to peacetime aircraft. And you can know of any product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.*

**DESIGNERS OF THE B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW STRATOCRUISER**
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

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BE RIGHT – DRINK LIGHT
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LIGHT

# KING

IT'S WHISPER LIGHT

**KING BLACK LABEL**

*Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.*

**BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION** • *At Louisville in Kentucky* that his meeting with Robles would take place directly in front of the house of Miss Carmen Lopez, a dark-eyed young woman for whom Pablo entertained a warm regard.

"Good morning, Robles, my cow," said Pablo amiably; "I am happy to see you are observing the new law by wearing your hat."

"I always wear my hat," Robles muttered distractedly, for his eyes were riveted on Pablo's head in fascination. For a period of several moments he continued to stare, then at last he seemed to recall his duty. "And you, my buffoon," Robles said loudly, "what form of nonsense do you wear on your head?"

Pablo looked back at the policeman coldly. "Your question is worded distastefully," he said, "but I will answer it. Clearly, what you see on my head is a hat."

"Clearly, you are not speaking the truth," Robles replied quickly. "What I see on your head is a newspaper."

"It is now a hat," said Pablo patiently.

"I differ with you," said Robles, and he deftly plucked the object in question from Pablo's head and unfolded it into a square sheet of paper. Pablo made a lunge for it, but Robles was too quick for him. "And now," the policeman said craftily, "what is this thing now?"

"*Virgen Santa! Demonio!*" cried Pablo. "It is my hat which you have stolen!"

"Your hat?" said Robles, raising his eyebrows. "You mean your newspaper, clearly."

"I mean my hat!" shouted Pablo.

Robles held up the now rumpled and shapeless piece of newspaper. "Allow me to demonstrate, my *barbaro amigo*," he said. "I select at random. On this paper it is possible for me to read of the hazardous life led by Ricardo Tracy. Surely, then, this is a very strange hat!"

"You have ruined it!" said Pablo bitterly.

ROBLES laid his hand firmly on Pablo's shoulder. "You are guilty of violating Local Ordinance No. 1385," he announced. "The law generously permits you two alternatives: Either you may instantly and in my company buy a hat, or you may spend ten days in *la prision*. Select."

As a matter of plain fact, the choice for Pablo was a purely academic one, as he had not the necessary *pesos* in his pocket even if he had wanted to buy a hat, but there was more at stake than his individual case, much more. For a fleeting instant Pablo glimpsed the warm brown eyes of Carmen Lopez watching him from behind the drawn curtains of her window.

Pablo threw back his shoulders and, for a moment, looked dramatically into the face of Officer Robles. Then he shouted loudly so that it would be possible for everyone in the street to hear him. "I prefer death to injustice!" he cried. "I choose the way of honor! Hurl me into your vile *penitenciaria!*" Behind the curtained window Pablo heard a little gasp of admiration, and the sound sent a flood of gladness to his heart.

Officer Robles shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and led Pablo away by the arm.

All things considered, Pablo's confinement as the martyred victim of injustice was not unpleasant. Short of his actual freedom, he lacked for nothing. The women of the town brought steaming plates of *enchiladas*, and those men who possessed hats carried bottles of wine to his cell, for Pablo had become a hero in Costanza, symbol of the people's protest.

But best of all, Carmen Lopez came one day to see Pablo and brought with her a handsome tamale pie, newly baked by her own hands. She passed it to him, shyly keeping her eyes averted from his face, and would not stay to talk. As Pablo had only just finished a large plate of *tacos* and a half bottle of wine, he was not especially hungry, but he held the gift in such reverence he felt that he must at least taste it. Beneath the corn meal crust of the pie he found a rather soggy slip of paper on which was written the single word: "Courage!" Pablo was so moved by this message that tears welled up into his eyes and streamed down his face. Some of his tears fell into the pie, giving it a salty flavor, but he ate it until not a crumb remained.

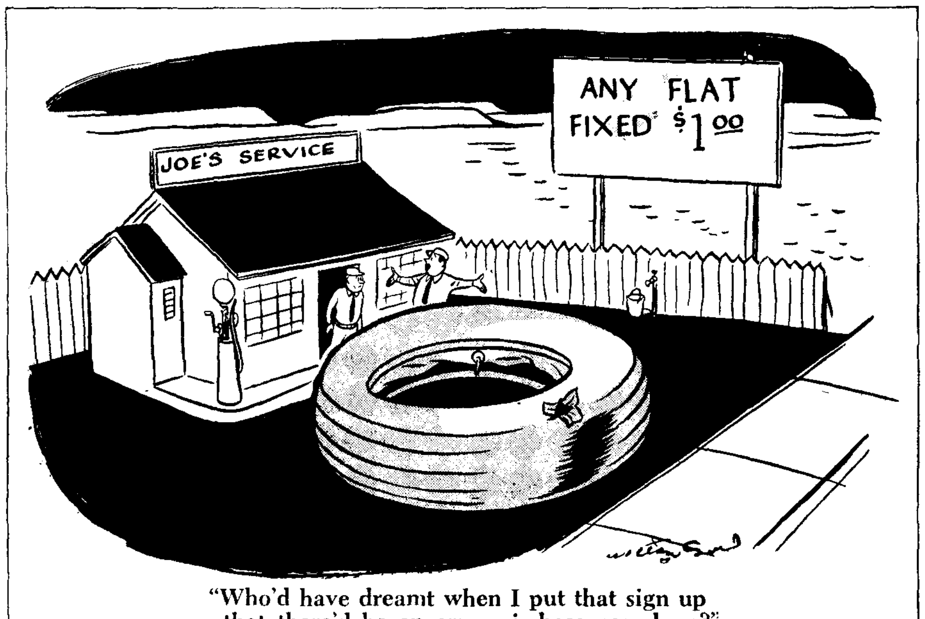
MEANWHILE, the people of the town lived in a state of perplexity. Their will to defeat the sponsors of corruption was strengthened by Pablo's example, but they were faced with the practical problem of providing themselves with the necessities of living. Schemes were devised whereby one hat was made to serve for many by a system of rotation. Still, some of the people weakened and bought new hats from Manuel Chaldez' store. In the evenings Mayor Garcia would call at Chaldez' house, and when he came out again he smiled in a satisfied way.

It was at this time that Estaban O'Hanlon received a heavy, oblong package in the mail, and he sent word through the town that his second plan was ready to be tested. He requested that all hatless citizens call at his house that evening, and for them to come in small groups to avoid suspicion. Many of the people came, and Estaban sat up for most of the night bending over his work table.

From that day onward there was a new feeling in Costanza. The people grumbled very little about their predicament, and as the women moved about the market place, knowing smiles passed between them. In the air an excited anticipation could be sensed.

On the day before Pablo was to be released from jail, Estaban O'Hanlon called on his friend. In his arms he carried a large box, and his face was aglow with good humor. "Pablo, my friend," he said, smiling, "tomorrow you will be free and you will be able to live again like other men."

Pablo was having a mid-morning snack of *arroz con pollo* sent to him by Mrs. Antuna, whose husband owned the coffee store. He reclined on his cot, and he looked at Estaban very soberly. "No, Estaban," he said, "here in my sordid surroundings I have been thinking and I feel that it is my duty to the people, as a test case, to endure the cruel hardships of prison a little longer." Pablo nibbled at a tender chicken leg. "Sooner or later our cause will triumph," he said.



"Who'd have dreamt when I put that sign up that there'd be an army air base near here?"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

"But there is no longer a need!" said Estaban. "Have you not looked out of your window this morning?"

Pablo shook his head sadly. "It is a painful thing for the caged bird to look out upon. . . ."

"Then get out of your bed and look!" Estaban interrupted. "There is much to see this morning!"

Pablo got up and went to the window, pressing his face between the bars, and surveyed the street for a long time. "*Madre de Dios!*" he whispered, and blinked his eyes. "What spectacle is this!"

It was true that the main street of Costanza presented a very curious aspect. There were a great many people on the street, which was in itself unusual in this time of trouble, but it was the appearance of these people which held Pablo's face glued to the bars in fascination. From the neck down, the male citizens of the town were dressed very much as usual in brightly colored cotton work clothes, *serapes* and leather sandals, but on his head each wore a hat in accordance with the law. These hats were hats such as Pablo had never seen before, and they were very beautiful to his eyes.

There were derby hats and baseball caps, green Tyrolean hats with brushes at the back, opera hats and scarlet hunting caps, collegiate pork-pie hats and berets of rainbow colors, plaid golfing caps, chauffeurs' hats, swordfishermen's hats, and Pablo was obliged to look twice at Rafael Lopez, Carmen's brother, for he wore a miner's hat with a light at the front which he turned off and on to show the passers-by how it worked.

Pablo returned unsteadily to his bed and sat down. "This is truly something to wonder at," he said. "Where did the people buy this magnificent headwear?"

"It was my second plan," said Estaban happily. "In the United States there is a wonderful mail-order store, which is equipped to sell all things to all men. I sent to them for an album of their supplies. The people became bewitched with the beauty of the pictures in this book with the results which you have seen through your window."

"This was an inspired thought," said Pablo honestly, but there was a certain moodiness in his tone which Estaban was quick to hear.

"I know what you are thinking, my good friend Pablo," he said. "You are thinking that you have been forgotten, but it is not so. We, the citizens, could not overlook so noble an act as yours, and we have joined together in presenting you with this little gift." Then Estaban offered to Pablo the large box he had brought with him.

Pablo's face brightened at once, and he untied the string. Inside the box was a hat of immense proportions and the color of the setting sun. It was a fireman's hat. Across its crown, in letters of gold, was the word: "Chief." Pablo took it gently from its wrappings and placed it on his head. It was too large for him and all but obscured his eyes, but this may have been just as well, for tears of gratitude had flooded them.

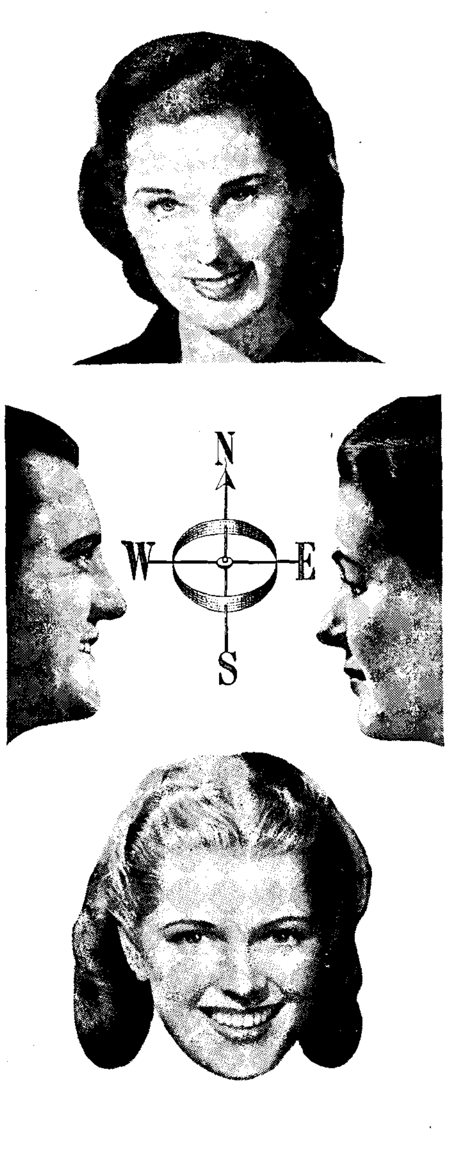
In another part of the town Manuel Chaldez was addressing Mayor Garcia. "You and your laws for the benefit of mankind!" he was shouting. "Not a soul has entered my store for a week! You have ruined me!"

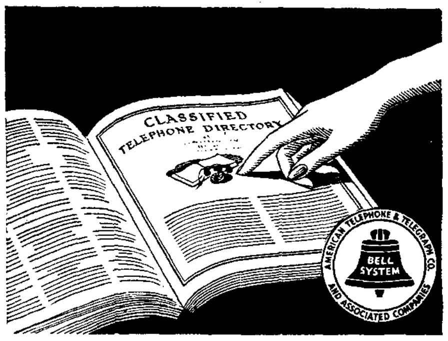
"Very well, then," Mayor Garcia replied testily. "I will revoke the law!"

THE mayor did revoke the law, but it was too late. The avalanche was on and there was no stopping it. Estaban O'Hanlon was kept so busy writing letters to the United States that he was obliged at last to lock his door so that he might get some sleep. In the end, Manuel Chaldez was forced to close his business and move to another city.

Pablo is mayor of Costanza now, having been elected by a unanimous vote at the time Emilio Garcia's term expired. Pablo is a good mayor, a substantial man, married now to Carmen Lopez and extremely popular with the people. They have not forgotten his defiance of corruption in their behalf and, besides, there is a comfortable feeling among the citizens of Costanza that the all-wise *Dios* did not burden their new mayor with too great a weight of cleverness to invent new laws for them.

THE END

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## Any Week

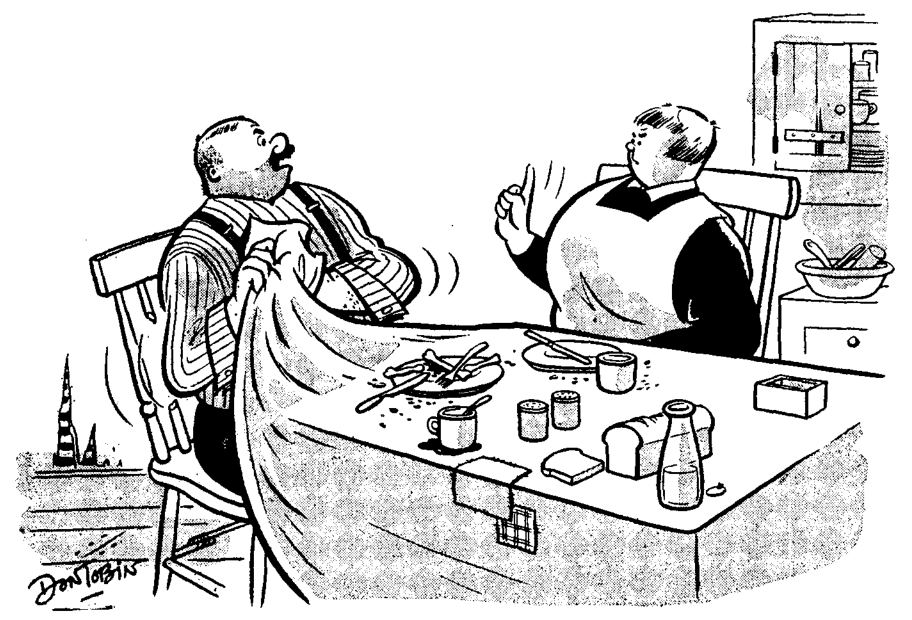
Continued from page 4

Personally we had a little satisfaction later when asked in the Pentagon Building whether we had any ideas about improving the relations between the General Staff and the people. We said "Yes" in a rich clarion tone.

OF COURSE, this serviceman—Marine—to whom Mr. J. G. Thyll of Jersey City, New Jersey, got to talking in a Coffee Pot was only jesting. But it got Mr. Thyll to thinking. All Mr. Thyll said was: "Well, Marine, and what do you propose to do after the war?" The Marine pondered for a moment, then: "Well, sir, I ain't rightly made up my mind, but I'm considering taking up some good, tough, unlawful racket of a very paying kind."

AND Mr. George Eddabel of Chicago, Illinois, claims that he has had something of importance to say for a long time but has been unable to get a hearing. It's about labor in politics—the C.I.O., P.A.C. and Mr. Sidney Hillman and all that sort of thing. "There is nothing new about it," says Mr. Eddabel. "Away back in 1827, a fellow named William Drown got himself slapped into jail by an outraged public for starting an obviously seditious thing called the Workingmen's Party. The ungrateful wretch was a member of a crime known as the Mechanics' Union of Trade Associations and went around saying that workingmen didn't get enough pay, although the record showed that any sober, industrious, skilled mechanic could pull down his nine bucks every Saturday night for only seventy-two hours of work a week. Trouble with fellows like Drown and Hillman is that they have no respect for us upper classes."

AD IN Editor and Publisher: "Bowed, bent, all but broken-down 42-year-old ink slave will consider soft berth as city or managing editor of decrepit sheet that hasn't been any place and doesn't intend to go anywhere. . . ." W. D.



COLLIER'S "Well, then, where are the finger bowls?" DON TOBIN

## Just a Boy from the Ozarks

Continued from page 14

for the excitement. Nobody since or before had offered such or any other sentiments for Congressional action with such revolutionary terseness. However, he contends that if the people are willing to pay their national legislators ten thousand dollars a year, they have the right to know what the hell their representatives are talking about.

Mr. Fulbright's resolution was not a mere mash note to Miss Internationalism. Nor was it because, as a lad barely out of his teens, he had spent three years at Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, Colonel Robert R. McCormick and the Chicago Tribune to the contrary. He insists that while in England no attempt whatever was made by any Briton, to de-Americanize his mind.

Further, he gathered no evidence that anyone in England, in or out of Oxford, regarded his mind as worth seducing. He was not actuated by political expediency because, having been a successful businessman (president of the J. H. Phipps Lumber Company and of the Fulbright Investment Company) with no noticeable yen for holding public office or need of political salary, he was not particularly impressed with whether it was good politics or bad.

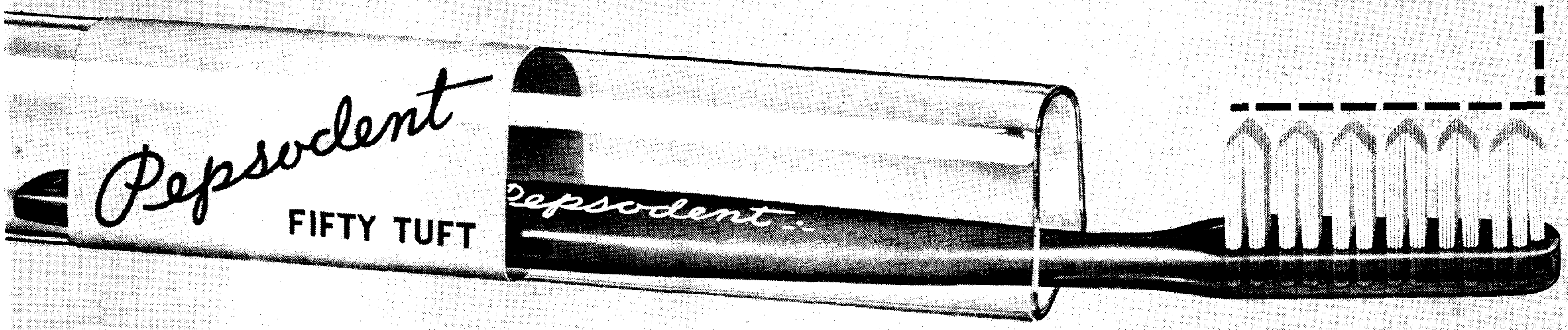
Moreover, it was not because he had gone global in an all-out way. Mr. Fulbright is no faddist. He does not, for example, believe that just because a guy is not an American, he is incapable of being a bum. There is not a sob in his resolution, to wit: "Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring) that the Congress hereby expresses itself as favoring the creation of appropriate international machinery with power adequate to establish and to maintain a just and lasting peace among the nations of the world, and as favoring participation by the United States therein, through its constitutional processes."

It was adopted by the House amid a deal of hoarse oratory, 360 to 29, and was sent to the Senate, where several of Mr. Fulbright's elders, finding that it could be read in exactly seventeen seconds, set it aside as "too cryptic"—in other words, not long enough. They subsequently adopted one of their own, saying precisely the same thing but with a wordage content more nearly compatible with tradition. Some of Mr. Fulbright's friends said that this was too bad, but Mr. Fulbright merely uttered Father Jay's favorite outburst.

Like his father again, he has the gifts of curiosity and success. When Jay Fulbright arrived in Fayetteville, Arkansas, tested the new mud with the toe of his boot and declared it good, he went to farming again—in the same way, too: plowing and looking around, harrowing and listening, reaping and saying "Tsk, tsk, tsk." And presently he took a flier in an ailing ice-cream business; then a grocery that wasn't getting anywhere. Next, he took on a lumber concern that needed a little management. And, of course, he bought into the bank. It kept him pretty busy but he always said that it wasn't his fault.

In high school, James William was doing so well, in and out of classroom, that Jay

# Every Pepsodent Brush has the Straight Line Design most dentists recommend



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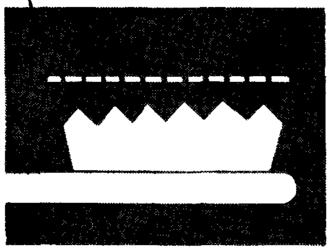
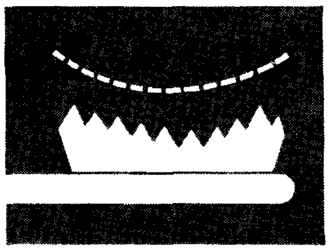
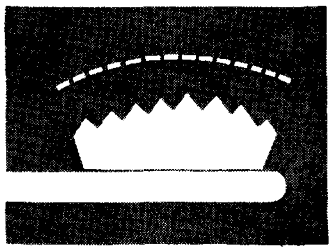
There are only these 3 basically different brushing surface designs among all leading tooth brushes sold today:



**Straight Line Design**
*Tufts all set in a straight line*



**Concave Design**
*Tufted higher at ends, lower in middle*



**Convex Design**
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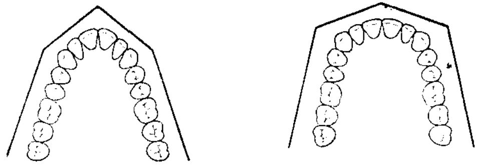

These diagrams represent the two extreme types of dental arch. Even in these extremes, note that most teeth are in relatively straight lines. Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs. Actually, Pepsodent's Straight Line Design cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

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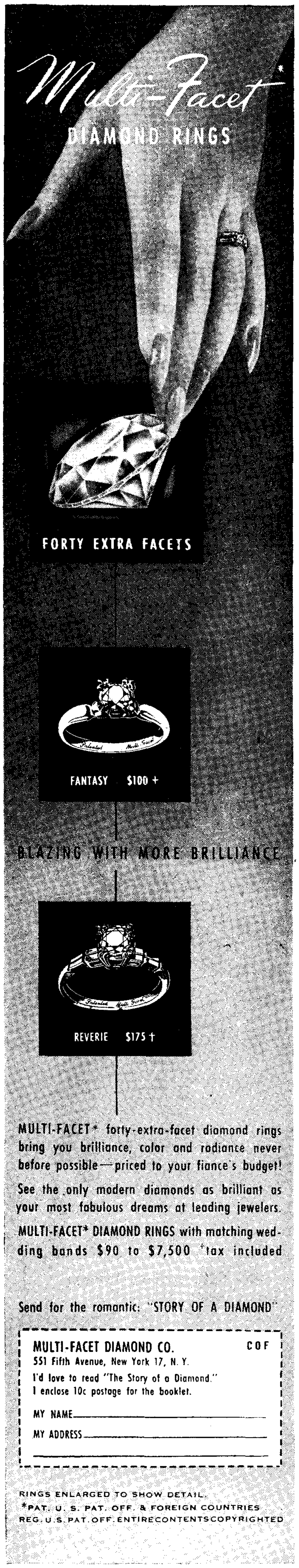

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decided to remain in Fayetteville, although by nature he was not a man to stay put. At the age of sixteen, James William entered the University of Arkansas. This fact is set down with awe by one who had the devil's own time getting anywhere in any school. And yet our hero was not a neurotic child prodigy. He played a fast, swivel-hip right half on the varsity football team, made his healthy passes at the co-eds and conducted his other extracurricular affairs in a manner that fetched from the dean many a "Tsk, tsk, tsk."

He was graduated from the law school in 1925—B.A., aged twenty.

In the middle of his senior year, his father died, leaving several small businesses, six children and James William with the conviction that he ought to get into the family's lumber or banking interests. The lumber business appealed to him most and it was going to continue to beckon for years to come although he never did make it until 1941, and then only for a short time.

Just about the time that Jay Fulbright died, Professor Jordan, who was James William's English teacher, came to him with a Rhodes Scholarship circular and the suggestion that he think it over. His brother, four sisters and his mother urged him onward and upward, saying that his scholastic accomplishments interested them no end and would he please keep at them. They argued, and with some reason, that not every family can boast of a member with such a flair for education. Why waste such promise on wagon tongues, axles and plow handles?

So James William took the examination as nonchalantly as if it were a mid-year—and passed like an April shower. There was only one aspect that kicked his imagination around, and that was that going to Oxford would require more traveling than he was used to. Apart from the family's pilgrimage from Sumner, Missouri, and a few brief sallies into Oklahoma and Texas to play football, he had never been outside Arkansas. Nevertheless, he went to Oxford, entered Pembroke, Doctor Samuel Johnson's old college, and studied modern history and political science with vigor.

As a spare-time consumer, he was captain of the college tennis team, president of both the Johnson Society and the Teasel Club and made the lacrosse team. Lacrosse is a North American Indian game requiring plenty of legs, wind and ribs, and he was so well supplied with all these that he made the Oxford-Cambridge team that toured the United States in 1926.

### From Oxford to Eastern Europe

The result of all this was that Oxford gave him a B.A. in 1928 and he was of more than half a mind to hurry back to Fayetteville and go into the lumber business. But he had met a European correspondent for the Chicago Daily News, Mr. M. W. Fodor, and what Mr. Fodor had told him about life in the Balkans, in Poland, in the Near East, and so forth, should never be revealed to a young man who thinks he should go back to Arkansas to sell wood. By now, the Fulbright family had decided that it would be silly for James William to do anything but go on learning.

So he and Fodor roamed eastern Europe, Russia excluded, and watched and smelled the political witch's brew which was one day to boil over and scald the world with a second World War. Mind you, Mr. Fulbright was only twenty-three, scarcely more than a boy from Fayetteville. He was then, as now, a realist, not a perfectionist. He beheld Fascism as a political vehicle under way.

Into his ears flowed fact and propaganda indistinguishable in the flood—mobbish Marxism, the philosophies of mob-hating Nietzsche and Treitschke, the feudalism of Colonel government in Poland, cartelism, junkerism and Heaven knows what, from Jew and gentile, from Czechs, Yugoslavs, Poles, Hungarians, Germans and so on and on. He makes no pretense of having understood. It was his enviable fortune that mentally his feet were still in the mud that Jay Fulbright had found in Arkansas and that, when Fodor and others asked him how it all struck him, he was able to grin and say, "Tsk, tsk, tsk. I'm just a boy from the Ozarks."

Whereat he returned to America after a year of peering into the European bear pit, resolved to go into the lumber business. From all that we've heard, it isn't really very hard to get into the lumber business, but, clever as he is, Mr. Fulbright was never able to make it in a solid way. He was scarcely back in Fayetteville when his brothers, who were in the lumber business and no fooling, asked him to go to Washington on business. What happened is the darnedest thing.

Somehow he found himself enrolled in George Washington University's law school. Also he met a lot of interesting people, including Miss Elizabeth Williams of Philadelphia, whom he married in 1932, the same year that Oxford awarded him a M.A. to add to his growing collection.

### Drafted by the New Deal

The inevitable happened: The New Deal drafted him. It made him an attorney in the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice and presently shunted him off to NRA. He didn't enjoy it much, although he managed to confirm a couple of suspicions that had been flitting around in his mind for some time. The first is that most of the faults in government are directly traceable to personnel. The second is that, having enlisted the talents of a good man, government either makes it too difficult for him to remain or shrugs him off when private enterprise reaches out for him. Mr. Fulbright did not have himself in mind as he confirmed these suspicions. He had no idea of staying in Washington at all but was determined to return to Fayetteville and the—yes, you guessed it.

He remained with the National Recovery Administration long enough to assist in the prosecution of the Schechter Brothers, the poultrymen who presently carried their case to the Supreme Court, which declared the NRA unconstitutional, which, of course, ended the celebrated Schechter case, there being no more NRA.

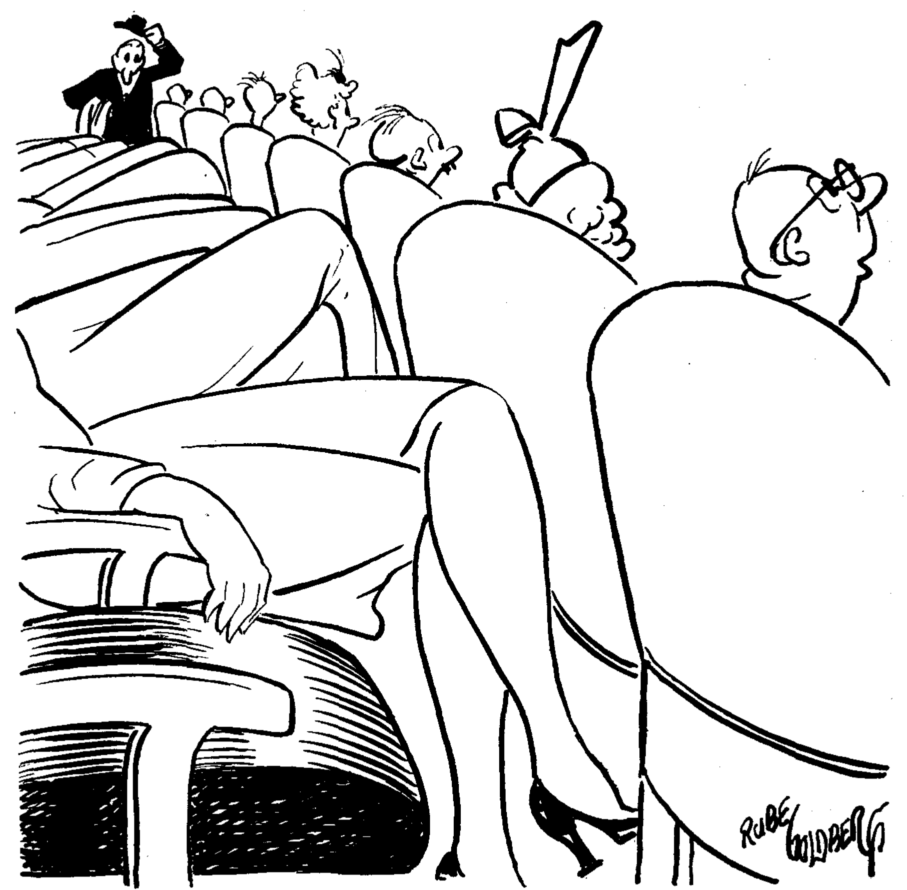
So Mr. Fulbright went back to George Washington University, which had made him an LL.B. and an instructor in constitutional law. By this time, it was 1935 and, mind you, he had come to Washington on business in 1929. Also by this time he was thirty years old, high time he had settled down. Nor had he abandoned the idea of returning to that lumber business, either; it had just happened that, like his father Jay, he was forever looking around and seeing chances to pick up a little experience here and there.

When he had taught in George Washington for one year, he had a call from the dean of the University of Arkansas law school, the late Doctor Julian Waterman, who said that if he intended to follow that trade, he ought to do it in Fayetteville. And, thus rewarding you for your patience, we return Mr. Fulbright to his home town which happens also to be the home town of the University of Arkansas. It's been quite a struggle, hasn't it? Tsk, tsk, tsk!

However, the complications have scarcely begun. This was in 1937, and James William Fulbright was headed for trouble even as the world was surely headed for war. In a short time Mr. Fulbright became one of the most popular instructors on the university's campus. The majority of the faculty joined in. But there were a number of powerful hardshells in politics and education who did not share his opinion that new ideas in both are invigorating.

It was not that Mr. Fulbright was one of these jackrabbit New Dealers, knocking over the furniture and spending money as if it grew on trees. No, in that way he was pretty hardheaded. But there were things he said that made you suspect—and more—that he didn't have the right respect for public figures. You know: If a prominent man gets elected to office, it isn't just right to intimate that the voters made a bad mistake. That sort of thing. Call it liberalism, rationalism,

## THE SQUAWK CLUB . . . . . . By Rube Goldberg



**"I like the movies, but I've always got to go through that same old Battle of the Knees, and then I'm too mad to enjoy the picture."—John Reimann, Miami, Florida**

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COLLIER'S

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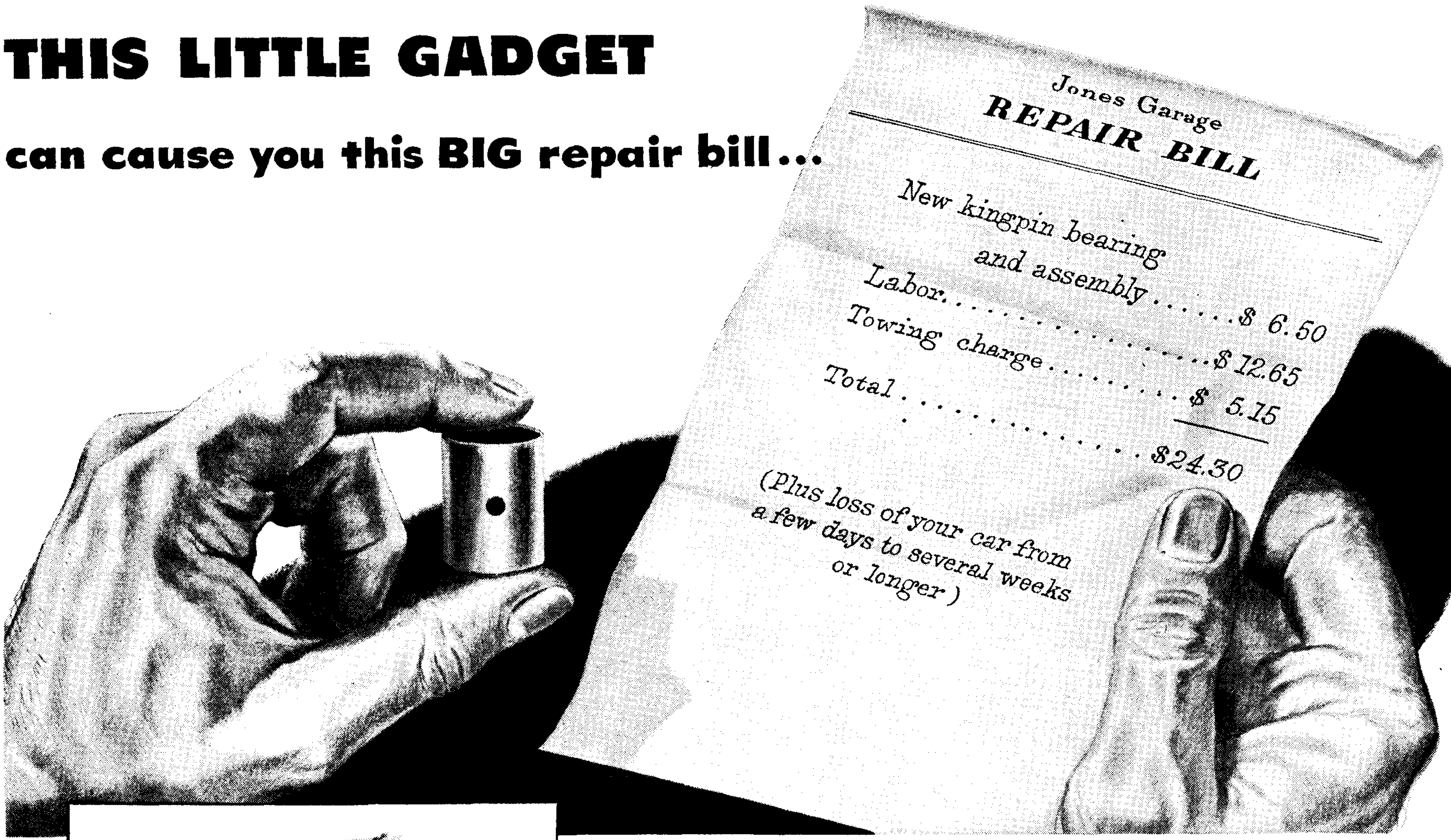

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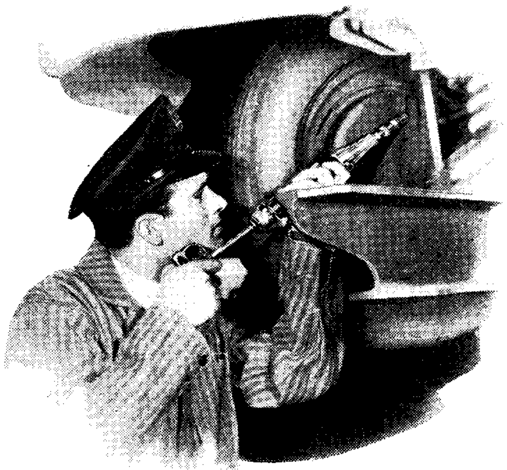
a few days to several weeks
or longer)



### KINGPIN BEARING . . . ONE OF 26 VITAL POINTS YOUR ALEMITE SERVICE MAN PROTECTS

Little kingpin bearings on the front wheels play a big part in steering your car. They're in constant motion, take a terrific beating in all kinds of weather and carry most of the weight of your car. To protect them, the car manufacturer prescribes a special lubricant—for example, Alemite Viscous—that functions at all temperatures, won't leak out and is water repellent.

When you get genuine Alemite lubrication, your Alemite service man follows the factory prescription for king-pin bearings. He knows how much lubricant to use and where to put it. His Alemite equipment is perfect for the job. And, he follows the manufacturer's prescription when lubricating every other vital point on your car. *Alemite,* 1824 *Diversey Parkway, Chicago* 14, *Ill.*

# *How you can avoid car Repair Bills*

## FIGHT THESE 3 COMMON CAUSES

1. ***NEGLECT***...You simply can't afford it. You risk big repair bills or loss of your car for good. Today, every 20 seconds a car goes to the junk heap. You may even risk your life! Deaths, injuries and wrecks due to defective cars have almost doubled the last two years! The danger created by car neglect is just too big a gamble when a few minutes attention by your Alemite service man every 30 days can avoid it.

2. ***IRREGULARITY***...is dangerous! Under today's driving conditions, your car demands *regular* lubrication every 30 days . . . to protect against deterioration as well as wear. Your Alemite service man gives the *extra* protection of genuine Alemite lubrication with specialized Alemite lubricants. Also, a *free* inspection of tires, battery, radiator, muffler, etc.... so that little troubles can be prevented from growing into big repair bills. These services cannot give maximum protection unless done regularly, *every 30 days regardless of the miles you drive.*

3. ***"B'GUESS-'N'-B'GOSH" GREASING***... can be worse than none at all! Remember—your car comes factory-equipped with an Alemite lubrication system. Specialized Alemite lubricants are developed *for* that system as prescribed by the car manufacturer. Decide now to avoid "b'guess-'n'-b'gosh" greasing. Get genuine Alemite factory-prescribed lubrication. Go to the dealer who handles genuine Alemite lubricants . . . your best assurance of longer car life, fewer repair bills and greater trade-in value.

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Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically—even cleans the hidden trap. Cleans away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. No special disinfectants needed. Doesn't harm toilet connections (*See directions on can.*)

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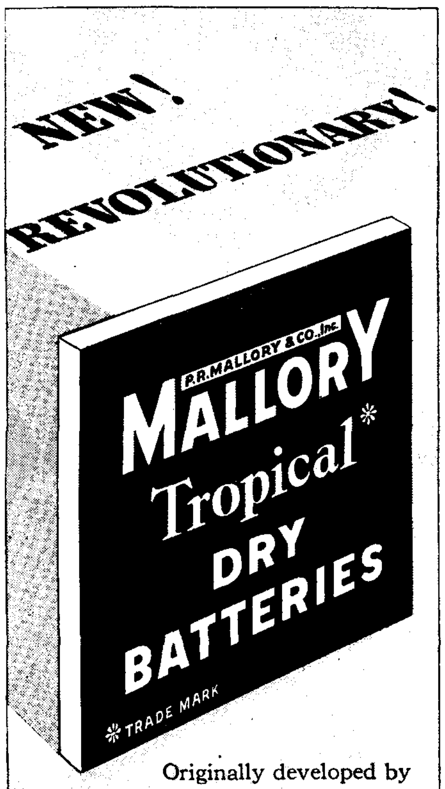

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When military needs are fulfilled, this wartime development promises fundamental improvements for peacetime civilian use.

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good government or anything you like, if a man wasn't fit to hold office, the folks wouldn't have elected him. Understand? Besides, a man isn't fit to hold office until he's had a lot of experience, until he's well on in years.

But Jay Fulbright's son was teaching the boys at the university that until young men like themselves (who knew the philosophy of government, who knew history, economics and law) got into politics and won office, our governmental system would never get better. This, in the opinion of some of the old shellbacks, was coming danged close to unsettling the youthful mind. It suggested that there was merit in dissatisfaction and whippersnapper government. And a few of them agreed that in young Fulbright there was the deplorable evidence of the dangers of permitting kids not yet dry behind the ears to go stomping around foreign parts.

What he actually was saying was truth as it is seldom spoken in public. Says he, speaking of the historical aversion of most of us to government: "The popularity of poking fun at our politicians is indicative of our lack of appreciation of the difficulties of their task and the seriousness of their responsibility. We can discourage this unfortunate attitude by electing better politicians. Unfortunately too many of the professional diplomats and bureaucrats have rarely experienced the thrill of a new idea. . . ."

In 1939, one of Mr. Fulbright's friends was killed in a motorcar accident—Doctor John C. Futrall, who for twenty-six years had been president of the university. With the blessing of a considerable number of the faculty and the entire concurrence of the student body, James William Fulbright, aged thirty-four, was elected to succeed him. He lasted just two years.

In 1940, Arkansas elected a new governor, the Honorable Homer Adkins. Mr. Adkins was amongst those who viewed Mr. Fulbright and his ideas with distrust—in fact, he couldn't stomach either. Mr. Adkins was for cleaning out a large number of teachers in state educational institutions. Mr. Adkins demanded Mr. Fulbright's resignation, and the student body disagreed with long and loud enthusiasm. Mr. Fulbright refused to resign, bidding Mr. Adkins to fire him, so that, as he put it, everybody would know just where everybody stood. The student body threatened strikes and burned Mr. Adkins in effigy. Mr. Adkins fired Mr. Fulbright.

### At Last—the Lumber Business

And now for it. James William Fulbright went to work in that lumber business. It just seems as if it would never happen, doesn't it? And he was on the way to being a very good lumberman, as he had always contended he'd be if given a chance, when the restless spirit of Jay Fulbright stirred in him.

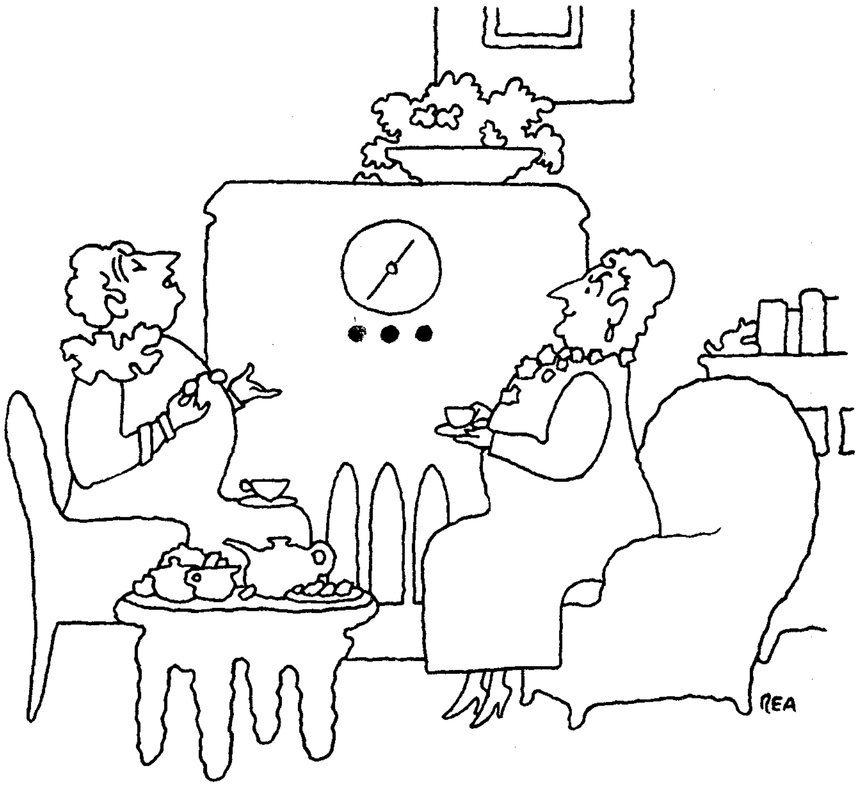
Moreover, it was spring—the spring of 1942—and no matter how old you are, you probably remember that things happen to young people when the vernal urge is on them. His friend Congressman Clyde Ellis told him that he, Ellis, was going to announce for the United States Senate. Mr. Ellis had attended Mr. Fulbright's lectures—the lectures urging young men to get into politics. Therefore, added Mr. Ellis, why shouldn't Mr. Fulbright *run* for the House?

Mr. Ellis lost, but Mr. Fulbright won by a margin that shocked the old guard—a majority of 4,000, the biggest in that district in thirty years. It's possible that it was not a tribute to Mr. Fulbright's statesmanship (which, at the time, was certainly latent), if any. But the younger vote was almost all his because of that university business. And much of the parent vote was his, too, because the mothers and fathers of the kids resented political skulduggery in the state educational system that consumed so much of their taxes.

Anyway, James William went back to Washington, after what we understand to be a touching farewell to the lumber business and a warning to it not to be surprised if he were back in a couple of years. So he lost no time in asking for it. Another freshman Representative sat across the aisle—Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce (R), Connecticut. A few days before, Mrs. Luce, in her maiden Congressional speech, had given a gasping world the word "globaloney" as a fitting summation of Vice-President Wallace's postwar formula. She had also come out with vigor for American control of all postwar commercial airlines. And thus it happened a week later—on February 16, 1943, to be exact—that Jay Fulbright's son cleared his throat and made his first speech in Congress.

He coined no new words. He merely said that Mrs. Luce was suggesting "a narrow, imperialistic policy of grab," and added that she advocated that "now before this war is over, we begin to prepare for the next war by adopting a policy of sovereignty of the skies." He invited Mrs. Luce to question him. She asked him to point out the paragraphs in her speech warranting his interpretation of what she believed. He bowed and replied: "But would you like me to read your whole speech to this audience?"

Nothing worth having would be gained by reviewing the entire record of Mr. Fulbright's conduct during his two years as a member of the House. A sample will do. His was one of the ninety-four votes to discontinue the Dies Committee, a body which he believed to be highly unnecessary and whose work was wholly at odds with the theory of maintaining good relations with our allies now and preparing the way for friendship later.



**"But what if America and Russia don't exactly love each other—why can't they just get along together like husband and wife?"**

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Friendly oldsters in the House said "Tsk, tsk, tsk" and admonished him that his vote was politically unwise.

"Maybe," he sighed. "I'll be around here for only two years anyway."

There is nothing dewy-eyed about Mr. Fulbright's attitude in all this, nothing downy in his ideas about the shape of things to come.

"It has been said so often," says he, "that we are in a period of revolutionary change that the phrase has almost lost its meaning. Yet the time is drawing near when we must adapt our national policies to new conditions in domestic economy and in international relations. The people of the world will not forever accept periodic, senseless destruction of their families and their homes. A reorganization of this bankrupt political hodgepodge on a new basis is absolutely necessary if we are to hope for a reasonable period of peace and stability.

"The United States," he goes on, "should assume the leadership of and much of the responsibility for this reorganization, but not because we are do-gooders inspired by sweet charity. We must do it because we have more to lose from chaos than any other nation, because we have the power and influence indispensable to its success, because as a realistic business proposition it is to our own national self-interest to do it. We must do it to escape being confused by the timid souls who would frighten us with talk of sacrifice of sovereignty or of the entangling alliances of our forefathers. I wonder how many of our businessmen go back to colonial times for guidance in their business affairs.

"The Dumbarton Oaks report gives us a key to the approach. But the making of peace does not consist merely of a treaty, a report. The making of peace is similar to the conduct of a large and complex business. It is a process, continuing from day to day, from year to year. The supremely important element is the character and ability of the *men who operate the machinery.* The scarcity of such men in public office is unfortunately the greatest weakness of our nation. The lack of such men is the greatest obstacle to the success of the whole undertaking to prevent war. Our salvation lies not in old rules of thumb in government but in the brains of men who put peace above personal prestige and gain. There is no blueprint or magic formula, and there will be none."

Last summer, Arkansas got the idea that it would be splendid if somebody with a new idea or two represented her in the United States Senate. The state still cherished the memory of her departed stoutness in the Upper House—Thad Caraway and Joe Robinson, for example. So James William Fulbright moved on up. Like Jay Fulbright, Mrs. Hattie Caraway, who had succeeded her husband in 1932 and whose term was expiring, was tired. And Senator John L. McClellan, her colleague, was going to need lots of help. It was a very spirited brawl indeed and one that Mr. Fulbright enjoyed winning. His toughest adversary was none other than the Honorable Homer Adkins, the governor who had fired him from the university's presidency. He slaughtered Mr. Adkins by a majority of thirty-two thousand. Tsk, tsk, tsk!

And this brings us up to date on the Honorable James William Fulbright, M.A., LL.B., junior senator from Arkansas—a politician who believes that honest co-operation between nations should be pursued in the name of peace, not power politics, who believes that it is up to officeholders themselves to destroy the widely prevailing theory that politics as a career is ignoble.

About where he'll go from here is anybody's guess. He is not worrying about that. There is, you see, always the lumber business in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

THE END

# ONE-TWO PUNCH

THERE'S always satisfaction in doing a job your fellow men find good.

There's something more than that when not one but *two* of your major efforts turn out to have rung the bell with those in position to know.

Buick powers the Liberator—builds the big, valve-in-head Pratt & Whitney engines that give the B-24 its range and speed.

Buick also builds the Hellcat—that hard-hitting, swift-paced M-18 tank destroyer which has done so much to teach the Blitzkriegers about lightning war, American style.

But what pleases us are the words of gratified comment that drift back to us from users of *both* of these war items.

On land and in the air they are helping deliver a "one-two" punch that hits the enemy where it hurts—and our boys like that.

Hundreds of their letters have come to us. And if we may sum up what they say, the comment seems to be that Buick's on the ball in turning out the sort of stuff our fellows want.

To us, that's plenty high praise from a plenty high source.

For in view of their deeds, we'd rather "rate" with that bunch than almost anything else in the world!

*war goods*

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***BUICK WILL BUILD THEM***

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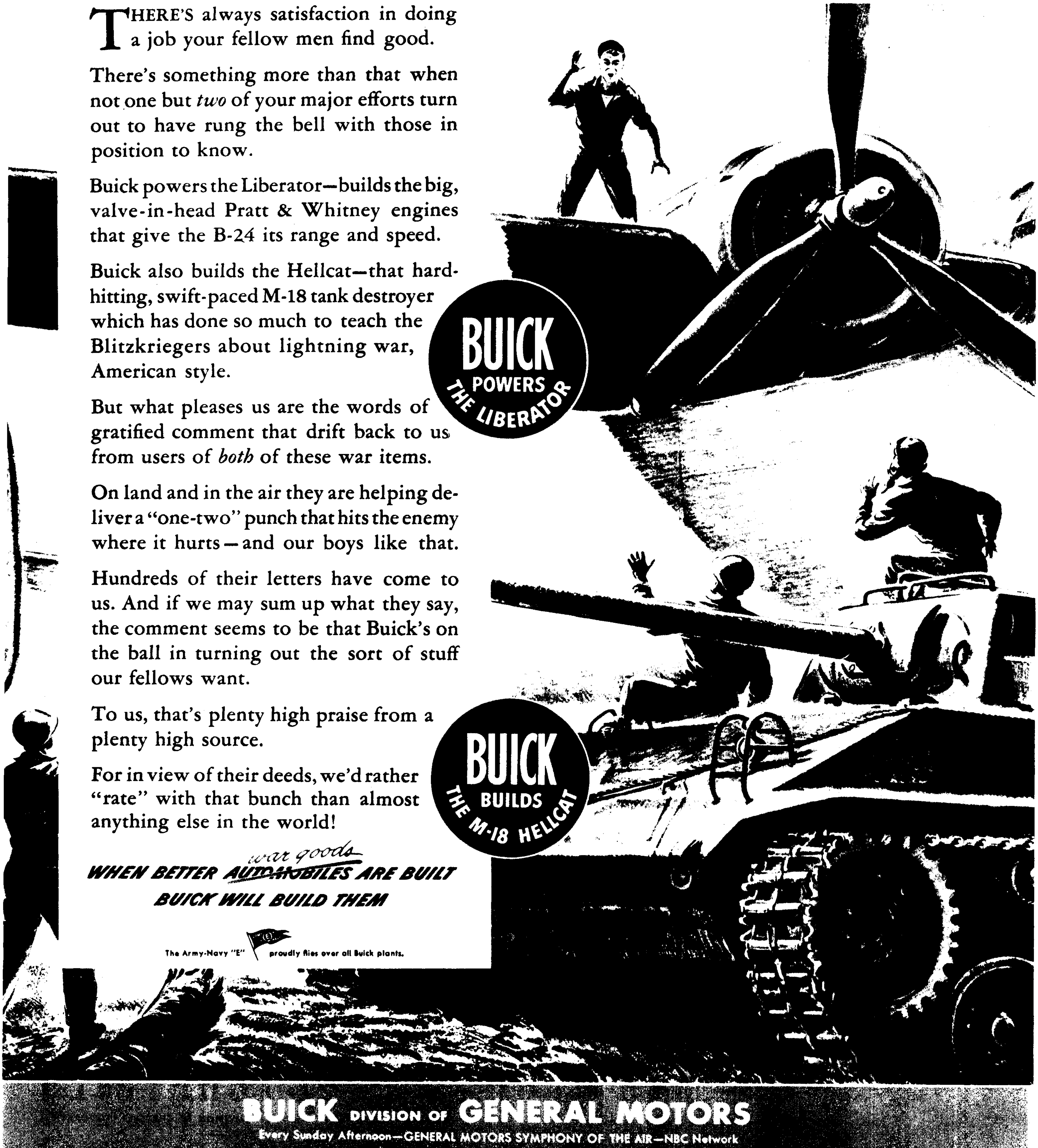

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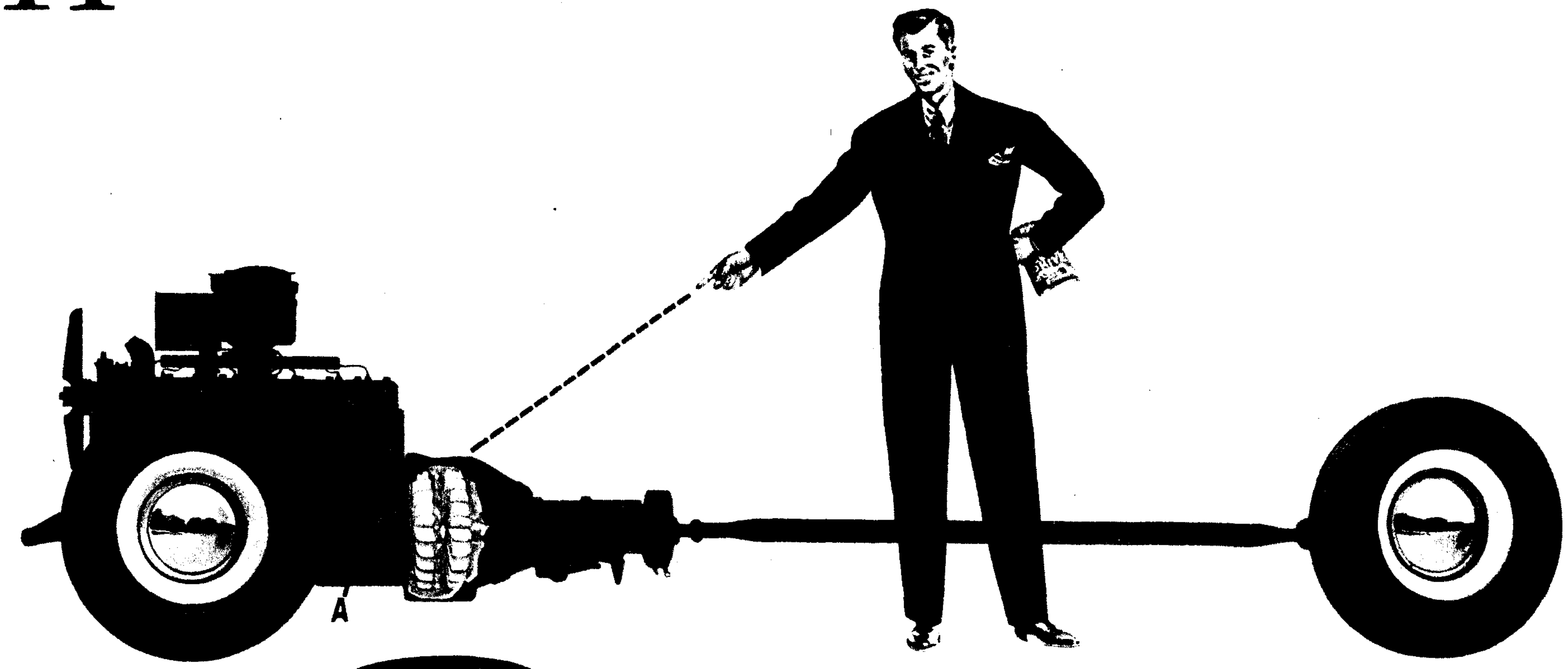

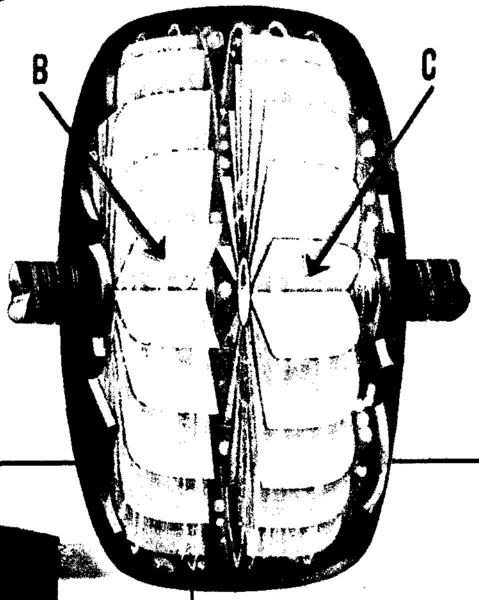

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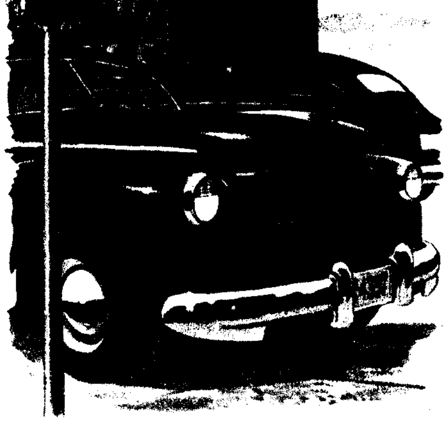
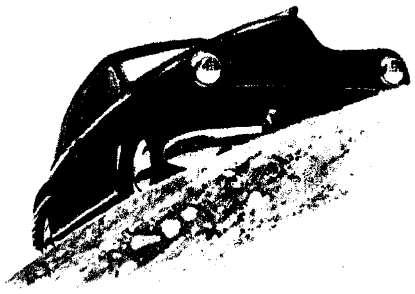
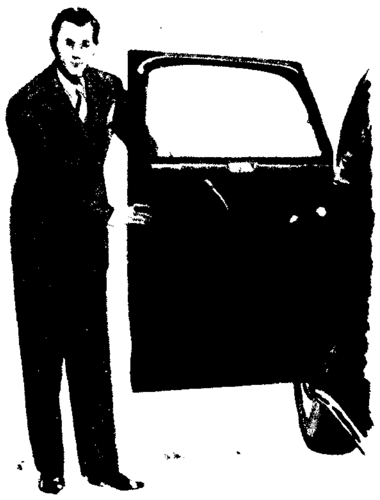


Now you can stop and start with no changing of gears...no chance of stalling.



You can even start up a steep hill from a dead stop without shifting!

And the smooth, even power of Fluid Drive...takes you through snow and ice like no other car.



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DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES EVERY THURSDAY, C. B. S., 9 P.M., E.W.T.

# Russia vs. Britain in the Mediterranean

Continued from page 12

them Greek formations recruited, trained, armed and brought to Greece by the British. Permission for the demonstration had been granted by the authorities. The EAM promised not to carry arms in the parade and submitted for prior approval the texts of the legends its marchers would carry on their banners. Some of the slogans were "Long Live Roosevelt" and "America, Why Have You Abandoned Us?"

The sky held more rain, and the wind that swept down from the misted mountains north of the city might have dulled the spirits of lesser people, but these were Greeks. They gathered in orderly fashion in Constitution Square, raised their crudely lettered, limp banners and sang the songs that had buoyed them through the long Nazi and Fascist occupation. Most of them were young men and women, and many were mere children. The older ones were in ELAS uniforms in the near-by hills and outlying sections of Athens such as Kassariani, a workers' slum of shacks and mud huts.

The demonstrators carried American flags, some homemade and crude, with too many stripes and too few stars. There were a few British flags and some Russian ones, but the Stars and Stripes outnumbered the others by at least four to one. The demonstration was obviously an appeal to the United States for support of the EAM's principal aims: to vote out the monarchy and to purge the country, by legal means, of the leftover Fascists of the late Metaxas dictatorship and of collaborationists.

In mid-November, Lieutenant General Ronald MacKenzie Scobie, the tough Scot commanding British forces in Greece, ordered the ELAS to lay down its arms, disband and go home. I saw the order myself. It did *not* mention the Nationalistic pro-Monarchist EDES guerrillas headed by General Napoleon Zervas who wears the ribbon of the Order of the British Empire and is known to have helped the Germans in battles against the ELAS.

### The Purpose of Disarmament

The order hit the ELAS where it lived. As the army of the resistance movement, it believed, with some reason, that it had liberated Greece and that its parent organization, the EAM, should have proportionate representation in the provisional government until elections could be held. The EAM claimed to represent the majority with 1,500,000 affiliated members in a population of about 6,300,000 (Greece had 7,300,000 population before the Germans and the Fascists came) and at least as many unaffiliated sympathizers. But the EAM had been assigned only five minor cabinet posts, out of twenty-three.

If the ELAS was disarmed, the EAM knew, there would be little chance of obtaining a fair election. The opposition had the well-armed EDES army which grew, after the British arrived in October, from 6,000 to nearly 15,000 gold-paid men. The opposition was strengthened by the quisling Security Battalions, formed by the Germans during the occupation to make war on the "Communists." It counted also on the splendidly equipped Greek Mountain and Sacred Heart brigades, really pocket-sized divisions, composed substantially of Middle East Greeks and pledged to support the "legal government-in-exile" of King George II and the British-picked Prime Minister George Papandreou, who replaced the younger Venizelos, personally fired as Greek Prime Minister in Cairo by British Ambassador Rex Leeper.

The EAM had counted on the support of Great Britain, the United States and Russia to help it realize its essentially democratic program. Britain, it saw, had failed it. It turned, now, to the United States. Greece was limp with starvation, destruction and disease. But its people—those who had fought for three years and six months in the woods and mountains against the Nazis—were not.

By ten A.M. on this fateful morning, Constitution Square was packed with marchers shouting their party cries, among them the Communists. These comprise ten per cent of the total membership of the EAM, by official British reckoning. There was confusion in the crowd. Some unit leaders shouted through their megaphones, "Don't Parade!" Others yelled at their followers to go ahead and demonstrate. The marchers didn't know it, but the permit for the demonstration had been revoked by General Scobie and Papandreou overnight. There had been no time to advise the whole EAM membership. There are no phones in Kassariani homes.

Thousands heard the admonition not to parade and milled about uncertainly, but thousands of others heard the orders for the parade to start and spilled out onto the main streets leading up from the square to University Street, the Grande Bretagne Hotel, the palace, and the embassies of Britain, France and the United States. A cordon of police met the first marchers with the butt ends of their rifles. The marchers pushed the police back and called out: "Why do you have guns against your own people?"

Some spotted Photographer Dmitri Kessel and Correspondent Constantine Poulos in U.S. war correspondents' uniforms. Excited demonstrators crowded around them and shouted, "Roosevelt — Roosevelt — Roosevelt!" The crowds oozed out of the square now, and the demonstration was on. Suddenly, at 10:45 A.M. rifles crackled and tommy guns spurted. A platoon of police was firing into the crowd.

This was old stuff to the police. They had killed EAM and ELAS men before. It was old stuff, too, to the Greek crowds. They had received similar treatment from the Nazis. With one movement, as though swept down by a sudden wind, the tight mass of people fell prone to the ground. The firing stopped. The people got up. The guns spoke again. Grenades burst among the demonstrators. Ten men, women and children lay dead. At least fifteen others, wounded, lay on the ground. The police sniped at the wounded.

Poulos, as brave an American as ever wore a correspondent's uniform, ran between the police and the crowd with arms outstretched, calling on the former to cease firing. The shooting continued. A boy of six lay still with a bullet through his head and a small, fair-haired girl died beside him. And so was spilled the first blood in the new war-within-a-war in Europe and the Mediterranean. The British had thrown their military power against the ELAS. But Scobie had orders from London *not* to disarm the Greek Mountain and Sacred Heart brigades "at any cost." This was what brought about the Cabinet crisis and precipitated the demands for Papandreou's resignation.

One of the purposes of the demonstration on December 3d was to demand his removal and the resignation of the "Civil War Government."

And there is proof that Scobie thought he would crush the ELAS in two days. He said so to an important Greek politician. A month later he was still fighting, for he wasn't fighting a Communist rabble, but something bigger and far stronger. He was obliged to use troops, tanks, guns and energy which might have been employed in Belgium and France against the Nazis.

In Greece, the British took the position that they were supporting legitimate government but, in any event, the fissure was created and lines were drawn that may be of great importance in any future duel for power in the strategic eastern Mediterranean. Russia stood aloof from the clash in Greece. Actually there was no reason for Moscow to act, even if Stalin has plans that involve Greece, because there is no place for anti-British Greeks to turn except to Russia.

RATIONING BOARD

"There's another place I'm going to boycott after the war!"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

Everywhere the British—and some Americans—have been somewhat surprised to find a revolutionary spirit among Europeans. They weren't prepared for it, and in Italy, as well as in Greece, it has been proved that while our military logistics may have been beyond reproach, our political logistics were not. We just didn't seem to be able to supply the one thing the people most wanted: some of the democracy we were all fighting for.

We started well, in Italy. Under Colonel Charles Poletti, in Sicily, where Allied Military Government was largely an American enterprise, Italians quaffed their first draughts of freedom in twenty-five years, and our prestige rose with each gulp. But gradually, as the British took over and AMG became the Allied Control Commission with accent on the "control," Italian good will toward us sank.

The Italians today are colder, hungrier and generally more miserable than they have ever been. They have less coal, less food and more unemployment. There is plenty of coal in Sardinia, but Romans stay in bed all day to keep warm, cook their food over expensive charcoal fires, or eat what they can get, cold. Mothers in Rome's slums have organized a Legion of the Hungry to press their claims for more food for their babies, and in this city of 1,000,000 some 250,000 men are jobless.

The Italians' physical discomforts are complicated and accentuated by political torments. They entered the war against Germany as co-belligerents, in the hope that they might become full-fledged Allies and thus regain not only their own self-respect but also reduce the understandable ill will directed at them from abroad for the sins of Fascism. They hoped to prove that there is a difference between Italians and Fascists.

To this end, 100,000 volunteers joined Italy's National Army of Liberation to fight in the front lines against the Germans or to perform valuable police and service and supply duties behind the lines. With American medium bombers, an Italian air force was formed around a nucleus of 176 Italian planes flown to the Allied side from under the Germans' noses in September, 1943.

In the first three months of operations this air force dumped 2,200,000 pounds of bombs on Balkan targets and supplied the Yugoslav Partisans and the Italian Garibaldi Division which is fighting with Tito. It knocked down about 100 enemy aircraft and lost 130 pilots killed. Yet when Italian pilots fly to British-controlled Middle East air bases to pick up supplies, they are treated as prisoners of war and confined to pens until ready to take off.

The Italian Navy has undertaken convoy duties in the Mediterranean and has released many vessels for service where they are badly needed in the Atlantic and the Pacific, but the Italian crews are confined to their ships when in Allied ports and given rations barely above the subsistence level.

Most of all, the Italians had hoped to increase the moral and physical resistance to Fascism and the Germans which Italy's considerable Partisan movement represents. North of our lines, the Partisans blow up bridges and sabotage factories that were making machinery, arms and equipment for the Germans. Hundreds of these Partisans die almost every day. They generate strikes and keep Nazi and Fascist police busy. But when the Allies capture territory in which they've been operating, the Partisans are disarmed.

### Death Blow to Democracy

In all that has happened under Allied "control," the Italians have known only frustration. They are slowly losing their faith in democracy, which meant to them, as to all people, the right to have, among other things, a government of their own choice. One hard body blow to their faith was the British interference in the Italians' attempt to form a new cabinet when the first democratic government the nation had known in twenty-five years (that of the aged, weak Ivanoe Bonomi) floundered on the sharpest issue in Italian politics: firm prosecution of Fascists and collaborationists. This was insisted upon by the left wing (which organized the resistance movement against the Nazi occupants and was originally Communist-led) and followed by the Socialists, Republicans, members of the Action Party and other progressives.

British interference, without consulting the United States, Russia or other members of the Allied Commission, took the form of forbidding the appointment as Foreign Minister of Count Carlo Sforza, an independent anti-Fascist torchbearer for twenty years. Italians who had hailed the Allies as "liberators" saw them suddenly as "conquerors."

Secretary of State Stettinius' assurances that Washington wouldn't condone interference in the internal political affairs of liberated countries helped to temper Italian disillusionment, but because the American hands-off policy was still no policy at all, the Italians remained bitter and bewildered, inclined to jeer at the Allies as sincerely, if not as loudly, as they had cheered them.

The circumstances which brought the people to this mental and moral state were many and complex. Some were—and remain—beyond the control of the Allied authorities, the real rulers of the land. Some, however, were not. The Allied Commission (the word "control" was dropped from the ACC as a sop to Italian democrats) couldn't be blamed entirely for the food shortage, the high prices, unemployment, lack of transportation, the black market, inflation and the related ills in a ravaged country trying to struggle out of Fascism, famine and war toward democracy, reconstruction and peace. It must, however, bear some of the responsibility.

There is the matter of coal to generate cooking gas and power for largely gasless, lightless Rome. Coal, although of inferior quality, is plentiful in Sardinia as are two other precious commodities, salt and hides;

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# Better Television
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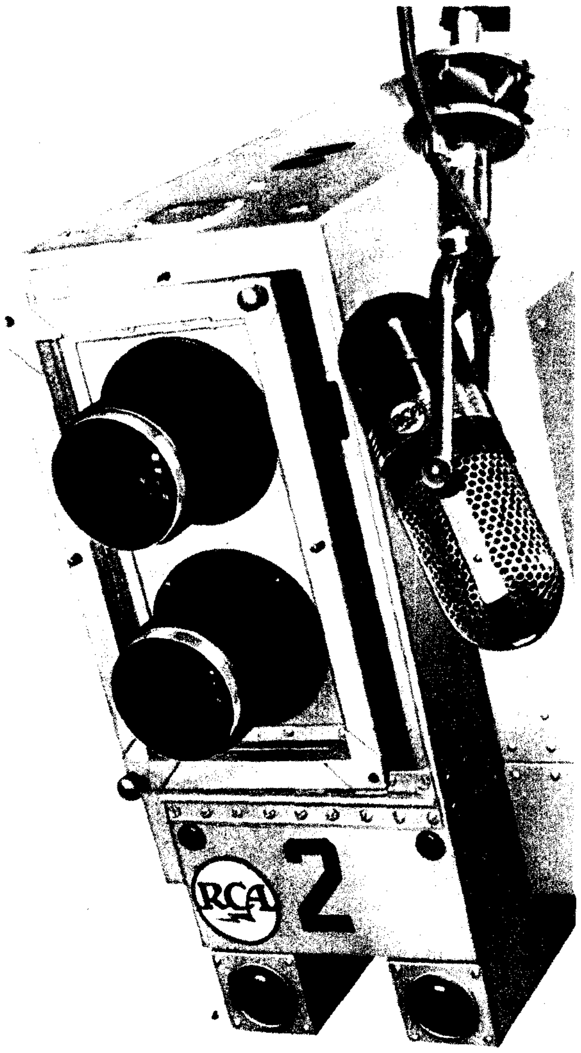

☆ RCA microphones . . . used by *all four* major networks . . . start most of the nation's finest radio programs on their way to you. The leading television programs, sound motion pictures and phonograph records also get their start through RCA equipment.

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Famous Victor recording artist, appearing frequently over NBC.
Her records reach the peak of fine reproduction on
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LEADS THE WAY . . *In Radio . . Television . . Tubes . . Phonographs . . Records . . Electronics* but the Italians aren't permitted to bring any over to the mainland. The ACC's answer is that there is no shipping available.

This, however, happens to be untrue, according to the Italians. Italy has very little of her once great merchant marine left, and what there is belongs now to the Allies, but there are plenty of coastwise sailing vessels and steamers capable of making the round trip to the island. Meanwhile, a new and totally unexpected separatist movement has grown in Sardinia, encouraged, some charge, by the British, who want to retain the island as a postwar naval base. In Sicily there are similar signs.

One of the most efficient ways to reduce unemployment is to start up the stalled industries again. Very little industrial activity is possible in Italy due to the lack of raw materials, spare parts and power. The liberated zone has only about ten per cent of the power it needs normally but in a few months it will have, with reconstruction of sabotaged hydroelectric plants, nearly fifty per cent.

Factories could be reactivated but there is no indication that they will be. Several score of important factories are being used as barracks by Allied soldiers, mostly British. The Italians don't object to the use of factories for military purposes but they are puzzled as to whether using them as bivouacs when other buildings could be made available is really a "military purpose."

### Moral Re-education Denied

One of the most constructive suggestions for the moral regeneration of the country offered by the Bonomi government was to re-educate Italian war prisoners held by the British. Decent Italians have no illusions about at least twenty-five per cent of those prisoners. They know them to be an embittered lot, Fascist and irreconcilable. All told, there are about 500,000 prisoners of whom only 12,000 have been repatriated.

Prince Humbert, the "lieutenant king" or throne-warmer for the universally hated Victor Emmanuel, said that no decision as to what form the Italian government shall eventually take can be made until those prisoners are returned to Italy. He would. Of those 500,000, there'd be at least 125,000 who'd vote against any democratic government. Proof of this was given to me by a young lieutenant who'd just returned from a British prisoner-of-war camp.

The Italian prisoners, he said, were shown a film called The Liberation of Rome. It proved the wild enthusiasm with which the American and Allied troops were received by the population last June. The prisoners reacted violently, shouting, "Vile Romans, when we return, we'll kill you all, all of you!" They threw rocks at the screen. A fanatic mass of beaten men like those would be very useful to the Monarchists and to the new incipient dictators who gesture in this broken land. Wisely the government suggested that educational literature be prepared and distributed among the prisoners to prepare them for a new life on their return.

The proposals met with a neat, legalistic refusal from the Allied Commission, quoting international conventions against "propagandizing among war prisoners," although the prisoners, when repatriated, will represent one of Italy's worst postwar problems and one of the principal obstacles to any democratic regeneration. The young ones among them were raised in the Fascist climate. They don't blame Fascism for Italy's misery but the forces which, to their way of thinking, betrayed Fascism itself.

The officer in charge of the bureau of the Allied Control Commission dealing with prisoner-of-war matters is British. Although he has failed to approve, to date, repatriation, in any important numbers, of sons of peasants who want them back to plow the land to raise food and help rebuild their homes, he has okayed the return of many good Fascist aristocrats. All that is needed is a word from Prince Humbert or his aide, General Infante, former Fascist military attaché to Washington.

The most disillusioning fact for Italians, however, is the presence of Fascists everywhere—in the ministries, the army, navy, the civil service, in what's left of banking and industry and in the police. Many of the bigwigs of the Mussolini era are still doing business at the old stands. Allied propaganda had led the Italians to believe that this war is being fought for the extirpation of Fascism and its ally, Nazism, and in the name of democracy. They expected to see the house that Fascism built of graft and corruption razed to the ground and its tenants jailed or shot. This hasn't happened.

They accuse the Allies (particularly the British) of not wanting to destroy Fascism. They base this accusation on the knowledge that the British support the monarchy. This is obvious to them from the fact that when Winston Churchill was here, he visited Prince Humbert, and that when Mr. Churchill received Bonomi, it wasn't alone but in the company of Field Marshal Pietro Badoglio, faithful servant of his king and of Fascism.

In the eyes of Italians, the monarchy compromised itself inextricably with the supreme crime of Fascism—the war against England, France and America. The documents proving the guilt of the throne and of Badoglio and Prince Humbert, acting commander of the Italian Expeditionary Corps against France, fill volumes. This triumvirate was considered abroad, especially during the early Fascist years, as democrats at heart who waited only for an opportunity to turn the tables on Il Duce.

But the archives have proved them guilty and these are in our hands now. I have seen some of the documents. In one of them, Victor Emmanuel hailed Mussolini's reasons for entering the war on Germany's side instead of ours as being of "geometric logic." In another, Badoglio hanged himself for approving a war which he knew would lead only to disaster for his country. And he, for many years, stood as a patriot!

Italians see support for these guilty men as support for Fascism, but they are even more suspicious of the fact that there are only 300 Fascists awaiting trial in Regina Coeli prison. Of these only ten are big shots. The government's purge commission, headed by Count Sforza, arrested General Mario Roatta—and the Bonomi government fell. The purge, Italians said, was going too far to suit the monarchy and its supporters. In Roatta the purgers had netted a really big fish.

Roatta was one of the generals who commanded Black Shirts in Spain against the Republicans. He was commander of the Italian Army Corps of Occupation in Croatia and was high on Tito's list of war criminals. He was head of the Servizio Informazioni Militari, a counterspy bureau known as SIM charged with the double duty of suppressing anti-Fascism within the army and of liquidating anti-Fascists abroad. To the SIM was traced the murder before the war of the Rosselli brothers, for many years anti-Fascist democrats working for Mussolini's overthrow. They were shot by French Cagoulards in the pay of Fascism.

### Anathema to the Left

Roatta was the poker-faced Badoglio's chief of staff at the time of the armistice and escaped from Rome with Badoglio and the king by auto on September 9th, last year. He was chief of staff in Badoglio's Allied-propped government which lasted until Rome was liberated, but Badoglio had to drop Roatta. Tito objected.

The throne and Badoglio will do everything in their power to prevent Roatta going on the witness stand. From Roatta, who may be able to defend himself on the grounds that he was only a soldier obeying orders, the trail leads to the House of Savoy and a faithful flunky named Badoglio.

There were other reasons for the fall of the first Bonomi government in November. Undoubtedly Roatta's arrest was one, for it indicated an intensification of the work of the purge commission headed by the same Count Sforza, politically *persona non grata* to the British. The last thing the monarchy and its supporters among the so-called Liberals and the Christian Democrats want is a purge. These two newborn parties of opportunists and band-wagon hitchhikers comprise the wealthy landowners, the princes, dukes and big businessmen, of whom many were anti-Fascists but of whom the majority, even if they didn't belong to the Fascist party, neither resisted its encroachments on human liberties nor passed up any opportunities to turn one dishonest lira into two.

A good purge might sweep many of them into jail but, more important, they constitute a whole category of people congenitally opposed to social change of any kind. Here the British and many American diplomats, officers and functionaries of all sorts find their friends. All have good homes, good wine cellars and attractive English-speaking daughters with titles. In those same homes Nazis and Fascists were entertained only yesterday. In those same homes exists an almost pathological fear of Communism.

The Italians feel that the Allies have helped them very little in their efforts to slough off Fascism and emerge as a democratic nation. London has a positive policy: to uphold the "legitimate" government as it did in Greece and thereby support the rightwingers out of fear that the left-wingers would deliver Italy to the Communists lock, stock and balcony. Washington's policy, although negative, at least laid down the rule that Italy must choose for itself what form of government it wanted. This had the effect of encouraging the democratic forces.

### The Lost Opportunity

The result of the combined Allied policy (if it can be called that) was to support everybody. If the real resistance elements—the Communists, Socialists, the Action party and the Republicans—who form, everyone agrees, the great bulk of Italians in liberated Italy and constitute the overwhelming majority in the more vital North—had received greater encouragement and more material help, the situation in Italy would be far more stable and more nearly like that which prevails in France. There would be a reasonable chance of the emergence of a democratic Italy.

If this had happened, there might have been a few more dead Fascists, for at the moment of liberation there was as fierce a determination to clean house in Rome as there was in Paris. Since then, under pressure from the right-wingers, who are in positions of control, there has been a rapid demobilization of anti-Fascist spirit. The left-wing parties hope now for a free election which, they feel sure, would give Italy an overwhelmingly anti-Fascist and anti-Monarchist majority.

Their great fear is that too much time may pass before an election is possible. Meanwhile the dice might be loaded against them, and the cards marked and the wheel fixed. Events in Greece didn't raise the left-wing parties' hopes for British or Allied help in turning out the old guard. If an attempt is made to force the Italians to accept a monarchy, however, there will be revolution, as there was in Greece. It will wait until the occupying forces eventually go home, but not too long beyond the time of their withdrawal.

If the Allies invaded Italy as conquerors, they have succeeded. If they went as liberators to aid in the democratic regeneration of the country, they have failed. If the Allies—more correctly, the British—supported the rightists against the leftists for the purpose of keeping "law and order" and preventing a revolution, they have failed. They have only postponed it.

Britain—and, by default, the United States—appears to have gained nothing from a policy of resistance to what is an accomplished political and historical fact: a widespread revolution against Fascism and Nazism with definite social and economic reforms as its principal objectives. This revolution isn't Communist. But in addition to problems of social revolution, there is a potentially great struggle for imperialistic gains in the Middle East, with Russia in a leading role. The stakes are great and behind Great Britain's worry about Communism, there is a real fear of Russian imperialism, and already there are definite signs of Russian penetration into the Levant.

**The Russian operations in the Middle East will be discussed next week in the second and final installment of Mr. Gervasi's report on the Mediterranean.**

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## Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

pigs and they often visit each other's farms.

Fish stood in the control tower at Goose just before midnight not long ago. The last of a movement of Liberators became four exhaust flames in the star-studded sky. Fish sighed. "They're good boys. They'll make it."

And they did—all but one. That one tried to get back to Goose but had gone too far before turning back. Somewhere in Davis Strait was a downed B-24, in water so cold that life expectancy is two or three minutes.

In the dim hope that the B-24 might have made the shore line, the Arctic Search and Rescue organization of the Air Transport Command swung into action. Planes from southern Greenland fanned out. Other aircraft, British and American, rose out of Goose and Gander and in the combing armada was a snappy B-25 with grizzled Fish Hassell hunched over the controls, his eyes straining for some sign of the crippled bomber. For six hours he flew his assigned pattern of search. His alert eyes were sad as he stepped from the plane back at Goose.

Fish is no stranger to the Far North. In August, 1928, he and the late Parker D. "Shorty" Kramer left Rockford, Illinois, in a Stinson single-engine monoplane for Stockholm, Sweden, on one of those spectacular flights to prove the feasibility of flying the North Atlantic—proof that the Air Transport Command established fourteen years later.

The flight succeeded as far as the Greenland coast, and then Fish disappeared. They had overshot their Greenland refueling base. They flew far out over the Greenland icecap and ran out of gas. Neither Hassell nor Kramer was hurt. They walked off the icecap and back to their base in two weeks.

Lately, Fish heard that a Navy reconnaissance plane, flying over the icecap on a geodetic mission, had photographed the remains of an old airplane. A print was rushed to Fish, who promptly identified the plane as his. The Stinson had been stripped of its fabric covering by the hurricane blasts that tear endlessly across that forbidden and barren wasteland. But what hurt Fish was that the picture showed the ship had overturned.

"Guess you nosed over when you landed, Fish," someone observed.

Fish's face flamed in rage. "The hell I did! It was as sweet a landing as I've ever made. You'd probably turn over, too, if you'd spent sixteen years in that place."

A short time ago, a group of correspondents toured the North Atlantic Division of the Air Transport Command, and an overnight stop was planned for Goose. They stayed three days—in good weather.

The North Atlantic grapevine spread word of the press visit, and the radio started calling for clippings of the stories picked up at Goose. Fish had the clippings assembled back in the States and flown to him for personal delivery by air to the lonely ATC outposts and weather stations that are self-sustained for seven or eight months at a time.

Sharing the cozy commanding officer's quarters at Goose—and, principally, the warmth of its fireplace—is Blackie, an old clumsy black Labrador dog. Blackie is the granddaddy of all the parapups now used in arctic rescue work by ATC on its frigid division. He made the first experimental jump (did not volunteer) somewhere on the North Atlantic Division. Blackie landed hindmost first and was slightly hurt. Fish radioed to have Blackie sent to Goose on the next available plane to enter retirement. His love for dogs is reflected in the affectionate regard scores of healthy Eskimo huskies at Goose have for him. When Fish visits the kennels, the huskies yelp with delight and there is a wagging forest of tails.

Blackie arrived and found a big-hearted master. He spends most of his time in front of the fireplace.

Fish looks tenderly at Blackie and observes, "Look at him. He's got's the easiest job I know of. All he has to do the rest of his life is to eat, sleep and be lazy. I'd like to do that someday."

But he won't—not Fish.

THE END

## "They Must Have Loved You Over There"

Continued from page 20

seen since leaving home. Therefore, she represents the last girl they saw back in the States. I don't think she should do anything that they would resent having done by their own girl.

Sometimes I have been shown censor "spot checks" which is a sort of military Gallup Poll, consisting of comments taken from letters home. I have seen statements that would blister the paint off a destroyer about girls who use sex appeal as the basis of their act.

I remember an Army dentist, Captain M. R. Bailey of Detroit, who said this, while poking casually at my bicuspids at a base in New Guinea: "I'm not at all sure that bringing women out here is a good thing. Certainly it hasn't helped my morale; in fact, I think it's worse now. When there are no women around at all, it isn't so bad. We get to accept that and after a while we don't mind it so much. Then a few luscious items appear in a USO show. They're thoroughly out of reach. Do you think that's good?"

You have read stories, from time to time, of some entertainer raising a rumpus by insisting that enlisted men be seated down front. Many of us feel that our primary purpose is to entertain the enlisted man. This implies no criticism of officers; but officers do have more privileges than enlisted men—especially in two main items: liquor and women. In most bases that we hit, liquor was available only at officers' clubs. If there were women, such as nurses or Red Cross girls, they were not permitted to go out with enlisted men.

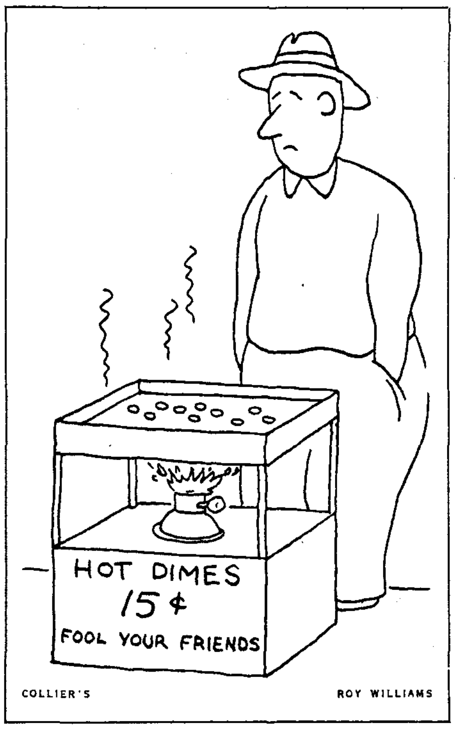
### On with the Show

Do you know how important a show can be to a G.I.? I mean any show. In Finschhafen, in New Guinea, we drove through twenty miles of rain and very rich mud. We arrived just in time to get a quick bite before the show. In the mess hall, the rain beat so hard on the roof that conversation was impossible. I located Lieutenant Colonel Jack Arvey of Chicago (the year before, I'd met his son in Sicily) and said that the men certainly wouldn't want to see a show in such weather.

"You think not," said Arvey. "Listen to this: At this moment there are four thousand men out there who have been sitting in that downpour since three P.M.; that's four hours. They brought K-rations and water canteens with them."

Here was the setup as I saw it. Arvey's estimated 4,000 men were sitting on cans and boxes; 6,000 more were standing in back, along the sides and even perched in trees. At the last minute, about 400 more made a rush to get right up in front, though there were no seats. The fellows in back yelled "Siddown," so these 400 knelt in two feet of mud and water, so that they wouldn't block the view of the men in back.

The stage had a roof, but the rain was sweeping stageward, and the front three feet were too soaked to be useful. A G.I. band of nineteen pieces was huddled in the rear. When Jack Benny walked out on that stage he received an ovation of cheering, whistling and, for the first time, splashing. Now, when men will go to that trouble to see a show, they deserve every break. That's why I don't like to see reserved seats for officers.



COLLIER'S ROY WILLIAMS

Quite often the officers have important work to do which necessitates their being away until show time. Being an officer means, naturally, having greater responsibilities than an enlisted man. Generally, the commanding officers feel as we do about the seating business, but occasionally there is opposition. A naval CO at Bougainville claimed that Jack and I were being very unfair to the officers, that preferential seating for officers was the rule. He wound up by suggesting that we leave the handling of the show to them.

"Oh, fine," said Jack, "and suppose I were to say to you: 'Look, I don't like your attacking the Japs from this way. I think you ought to come around *that* way?' "

We held out for the enlisted men to be seated down front and were upheld in our judgment by a letter from the company, signed by every man in the outfit, thanking us for our emphasis on the enlisted man.

The same thing goes for meals. I will admit that it's more comfortable to eat at the officers' mess. You get waited on, there are cutlery and plates, table linen, sometimes even place cards! But the performer can do infinitely more good by eating with the enlisted men, provided his heart's in it. That "provided" is important. If you put on a Lord or Lady Bountiful act, dispensing good will to the underprivileged, it's better that you stick to being waited on.

But when I did eat away from the brass, it was an education for me. Then I truly got to know the men for whom I had made the trip. The main gripe seemed to be the alleged rotation system, wherein men are supposed to be sent home after so many months overseas.

"Hell!" said one G.I. "I'm supposed to be engaged, but I've been in this stinkin' hole for thirty-three months; that's too long to expect any girl to wait around. You can tell 'em for me that their rotation system's just a lot of chicken."

Both Jack and I were very interested in how the men thought politically. They seemed avid for political news, especially labor news. I wondered why our armies do not have organized discussion groups wherein the news from home and abroad is threshed out. I understand that the British do this. Pamphlets are sent to them, giving the lowdown on what has been happening over the week. And if, say, Churchill has made a move that sounds a little wrong to the writers, the pamphlet proceeds to whale the daylights out of the Prime Minister. This system seems to give the men a pretty accurate picture of what goes on back home, and probably helps condition them for return to civilization.

I found only one organized political-discussion group. It was led by a Negro sergeant, Earl Brown, of New York. I knew Earl well. He used to work for my concert partner, Paul Draper. I attended one of Earl's orientation lectures. He lectured once a week on the background of the war, and this time he discussed the maneuvers of Saburo Kurusu, Japan's ambassador to Washington at the time when the Pearl Harbor attack had been organized and was all set. His audience was a Negro salvage corps. There were about three hundred of them and they listened intently. Earl introduced me and asked me to play a number or two, which I did. I had the feeling, though, that they would have preferred Sergeant Brown to continue his lecture.

We asked for—and got—a few days rest in Sydney, Australia—and it is something we'll never forget. I've been there before. Australian hospitality is something unique and of a solid warmth found nowhere else. It amounts to this: You enter someone's home and when you put away your coat, you leave your self-importance with it. Your reputation as a celebrity simply doesn't exist, and the main thing is: Are you a decent individual or are you a stuffed shirt?

Stopping off at Brisbane on the way back, we met General MacArthur. The appointment was set for 5 P.M. and at precisely that hour, in walked the general wearing a very distinctive-looking uniform. For a moment I didn't recognize him without a hat. His hair was carefully slicked down. He greeted us and then went over and sat down with three girls on the sofa. He grinned at Jack and me. "Prerogative of a general," he said.

He gave us an exposition on the Pacific war. The general is quite a showman, and his talk would have wowed any lecture audience. He has a dramatic style of speaking and is given to rather sonorous phrases.

"The poorest solution to any problem is war," he said at one point, which, though true enough, sounded odd coming from a man who would be out of a job the moment that thought was universally accepted.

He discussed the contribution made by other performers in the Pacific area and especially praised the work of Ray Bolger, Joe E. Brown and Lansing Hatfield.

"The awful thing about this war," he said seriously, "is that it destroys the youth of a generation. Three years in New Guinea can make a boy of twenty-two become a man of fifty. It doesn't show in his face but he's old inside. And the contribution you performers make is to bring a contact from home to men who have grown to forget what home is like."

### Something to Write Home

Parenthetically, I should like to say that I have seen for myself the truth of that observation. It seems to me that our most important service is to give the men something to write home about. With military matters censored, and with the nonmilitary life pretty monotonous, a man can quickly run out of subject matter. But a show gives him new impetus.

And the more homelike the performer is, the better the men will like him. Our show, for example, was stolen right from under our noses by our accompanist, little June Bruner. June didn't do anything special—she just played the piano for us. June wasn't a glamor gal; she looked very average, very like any girl you might happen to know back home. And that was June's especial asset. Because she put on no dog, the men warmed to her, demanded her so imperiously that we put June in the middle of the show as a soloist. And I guarantee you that none of us ever got the reception that the boys gave to talented, unassuming June Bruner.

On the way back home we had a chance to visit a cemetery at Bougainville. There, white and colored troops lie side by side. In death, at least, there is no discrimination. I have heard that when colored and white troops fight in the front line together, prejudices seem to disappear. It is pretty obvious that nothing is more democratic than a bullet.

THE END

*Payment for this story was donated to the New York chapter of the American Red Cross at request of the author.*

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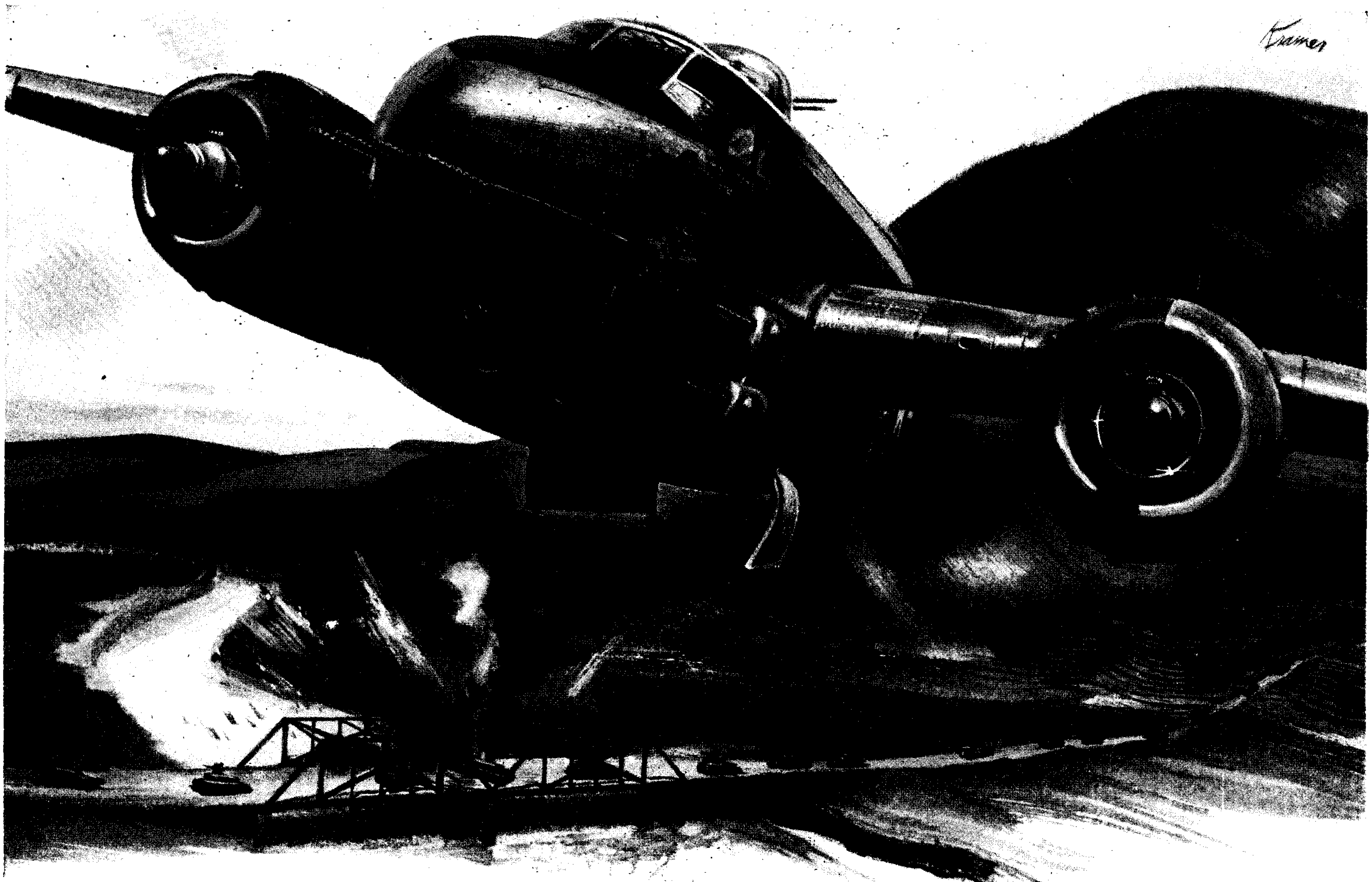

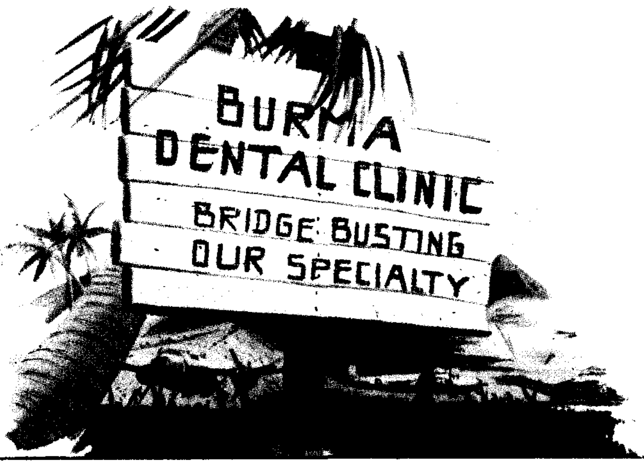

Old "99" was right down on the river lining up for the piers when over the intercom the waist gunner says: "Take her up a bit, Captain, we're shipping water back here." That, mister, is really low-level bombing. And that, too, is how the Skull and Wing Squadron deliver their Sunday punches against the bridges in Burma. In fact, their "bridge work" has been so effective that they are known from Lashio to Rangoon as the Burma Dental Clinic. Flying North American B-25 Mitchell bombers, these pilots have boxed the compass in Burma, distributing tokens for Tojo and turning hot spots into milk runs.

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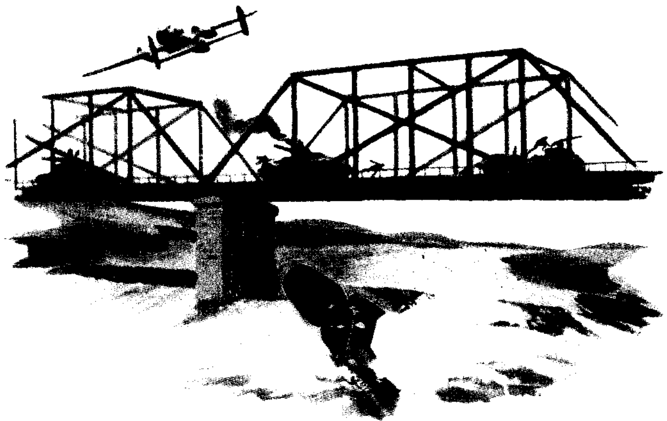

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# North American Aviation *Sets the Pace*

**PLANES THAT MAKE HEADLINES**...*the P-51 Mustang fighter (A-36 fighter-bomber), B-25 and PBJ Mitchell bomber, the AT-6 and SNJ Texan combat trainer. North American Aviation, Inc. Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.*

# Ole Miss' Strikes It Rich

Continued from page 23

jeans and wondered. None of them had believed there was oil under their land when it had been leased at ten and twenty cents an acre years before; even now, with it bubbling up right before them, one of them said, "Well, that's oil sho nuf, but Ah allow thet don't prove hit's under my land."

But the lid was off. The oil was south and east. Oilmen raced into southeastern Mississippi. As fast as they could scare up the rigs, other drilling operations started. Heavy winch trucks bogged down in mud, lease men got out and slogged up country lanes on foot hunting landowners.

All kinds of things began to happen. Oilmen stood five deep under the sagging sidewalk awnings. A fellow named W. O. Mason came in from Bay Springs, opened up a barbershop and hung out a sign: Baths—thirty-five cents unless you're dirtier than that. Two young Mississippians named Evon Ford and John Clark from Smith County got in on twelve wells by loading a car with $10,000 cash and pulling farmers in off the street. Then while one offered a farmer cash for his royalty, the other phoned a companion in the courthouse who gave the man's title the once-over. If it looked clear, they bought it. Roustabouts and riggers pestered farmers for miles around for beds. The population swelled. The Bay Springs bank established a Heidelberg branch to handle the accounts of oil-rich farmers.

However, aside from the derricks (which are everywhere you look, even though the government has spaced them one to every forty acres in order to increase the ultimate oil recovery), there has been little physical change in Heidelberg. There is no movie, no dance hall, and, in dry Mississippi, no saloon, a situation circumvented with "white lightning," local moonshine. Cows still wander about, hound dogs dawdle in the sun, and the natives "jest stedy the sitchiashun a bit."

The big change is in people's pocketbooks—money. For the first time in their lives they all have it. Local stores are selling everything they have in stock, and it is not unusual for them to have a $100 bill proffered in payment for some relatively small purchase. The red-necks have a distinct distaste for checks, and few of them have quit their hogs and cotton. Oilmen tell of one fellow who had leased only a part of his land. He was approached by an oilman who offered to lease his remaining forty acres for $250 an acre. The red-neck said, "Ah figure hit's worth a bit more but Ah cain't stop to talk now or I'll be late for work. Ah'm makin' five dollahs a day unloadin' pipe."

## Big Money in the Making

One of the men who will probably end up a millionaire as a result of the discovery of oil is chubby B. C. Burns who runs just about everything there is in Heidelberg to run, namely, a cotton gin, a general store, a cement agency and a trucking firm. Burns came to Heidelberg sixteen years ago fresh from the University of Alabama's school of commerce. He came, say some of the older natives in a marveling tone, "so pore he was without a change of clothes and got his store rent free for the first year." By hard work and good management, he managed to build up a profitable business—and put the profits back into land. He now owns 700 acres and two good wells, and has an interest in four others.

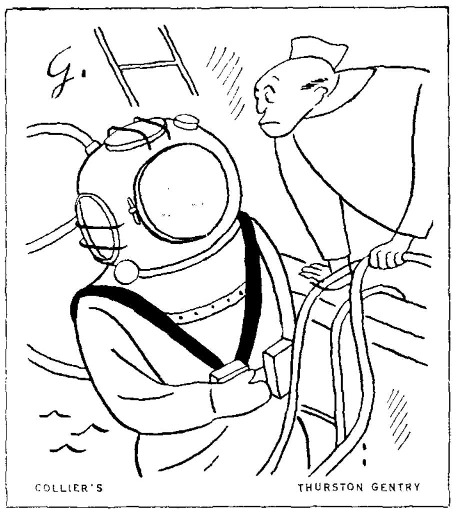
"I sold only six acres out of each forty on my two wells at $25 an acre to hedge a little against a dry hole," he says. But he held out entirely on the land on which his store is located. With wells on all sides of it, he's asking $3,500 an acre for drilling rights and he'll probably get it. But Burns and his wife, who have one son in the University of Alabama and another in Heidelberg High, continue to work in their store.

But the king-size good-luck story of Heidelberg is Harry Eddy, a big, slow-footed whittler with a downhill gait, whose cup overfloweth with ironic amusement at his new wealth. He owns 1,805 acres in Wayne, Jones, Jasper and Clark counties, with seven wells and more to come.

He was fired as a rural mail carrier four years ago, he says, because a local political clique wanted the job for a supporter.

"Ah know who did it and why they did it. When Ah walked out that last night Ah was flat broke. Everybody knew it. They'd see me comin' and they'd say, 'There he is, that big, no-account, worthless Harry Eddy, out of a job and so pore he ain't got a dime,' and they'd jest look away and never even see me. There's some standin' within spittin' distance that was like that, but Ah'm not goin' to spit jest because Ah got a little more money than them now. Instead, right up there"—he waved at a corner—"Ah'm goin' to build me a nice five-story hotel. Hit'll be the biggest building in town. Ah doan' need it. Ah doan' want it. Ah'm not gonna run it. But Ah'm gonna build it and put my name on it in lights just to make 'em look at it every time they set foot outdoors."

What Harry did when he left the U.S. mail system was to go out and borrow $250. With that he set up a small sawmill and began cutting timber. A year later he got a $10,000 advance from a lumber company to begin larger operations. Within a year he had sold his sawmill for $25,000—" 'n' the thing wasn't worth more'n ten."



In Heidelberg, Harry is frankly acclaimed as the luckiest man in the world, and Harry himself likes to give the disarming impression that he is just about the laziest, dog-crazy man in the world. "Ah celebrated my fourth anniversary o' being fired the other day," he says, squinting at his shavings. "Ah went squirrel huntin' in the mornin', 'n' coon huntin' in the afternoon, 'n' fox huntin' that night."

Yet he has a great native, horse-trading shrewdness, taught school for several years, served four years in the Navy, and has seen most of the world. He could probably give the fast boys an awful run. He wouldn't buy a farmer's timber when he was a sawmill operator unless he got the land and mineral rights with it. And he wouldn't bother with it unless the title was clear. That gave him a flying jump into the oil business.

Harry is also a headache. Besides being the symbol of profitable shiftlessness, he likes to do things to upset some of the more conventional folks. He has already given several of his wells away to his sisters. He bought a small truck in which he follows his dogs across the fields when fox hunting. He loaned money to folks the bank was squeamish about—and got it back.

"Now everybody is runnin' to me," he drawls, "with get-rich-quick schemes, 'n' Ah tell 'em all: 'Brother, you're too late. Ah'm already rich. You need it more than me. Do it yourself and git rich, too.' "

As everywhere else in southeastern Mississippi, quite a few Negroes in Heidelberg have made money from oil, though none of them have holdings comparable to Pink Morrison's or Harry Eddy's. John Morgan, who has been raising cotton all his life, has several wells on his farm, which oilmen describe as among the best in the Heidelberg field.

But one old and stooped colored woman who raised her own ten children and was, she told us, "the black mammy" to a half dozen white children, has had just about everything, good and bad, happen to her that can happen to a Negro with oil in Mississippi. She is Mrs. Effie Husband, who owns three excellent producers.

Originally the Husbands had 140 acres, but in 1916 Mr. Husband, mortally ill, sold it to T. M. Heidelberg, a local storekeeper, to clear up his debts before he died. Mr. Heidelberg sold back to Mrs. Husband some eighty acres.

"Ah remember," she says, "Ah went to his store about hit, and he made out the deed. He put my name down and then he said, 'Should Ah put the boys' names down, too?' Ah said, 'Yes, maybe hit will make them work harder ef they see they have something to work for.' We worked hard, so hard hit didn't seem right sometimes. The land is so pore. Hit took us ten yeahs to get that fifteen hundred dollahs paid off. Ah remember we were jest twenty-two dollahs short on the last payment, and William, my oldest boy, he went down the road and borrowed hit from a white man so's we could get quit of the mortgage."

Even with the land paid for, life for the Husbands was little better. "Wasn't hardly enough to keep us eatin'," said Mrs. Husband. Finally her son William went north to work in a defense factory, later to California to help make airplanes. Then suddenly oil burst upon the Heidelberg scene. To the Husbands it made little difference. They did not know what it meant.

## When Ignorance Was Not Bliss

"It seems," says Mrs. Husband, "we just didn't know a thing." One day Mrs. Husband accepted $100 from a strange white man for a third of her royalty. A few days later, her son Norman, to whom she had given some land, accepted $280 for a third of his royalties. Not until a sister got $5,000 for a similar share did they realize the value of the rights.

Yet Mrs. Husband is not bitter about it. She is a woman who has come a long way on a long road and knows there is still quite a stretch ahead. She built Heidelberg's first school for Negro children by selling coffee and cake to teamsters on cotton wagon trains as they passed her home. She says, simply, "God made the flowers and God made people, too. People are like flowers, Ah always think. They are all different colors. But they are all alike and they are all brothers. God made all of us, people and flowers."

She lives comfortably in a little white cottage and works endlessly on quilts for her 74 grandchildren, her 28 great-grandchildren, her only great-great-grandchild.

There is an old axiom among oilmen that wherever there's "mud, bad roads and bad titles," there's oil. Mississippi fulfills all these qualifications, and Heidelberg wins special honors in the matter of unclear titles. Oilmen told us fifty per cent of the land titles in the field are tied up in lawsuits. The chief cause of all this legal snarling seems to have been the general poverty of the land. Land would sometimes be sold and the deed never recorded, because nobody else wanted it. In many cases the boundaries are vague, often identified by things, like "the old white post," which have long since disappeared.

On our way out of Mississippi, we walked into the bus station in Prentiss, in Jeff Davis County.

"Quick," called out the ticket seller, "a well just came in and Mr. Reggie Dale says he is going to shout it from the courthouse roof."

We chased and caught Mr. Dale, who, with 1,400 acres of land, was fairly busting with the good news. He wasn't ready to climb the courthouse until the well was officially "completed."

"But I'm going to do it when it's official," he said. "I've waited twenty years for this, and, another thing, I'm going to get a can of that fresh oil and pour it all over my banker's bald head. He always said I was crazy."

THE END

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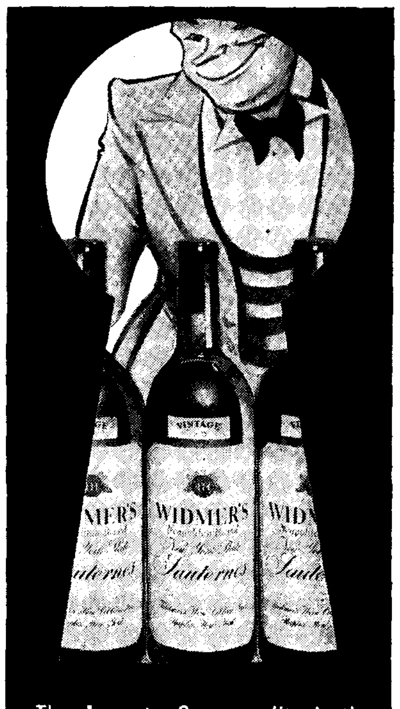
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| 3 | **Insure regular elimination.** | Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people. |
| 4 | **Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.** | Fresh lemon drinks are favorites. |
| 5 | **Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.** | Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed. |

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California Sunkist Lemons

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

# White Carnations

Continued from page 19

Aunt Ellen sneezed. "That's better. Now, Angela, let's have dinner. I'm hungry."

The birthday dinner was certainly a dismal affair. No one paid any attention to Angela, who tried bravely to be charming: Philip Forrest, unattractively drunk by now, ate in an apathetic stupor; the two Bartrams quacked at each other and Aunt Ellen complained.

Trant, almost sure that one of these people seated around the table was a murderer, was frankly puzzled. His work had given him a grudging admiration for murderers—especially those imaginative enough to send their victims flowers. He found nothing to admire in his fellow guests.

At length they all returned to the living room. The maid had put a tray with coffee, liqueur glasses and a bottle of peach brandy on a table by the fire, and Angela was offering liqueurs when Cousin Philip roused himself sufficiently to mutter:

"Hey, wait a minute. I got a present for Angy. In my coat. Angy's birthday."

He weaved out to the hall and returned with a bottle of brandy. "Real brandy," he announced. "Much better than that peach stuff." He broke the seal, spilled some of the liquid into a glass and gulped it down. "Happy birthday, Angy." He splashed some into a second glass and handed it to Angela.

Angela, smiling a strained smile, thanked him and put the glass down on a little table at her side while she poured peach brandy for the Bartrams and Trant. Philip flourished the bottle at Aunt Ellen.

"How 'bout a snorter of Angy's present, Auntie?"

"Philip, you're drunk." Aunt Ellen's eyes snapped. "Angela, why on earth do you have those white carnations? You know I hate them. All those cups Lucia won for them cluttering up my dining-room closet. I'm cold. Get my wrap. It's on top of my suitcase."

Trant rose. "I'll get the wrap, Miss Forrest."

As he returned downstairs with the wrap, he saw Angela with the two Bartrams in the hall. Her cousins were scrambling into their coats, quacking about being late for their chemical lecture.

"Nice party." The female twin pecked at Angela's cheek. "Back around eleven thirty. Don't wait up. Is there a key?"

Angela gave her one, and the twins hurried out, slamming the front door behind them.

Angela made a helpless gesture at Trant. "I'm rather ashamed to have asked you."

He grinned. "I didn't come to be entertained, you know."

"I know." Her lovely face was pale. "But all this . . . it's so dismal and ordinary. They always act just this way. I'm beginning to believe I must have been imagining things and that . . ."

"The white carnations aren't sinister?"

She shivered. "What do you think?"

"I'm not thinking yet," said Trant. "I'm just watching and waiting."

BACK in the living room, Trant put the wrap around Miss Forrest's plump shoulders. Philip, surly now, stirred in his chair.

"For heaven's sake, can't anyone be amusing? Angy, drink. You haven't touched your present."

He made a grab at the brandy bottle and poured some more for himself. Angela reached for her liqueur, smiled at her cousin and tilted the glass to her lips. She was just about to drink when her forehead crinkled in a puzzled frown and she lowered the glass.

Instantly Trant said: "Angela, I think you've got my drink. This is yours."

He passed her his glass and took hers from her cold fingers. Unobtrusively he lifted the glass to his nostrils. He realized then what had made Angela pause.

He was excited now. At last the party was becoming really—unorthodox. With a pretense of casualness he mentioned a forgotten phone call and asked Angela to show him the telephone. Still holding his glass of peach brandy, she led him through the dining room into a small, linoleum-floored pantry.

"Why did you change drinks?" she asked tensely. "I didn't have yours. That was mine. I know, because I left it on that table."

His eyes grim, Trant asked: "You started to drink and then didn't. Why?"

"Because . . . because the drink smelled like peach brandy and yet I saw Philip pour *it out of his bottle of straight brandy. I* was puzzled. I thought perhaps . . ."

Trant cut in: "Smell the glass you have in your hand. That's my drink. That's real peach brandy."

Uncertainly she sniffed at the glass.

"Okay." Trant took the glass and handed her the other glass that had been hers. "What does this one smell like?"

"Sort—sort of like the peach brandy."

"Sort of like. What else does it smell like?"

"I suppose it's more like . . ." She broke off, a look of horror slowly creeping into her eyes. "It's more like almonds."

"Exactly. Almonds. Bitter almonds."

"Prussic acid." Angela took a step toward him, and the glass dropped from her limp fingers, breaking against the linoleum. "Then . . . then it happened!"

"Smart," muttered Trant. "Poisoning peach brandy with prussic acid. If Cousin Philip hadn't brought that straight brandy, it would have been foolproof. You'd have drunk it. You'd never have noticed the smell."

NOW that the danger had come, Angela Forrest's control had deserted her. She stood there, swaying slightly, her eyes fixed on Trant's face. "But who . . . ?"

Trant scowled. "That's what makes me mad. I was upstairs getting the wrap. Did you leave the living room ahead of the Bartrams or with them?"

"With them, but . . . but they forgot to say good night to Aunt Ellen. They went back."

"Then any of them could have done it. Any of them."

"What—what are we going to do?"

"The Bartrams get back at eleven thirty. We won't do a thing until then." Trant was very alert now. "Listen, I don't want your cousin and your aunt suspicious. You go back. I'll join you in a minute. And for heaven's sake don't drink anything."

She hesitated, watching him desperately. Then, without a word, she left.

Alone, Trant stared down at the linoleum. A little pool of liquid had collected around the broken glass. He stooped, sopped the liquid up in his handkerchief, put the handkerchief into a Mason jar he found on the pantry shelf and slipped out into the kitchen. There was no sign of the decrepit maid, who had presumably left for the night. Trant moved out of the kitchen, across the yard to the alley at the back of the house. His plainclothes man was waiting. Trant gave him the jar, telling him to rush it to the laboratory for immediate analysis and to return.

Trant went back to the living room. From the scene that confronted him it was almost incredible that, only a few moments before, a cold-blooded and subtle attempt should have been made to murder Angela. Philip, half asleep, was slumped at one side of the fire. Aunt Ellen was lost in a game of solitaire. Angela, white with haunted eyes, sat alone on the sofa.

Trant joined her. For what seemed like an interminable period the birthday party marked time, and during that period a very unorthodox thought started to formulate in Lieutenant Trant's mind—a thought that brought a tingle of astonished fascination.

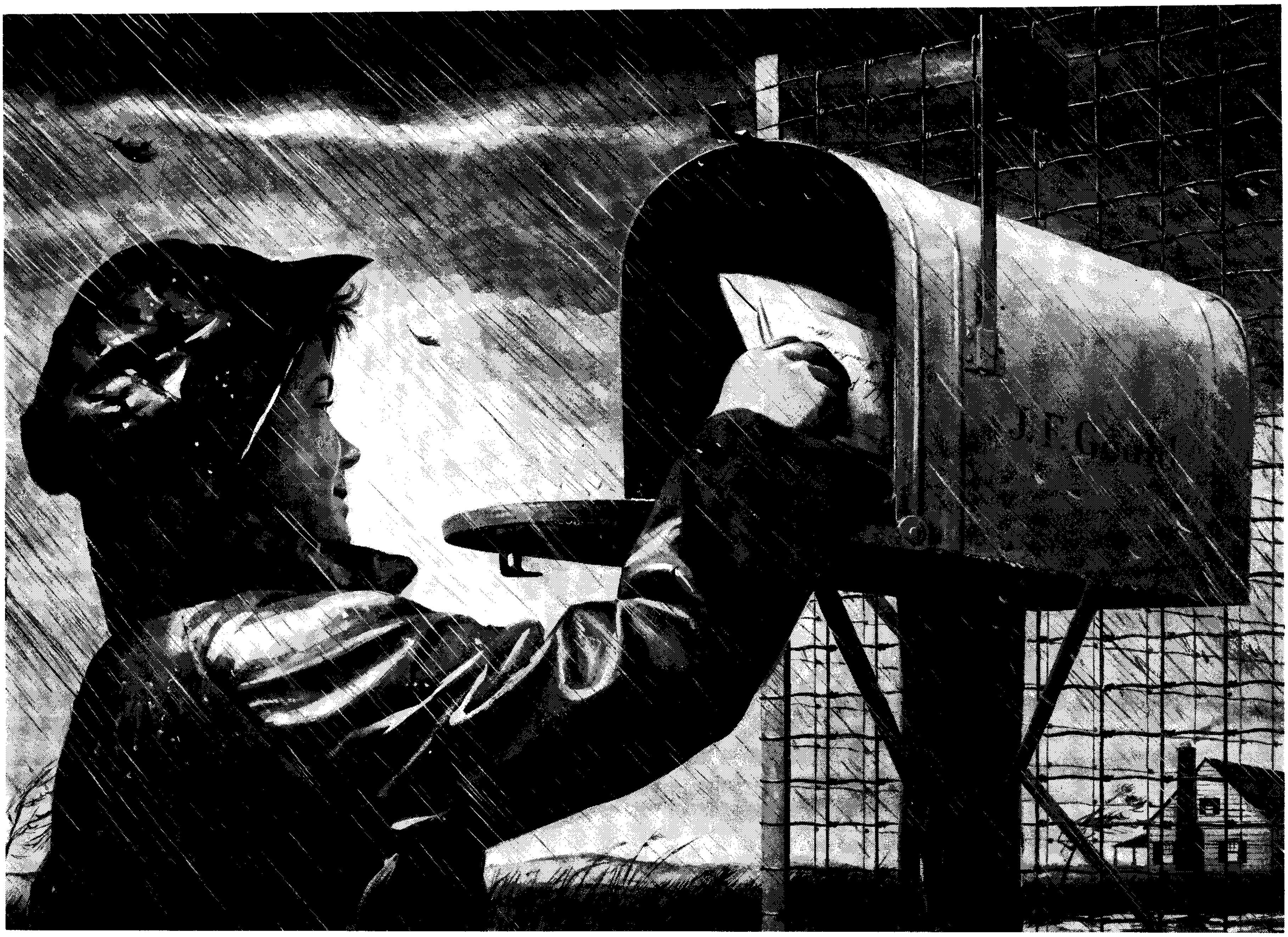
Promptly at ten Aunt Ellen put her cards away and rose. "I'm going to bed," she informed everyone, then wrinkled her nose at Philip, who seemed to be completely asleep now. "Better get him to bed, too, Angela. Liquor. Disgusting." Like the female Bartram she pecked at Angela's cheek. "Good night, Mr. . . er . . . er. Good night, Angela. Nice party."

After her aunt had gone Angela looked from the sleeping Philip to Trant.

Trant said: "I'll soon cope with Cousin Philip. Which is his room?"

Angela told him, and Trant shook Philip sufficiently awake to guide him upstairs and flop him onto the bed in his room where he promptly started to snore.

Locking the bedroom door and pocketing



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the key. Trant came downstairs again. Angela was waiting anxiously in the hall.

"The Bartrams won't be back for an hour and a half. What are we going to do?"

Lieutenant Trant smiled at her. "You. Miss Forrest, are going to bed."

"To bed?"

"You're not going to wait up for the Bartrams. You're going to your room and you're going to stay in it with the door locked until morning."

"But you said you were going to try to find out who . . ."

"I think I have found out." He smiled again. "And don't worry. Unless I'm very much mistaken, there won't be any more murders in the Forrest family tonight."

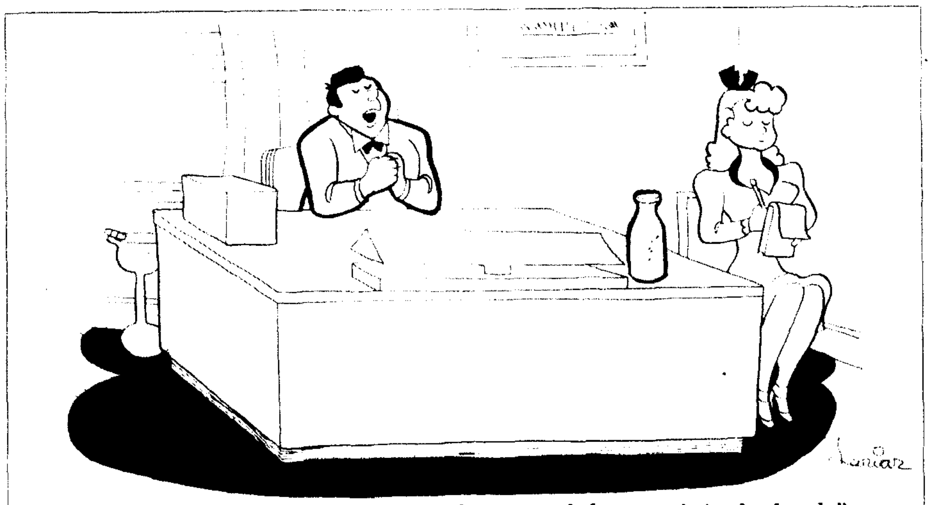
Angela stared. "You don't mean . . ."

Trant put his hand on her smooth white arm. "Do what I say, promise. For the sake of the Princeton prom and the white dress with very little back. Tomorrow I'll be here early and I think I'll be able to explain everything. You'll understand then."

He leaned forward and pecked at her cheek in imitation of Aunt Ellen.

"Nice party," he said. "That seems to be the popular description of it. Goodby until tomorrow. . . ."

After instructing his plain-clothes man to keep the house under close observation, Lieutenant Trant returned to police headquarters and called Cadbury to inform the astonished inspector that, if he came into town early tomorrow morning, he would be able to arrest Mrs. Dean's murderer.



"'No milk tomorrow.' Just sign it for me and then put it in the bottle"

COLLIER'S LAWRENCE LARIAR

Having left Cadbury spluttering he called the police laboratory for the analyst's report on the brandy-soaked handkerchief.

"Hi, Trant." The analyst's voice was sardonic. "Funny brandy on that handkerchief. Couldn't have tasted very nice."

"So I imagine," said Trant.

The analyst chuckled. "Guess I know what you've been expecting. Nice little lethal dose of prussic acid, eh? Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you. There is an alien liquid in that brandy but it's only . . ."

"Oil of bitter almonds?" asked Trant.

The analyst snorted. "Darn you, Trant. What's the point of analyzing anything for you? You always know the right answer before the report gets back to you."

He rang off.

For a moment Trant sat at his desk, a faint smile playing around his mouth. The room was dark and dimly lighted. A sudden scuffling made him lift his eyes. A small mouse sat in the corner watching him with beady eyes and twitching nose. Lieutenant Trant stared back at the mouse. As he did so, the color faded from his cheeks and a look of acute anxiety darkened his face.

"The catnip mouse," he exclaimed. "Good Lord, the catnip mouse."

He leaped from his desk, sending the mouse scurrying to safety. He ran downstairs, jumped into a police car and started to drive recklessly toward Angela Forrest's house.

He was in danger of having made the most tragic blunder of his career.

He parked the car one block away and hurried to the mouth of the alley where his plain-clothes man was waiting. He gripped the man's arm. "Has anyone gone into that house since I left?"

"Yeah, Lieutenant, the couple of redheads. Came back about half an hour ago."

"Half an hour ago," moaned Trant.

He swung around, peering at the back of the house. In the shadows he managed to locate Angela's bedroom window and turned swiftly to his man. "Listen, Kelly," he said, "I've got to get into that third window upstairs, and I've got to get there quick."

"Easy, sir. I looked the place over pretty good by daylight. There's a bay window on the dining room and, right above it, a drain pipe." He grinned. "Seen you tackle worse than that in your time, sir."

THE two men slipped into the back yard. Kelly was right. In less than a minute, Trant had swung himself onto the roof of the bay window and had swarmed noiselessly up the short stretch of pipe to the open window of Angela's room.

Holding his breath, he slid through into the deep darkness of the room. Still as stone, he listened. Heavy, stertorous breathing came from the bed. At the sound of it, relief flooded through him.

He wasn't too late.

He stole toward the bed. In the darkness he could just make out the head of the sleeping figure. Something gleamed white on the table at the bedside. He touched it. A glass. He picked it up and saw that it was half full of milk. Tilting it, he let some of the liquid fall on his tongue. The faintly tart taste confirmed his worst suspicions.

The milk was doped.

He remembered the layout of the room. Silently he moved past the unlighted gas heater to the clothes closet and sneaked inside. As he waited in the darkness, he could feel the irregular pounding of the pulses in his wrists.

The luminous dial of his watch told him it was half an hour later when he heard the footsteps in the passage outside. They paused in front of the door. Then Trant heard the squeak of a key turning cautiously in the lock. The door made a tiny groan as it opened. The muffled footsteps were in the room now.

In a second Trant heard the first sound he had been waiting for—the throb of the window being stealthily shut. The tension was almost unendurable as he waited for the second, the much more sinister sound.

And, as he crouched in the darkness against the faintly perfumed dresses, that second sound came.

The sharp hiss of gas escaping from the unlighted heater.

This was the moment. Silently he slipped from the closet to the door and stood with his back to it. The gas hissed evily in the darkness. He could dimly make out a figure moving from the heater, the figure who had broken into the room, turned on the gas—and had not lighted it.

He felt for the wall switch and snapped it down. As the room sprang into light there was a little scream. Trant moved his eyes from the figure of Aunt Ellen sleeping her drugged sleep in the bed to the other figure, the figure which stood transfixed between the bed and the gas heater.

It was the figure of Angela Forrest.

She had changed her white evening dress for a dark suit. She stared at him blindly.

Quietly he said: "Catching the murderer red-handed I believe is the recognized cliché." He paused. "Since it will be difficult to asphyxiate Aunt Ellen without asphyxiating you and me, too, I think, with your permission, I'll turn off the gas."

Angela Forrest, her dark hair tumbled around her chalk-white face, did not speak. He crossed to the heater, turned off the gas and moved back to the door.

His voice almost self-deprecatory, Trant said: "Extremely stupid of me to say there'd be no more murders tonight. You see I made a great mistake. I overlooked the catnip mouse."

He continued to watch her. "I didn't realize until a few minutes ago that you'd put the catnip mouse in the spare room to lure the cat in there so that Aunt Ellen with her allergy would insist on changing rooms with you. Tomorrow, of course, poor Aunt Ellen was going to be found asphyxiated by gas in your bed. Since no one in the family knew you'd switched rooms, everyone would believe she'd been murdered in mistake for you."

He paused. "When I heard from my man outside that the Bartrams had come back, I was terrified because I saw you wouldn't kill Aunt Ellen until they were here to be suspects. But . . . well . . . I did arrive in time, didn't I?"

Angela's tongue flickered between her lips.

Rather sadly Trant continued: "When I left tonight, I'd realized that you faked that poison attempt yourself. Too bad you dropped the glass on linoleum instead of on the carpet. Otherwise I'd have had difficulty in having that 'prussic acid' analyzed and discovering it was only harmless oil of bitter almonds. Yes, I saw then that you were clever but I underestimated your cleverness. You were the poor little frightened girl. I was the big strong policeman who was to save you from being murdered. Turning a policeman into your knight in shining armor before you even committed the murder—that was brilliantly unorthodox, Miss Forrest."

Still she did not speak. As he studied her, there was an expression of grudging admiration in his eyes. "You had me summed up so well. You knew exactly the sort of story that would intrigue me. Eerie white carnations arriving anonymously on birthdays to spell doom. Frankly, I fell for it until Aunt Ellen let slip that Mrs. Dean grew white carnations for flower shows. It was obvious to me then that white carnations were the most likely of all flowers to find in Mrs. Dean's house and her brother's apartment."

ANGELA FORREST had clenched her hands into fists.

Trant murmured: "You probably didn't murder Colonel Forrest. But the extra share of the trust fund that came to you on his suicide was pleasant and it gave you the idea of removing Mrs. Dean, too. That was meant to be an accident but recently I suppose you got wind of the fact that Inspector Cadbury suspected murder." He shrugged. "Hence tonight's little exhibition. An ingenious scheme for proving your innocence and liquidating Aunt Ellen at the same time."

His smile was apologetic. "Excuse my inquisitiveness, but there's one thing I still don't quite understand. Why did you do it? Kill another aunt, buy a new hat? Was that the idea?"

Angela's eyes were blazing now. In a sudden, shrill voice she almost screamed:

"It was my money. It was always my money. It belonged to *my* father. It was wicked. The others had no right to it."

"Oh, dear!" Lieutenant Trant gave a sigh. "What a stereotyped motive. I was hoping for something a little less run-of-the-mill."

It was several days after Angela Forrest's arrest that Lieutenant Trant found the wilted carnation hidden under some papers on his desk. Almost with reverence he picked it up and put it away in a drawer.

"For my memory book," he murmured.

THE END

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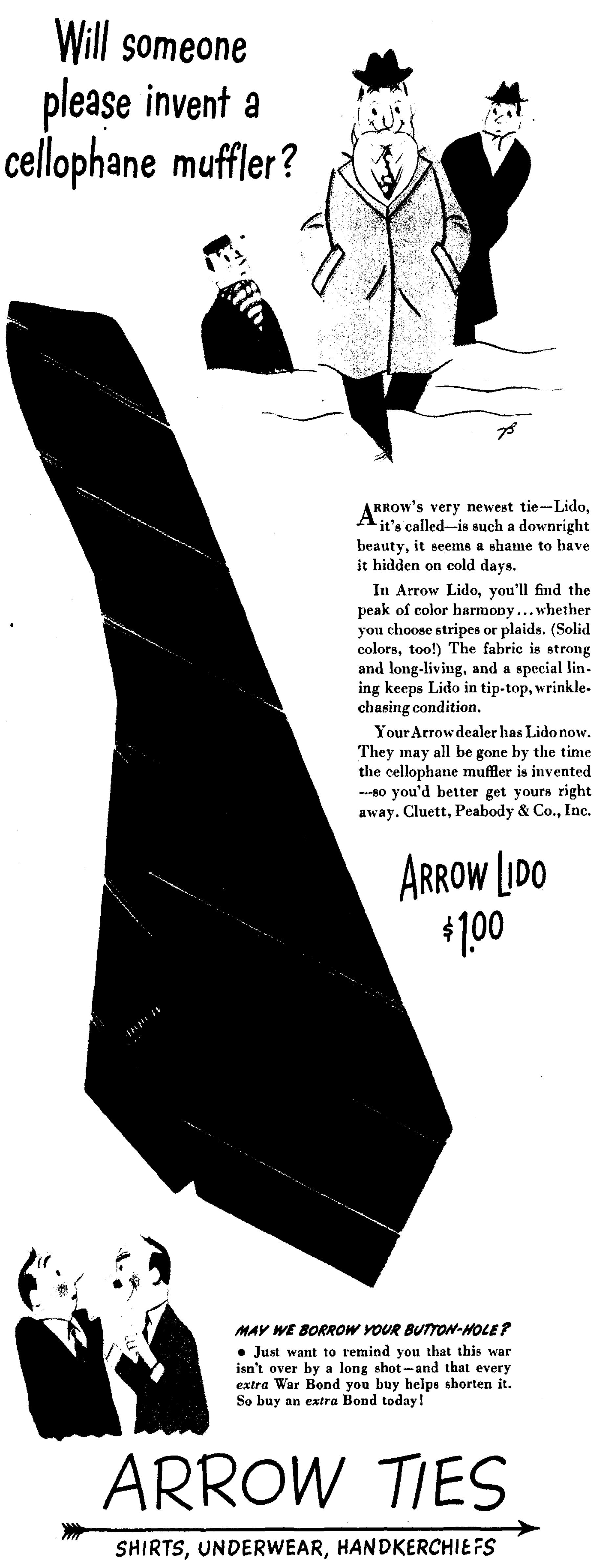

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## The Whistlepig

Continued from page 24

they were mind readers, but there was no sign of life around the burrows where I had seen the whistlepigs time after time when I had no gun along.

Although they will climb trees, sometimes to feed on blossoms or fruit and sometimes just for the fun of it, groundhogs stick pretty much to the ground, and it is there they are hunted in the best gunning months of July, August and September.

When the groundhog is used as food, the scent sacs just within the vent must be removed early. These sacs are opened when the groundhog is angry (which is half the time, because he is an unsociable animal) or frightened and give off a pronounced characteristic odor. This scent also is used as a means of communication among groundhogs, providing an odorous greeting. After the sacs are removed and the animal is skinned, it is cut up in pieces, soaked in a vinegar and salt brine overnight, and cooked or fried the following day. Made thus, as Pennsylvania Dutch housewives prepare it, groundhog has little "wild taste" and is quite palatable.

Digging them from their burrows (barred in most states now) is a formidable undertaking. I have dug out a few, and the uncovered animal is a vicious fighter with slashing teeth, capable of severely injuring a dog before it is subdued. Sometimes, when injured, it will charge a hunter with chattering teeth, and I knew one gunner who made the mistake of reaching down a groundhog hole for what he thought was a dead animal. The woodchuck locked its keen incisor teeth in his hand and hung on. He hauled hand and 'chuck out, his dog grabbed the groundhog and, together, the dog and man had to kill the animal before it would let go. The hunter's hand still carries a long, deep gash as a battle scar.

If you dug down to one in winter, you would find a curious sight. In a nest carelessly lined with grass or leaves, the woodchuck sleeps the winter away. He is curled up into a ball with the head far under the body between the hind legs. Prod him, poke him, he won't stir. His breathing can't be detected without instruments. The heartbeat is faint. His body temperature often is below that of the air. He's dead to the world, but still alive.

When the snow starts to melt in spring, the warm airs finger their way into the burrow and touch the slumbering groundhog into life. He uncurls and stretches like a dog. He walks a few steps and falls down, gets up and tries it again. He is half blind, but a few hours outside the burrow in the sun removes the film from his eyes and the torpor from his legs.

### Antisocial and Fancy-Free

It's March or early April, and both he and his neighbors are awake for the summer. He pays little attention to the other groundhogs, but munches bark and early greens with surly deliberation. Love is a fleeting fancy for him; he mates with one of his neighbors and, in most cases, considers siring a litter of three to seven young as completing his paternal duties. Once in a while, a male 'chuck will stay a short time with the young which are born in late April.

He is scarcely aware of his offspring as they grow rapidly to maturity in the late spring and summer months. He is more concerned with enlarging the burrow he used for hibernation or in digging a new one—and in feeding. His appetite for digging is equaled by his appetite for food.

He can dig his way out of sight in loose gravelly soil in five minutes, going at it head, tooth and nail. If possible, he will start the main entrance to his burrow under a tree root because another good digger, the red fox, likes groundhog meat but is quickly discouraged from digging one out if he must get around a tree root. The woodchuck seems to know this instinctively and slashes through a root with his teeth to start his burrow.

He goes down headfirst, loosening the soil with the strong black claws on his forefeet and heaving it out to the surface with his back feet. Rocks a couple of pounds in weight are pushed out by his head. Nature has provided him with a thick skull for this purpose.

When down far enough, he strikes out laterally, digging yard after yard of burrow with blind pockets and dens off to the sides. Then he will come to the surface again with one or more "safety" holes, the "This Way in Case of Fire or Other Danger" entrances or exits. There is no rubble around these as there is about the big plunge-hole entrance. These are concealed, as I know from stepping thigh-deep into them in tall grass. These are the holes that break the legs of horses and cows.

The plunge hole is wide at the top, but narrows rapidly, so that a foot down, it just fits the woodchuck's body. When alarmed, he dives for this entrance and slides down the tight corset of earth to safety. He has no particular enemies except men and foxes, but he must get away from these in a hurry. A groundhog hole can be told from a skunk or other burrow by the fresh rubble always around it. He is forever working on his subterranean home.

### No Rationing for Mr. 'Chuck

He eats and loafs the summer months through. He can consume half a ton of alfalfa in a summer, which doesn't make the farmer love him. He dotes on plantain leaves, on wild cherry blossoms and fruit, on clover, oats, wheat, corn; almost any vegetables or melons, strawberries and apples. Once in a while he will eat young birds and a few insects, but his diet is mainly vegetable. Last summer a woodchuck stole some cheese from beside our tent in the mountains, indicating an increasingly catholic taste in food.

As summer wears on, he becomes warier and sticks to his runways, which are another telltale sign around woodchuck holes. They lead from his den to his dining tables, well-worn paths. He scarcely knows his own children now—they are almost as big as he is. Some may depart from his reddish-gray color and become nearly black in a melanistic phase. Albinos are rare. The young are digging their own burrows, and he avoids them as he avoids everything.

With the arrival of fall, a strange laziness comes upon him. He has gorged until at times he scarcely can waddle. Since he lives on green things, he does the sensible thing with the arrival of winter. He goes to sleep. No one knows exactly what causes this hibernation, but the fat on his body is closely connected with it. He burns up several pounds of it during hibernation.

Long before the other hibernators go to sleep, he is in his den, curled up into a snug ball of fur. And while he sleeps, almost all the other animals of the woods use his burrow; the skunks, the rabbits, the weasels, wounded pheasants, even house cats move in.

He doesn't care whether the whole population of the woods occupies his summer burrows or the one in which he is hibernating. He won't stir again until warm weather arrives.

However (and here we leave scientific fact for legend) on February 2nd, common superstition has it, he awakens and grumpily goes to the surface. He has a duty to perform for the human race. He must predict the weather.

He walks outside at exactly eleven o'clock, says the legend. If the sun is shining, and he sees his shadow, he goes right back to sleep because six more weeks of bad weather are ahead. If, however, he doesn't see his shadow on Groundhog Day, winter is broken and mild weather is in store; therefore, he ends his winter's nap and looks around for something to eat.

This would make him the world's champion long-range weather forecaster. Unfortunately, he's more often wrong than right. And why not? He'd have to be pretty smart to score high with a snap decision on the weather immediately after awakening from a five-month nap.

THE END

## Bastogne!

Continued from page 17

the other. At first they did not attempt any sustained pressure which might well have crumpled the Old Crock's thin circle, but eventually they realized they could push no farther until Bastogne fell, because the main roads westward ran through it.

So, on December 20th, the German flood had swept around Bastogne, and strong forces attacked twice with tanks, half-tracks and infantry. It was a bitter fight to hurl them back, but it was done. That day alone the Americans knocked out forty enemy vehicles.

Paul Danahy said, "We didn't fully realize that we were completely surrounded and cut off from the outside until December 21st. Then we knew the Krauts were round us in strength on the northeast, the east, and the southeast, with the balance of our perimeter lightly contained."

That night the Germans penetrated the perimeter and organized defenses behind the McAuliffe lines. The Airborne boys, supported by armored elements, discovered this in the morning however, and the Krauts were ousted. It was a short, bloody fight, but the Germans gave way. It cost the lives of some of those who might have played in the Champagne Bowl.

On December 22d, there were three heavy counterattacks. The Germans failed again, but they kept on trying and they increased the pressure. Slowly the town of Bastogne was being hacked to ruins by shellfire.

It was plenty rough. The Americans looked at the skies for planes, but always the weather was too bad for them to fly. When they went to bed at night they would say, "Tomorrow we will get some planes, and then our luck will change."

The change came slowly. At headquarters the red branches on the map were no longer spreading at lightning speed. The Germans saw the change, too, and frantically began a belated attempt to widen the base of the red tree trunk. They attacked the northern shoulder with two armored and one paratroop division. They were mangled. When the Germans saw they were stopped at one point, they shifted their weight to another farther west—almost like an insane blind man clawing his way along a wall. Because by then—one didn't know quite how—we all of a sudden had a wall that could stop the German spearhead.

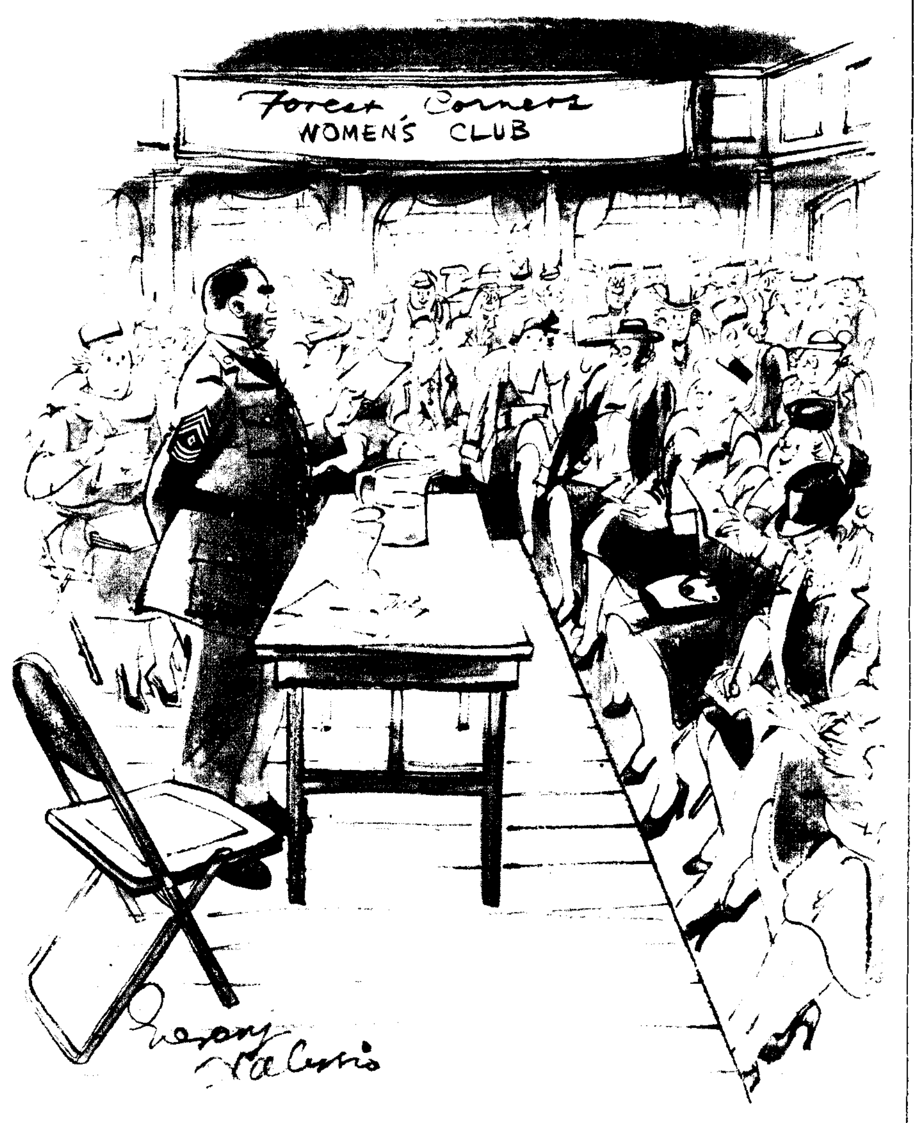
American infantry and armored divisions, coming from nowhere, managed to get to key places—Malmedy, Stavelot, Stoumont—spilling farther and farther westward, getting to a point always just six or twelve or twenty-four hours before the Germans decided to push there.

### General Bradley Gets Results

Coming back from the front, American correspondents often wondered what we could possibly hold with if the Germans decided to attack at some near-by point. And then up the road would come an endless column of tanks, tank destroyers, half-tracks, trucks, jeeps, prime movers and all the iron paraphernalia of an army's strength. Bradley's plan was showing results. Correspondents leaned out of jeeps and squinted at unit markings and saw divisions, regiments and battalions that had last been heard of a hundred miles away. Some they had never seen before. Roaring down the roads, bulging with gasoline and ammunition and replacements, came trucks from the deep peace of the Communications Zone, all spick and span with white bumpers. Correspondents shook their heads in wonderment and were proud.

That did not mean, however, that the fight had been won. We had merely contained the

**WELCOME HOME!** by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



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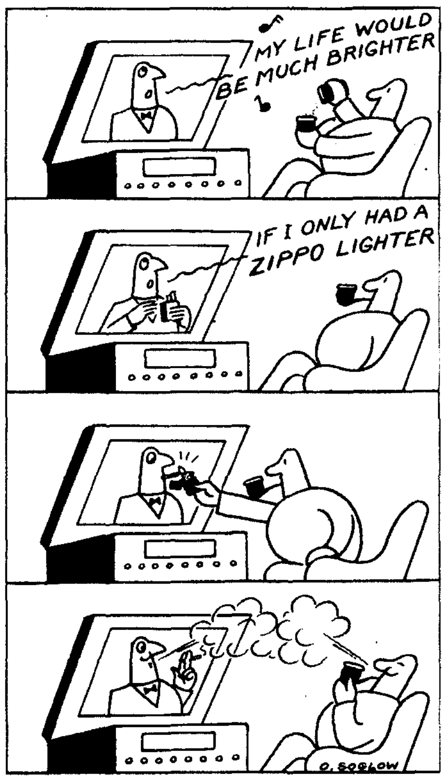
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enemy offensive. We had, for the moment, saved ourselves. Could we now push them back? And could we do it before the blue flag at Bastogne was erased from the map?

Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr., had started a relief drive from the south, but Bastogne was still on its own on Friday, December 22d, and its few thousand residents huddled miserably in cold cellars while the fighting intensified. It was that afternoon that the Germans made their biggest mistake. An American technical sergeant, preparing to order a mortar barrage, observed some dark figures against the snow waving a white bedsheet flag. It was a German major, with a German captain and a couple of German privates. The captain demanded to speak to an officer.

The sergeant took the German captain to a near-by command post, and that is how the German surrender demand started on its way to McAuliffe. This ultimatum read in part: "To the United States Army Commander of the encircled town of Bastogne: The fortunes of war are changing, and this time United States Army forces in and near Bastogne have been encircled by strong German armored units. . . . There is only one possibility to save American troops from total annihilation and that is honorable surrender.

"In order to think this over, a two-hour period will be granted. If this offer is rejected, one German artillery corps and six heavy battalions of AA are ready to annihilate the United States Army troops in and near Bastogne."

The ultimatum concluded with the typical Nazi reasoning that if any civilians were killed, it would be the American Army's fault and not in line with "that well-known American humanity."

The Old Crock had a good answer for this one—an answer that was quickly known around the world. "Nuts!" he said, and then, in a bold hand, he wrote: "To the German commander—Nuts!" And his men liked that kind of talk. They laughed and they fought the harder and then, on December 23d, they got their first air support.

"Boy, they are beautiful things—those planes!" young Christopherson said. He lay there, watching those heavies glinting in the sun, and added, "We knew you would come!"

### Air Support at Last

That day the boys felt mighty good, even though Jerry still pounded them with artillery. Thunderbolt fighter-bombers came, mediums came, heavies came, but perhaps most important of all, there were the lumbering potbellied C-47s. They flew over the area at five hundred feet despite enemy flak. Over two hundred of them came, flying in two large groups almost wing to wing. They dropped red, yellow, multicolored parachutes loaded with vital supplies. The Jerries seemed to change in their thinking when our airplanes came. They weren't as eager after that.

But the Old Crock, with his deadpan face and his quick eyes, knew he couldn't go along saying "Nuts!" forever. Sooner or later, he must have help from the outside. On Christmas Eve, McAuliffe issued a message to his troops telling them how well they had fought and just what they had done.

It was on Christmas Eve, too, that the Germans began their greatest—and final—effort; a struggle that was to last all the next day. They bombed Bastogne for over an hour, knocking out the civilian hospital, and at three o'clock on Christmas morning, two divisions attacked from the northwest, while another struck from the southeast.

German infantry and armor cracked through the perimeter along a 400-yard front, occupying the village of Champs, but the Americans refused to lose their heads, and the battle became a wild, furious hand-to-hand struggle. Men fell, rolled and died in the snow. That afternoon, the Germans lost 27 tanks knocked out and one captured. They had already lost an estimated 200 tanks in the first two days of fighting and perhaps this dulled their battle ardor, because once again they fell slowly back.

And now the Old Crock knew Patton's men were coming up fast from the south; were just a few miles outside Bastogne.

The brass hats kept calling and asking, "What's your situation?"

Harry Kinnard kept replying, "We can't give it to you over the radiophone."

Finally the brass hats grew really impatient and they said, "Look, we must be told something."

West Pointer Kinnard thought long and hard. Then he replied, "You remember what a doughnut looks like? Well, we are the hole."

So the brass hats told the rescuing Fourth Armor and the 80th Infantry to step on the gas. In Bastogne, McAuliffe's men hung on grimly.

The Paratroopers were proud, as were the Tenth Armor men and those of the Ninth Armor and the 28th Infantry Division. They all said: "Hell, we don't need any help. We can do this job alone." But they were glad to know that help was coming.

### The Death of a Town

The town of Bastogne itself had been shelled until little was left but crumpled buildings and rubble. Dogs, chickens and other once-alive things lay crushed by blast in the bleak streets. In peace, Bastogne had been ugly, but in war, it was still uglier, like a soldier with a face wound from a Mauser bullet.

Now, the ordeal at Bastogne was only half of the picture, because another desperate struggle was being fought to relieve the besieged town. The relief drive was led by two veteran divisions of Patton's Third Army. They were the Fourth Armor, well enough known and feared by the Germans to be called: "Roosevelt's Butchers," and the Blue Ridge Mountain Boys of the 80th Infantry.

They came away from a successful fight in the south, and they came with the confidence of soldiers who have met the German and licked him all across France. Both outfits had moved far and fast.

The 80th was out of the line resting near Saint Avold when the German offensive began. It was due to return to the hard battle on the Saar on December 17th, and that night it had traveled forty miles to Bitche. Then orders came to move north.

One regiment was loaded into trucks at Bitche at one A.M. on the 19th with orders to form a defensive line north of Luxembourg City and to hold to the last man.

The entire regiment was into the line on the morning of December 20th, fifteen hours after having left Bitche. It had driven this distance in open trucks through the bitterest cold, with no hot coffee, no hot meals.

In its push northward, the 80th destroyed at least two thirds of an entire German division which blocked its path, and on Christmas morning one regiment was crammed into thirty-two trucks to join Fourth Armored Division units forty miles away for what proved to be the final stage in the relief of Bastogne.

The Fourth Armor had come at the Germans like a steel slug from a slingshot pocket. The entire division moved 150 miles from Fenetrange to the vicinity of Arlon in less than forty-eight hours.

On December 22d, with other units of the Third Army, they were ready to roll and they smashed north, riding astride the Arlon-Bastogne Road. The first day they moved thirteen miles nearer to McAuliffe's men.

Reinforced by elements of the First and Second battalions of the 80th Division 318th Regiment, the Fourth Armor hit its first rough going at the little village of Chaumont, just west of the Arlon-Bastogne Road. This town changed hands at least three times. The tanks fought it out, the infantry fought it out, and the snow was specked with the bodies of those who died.

There were two leaders sparking this attack—two damned wonderful fighting men. One was Lieutenant Colonel George L. Jaques, of Providence, Rhode Island, who commanded the 53d Armored Infantry Battalion, and the other was Lieutenant Colonel Creighton W. Abrams, of West Newton, Massachusetts, who commanded the 37th Tank Battalion. The big, broad-shouldered handsome Jaques and the stocky, steely-eyed Abrams worked well together because they both like to fight.

On December 26th, just outside Clochimont, Abrams stood erect in his Sherman command tank and puffed at his last Christmas cigar.

He said: "We are going into Bastogne today." And his tankers believed him.

First, tanks and armored infantry seized the high ground overlooking Clochimont, and then Abrams formed his columns, striking northeast through sleepy Clochimont and speeding on to Assenois, which is only 2,000 yards from Bastogne itself.

The Germans didn't expect Abrams' column to move so rapidly, but neither did the Americans. When Abrams' tankers reached Assenois, they found their own artillery still firing into the village. Their leader, Lieutenant Charles Boggess, Jr., of Greenville, Illinois, commanding officer of C Company, took one quick look, but he did not hesitate. He plunged into the town, and his tanks followed him.

American high explosives crashed all about them. Several half-tracks received direct hits. They partly blocked the road, melting the near-by snow with their burning.

The dust, smoke and explosions confused part of the armored column and it slowed down inside Assenois, searching for the right road leading toward Bastogne. But Lieutenant Boggess (unaware of the gap left behind him) and four other Sherman tanks kept rolling forward with all guns blazing.

This tiny formation so surprised the Germans that it was able to continue toward Bastogne without much opposition, but the gap behind it gave the Nazis time to get ready for Abrams' main force.

German bazooka teams flanked the frozen, narrow road, and Nazi paratroopers literally hurled dozens of Teller mines into the path of the onrushing Americans. Several half-tracks were knocked out before they could be halted.

Then Captain William A. Dwight, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, came along in his Sherman behind the half-tracks. He halted quickly and deployed his tanks with several others in the near-by woods.

Dwight ordered these tanks to cover the road with a terrific .50-caliber machine-gun barrage. While this was being done, he collected uninjured men from the half-tracks, along with the near-by 80th Division infantrymen. They cleared the Teller mines from the road with their bare hands.

Once more the column raced ahead and caught up with Lieutenant Boggess, who had halted his tank outside a still-smoking pillbox which was located in a clump of woods on his right. Boggess sighted some soldiers wearing G.I. uniforms and shouted, "Hey you! Come over here! Come on out!" He still was not certain that they weren't the enemy.

### A Heartfelt Welcome

The Americans inside the pillbox were not too certain about the tanks' identity either. Despite the Boggess command, no one moved a muscle. Then one officer was unable to stand the strain any longer. He stepped from behind cover and walked up to Boggess' tank. He said: "I am damned glad to see you. I am Lieutenant Webster of the 101st Engineers."

That was the climax of the Bastogne story. It was all over but the shouting then.

The next day at 10 A.M. the columns of the 80th Division moved into the town and later the commander of the 101st, General Maxwell D. Taylor, who had flown the Atlantic from Washington when he heard the news, joined his boys, but nothing looked quite as good to those airborne soldiers as the sight of Abrams' tanks in the dusk of early evening.

The Old Crock heard the tanks were on their way. He rode down to meet them. It was exactly 5:10 P.M. when McAuliffe shook hands with Dwight. McAuliffe probably didn't know about the blue flag that marked Bastogne on the headquarters map, and just then, he wasn't thinking about how important it was. Perhaps at that time he didn't even realize his historic role. Certainly, he made no historic statement.

The Old Crock simply said: "Captain, I am glad to see you."

THE END

# "THEY WILL RETURN"

*(Upper photo)* Rivers are Borneo's only highways to the interior. An arduous six-weeks river journey required only 90 minutes in a Beechcraft.

*(Lower photo)* Beechcraft float-equipped biplane flown by missionaries after landing on a mountain stream in the Borneo interior.

*Photographs courtesy Rev. George E. Fisk (pilot), Nyack, N. Y., and Christian & Missionary Alliance, New York City.*

King of the Apo Kajan tribe of Borneo is Oejong Injau. The Japanese have invaded his land. But he and his people have not forgotten the white men who came to help them, before the war. They remember well the missionaries who regularly flew in a Beechcraft over their mountainous jungles and landed on their narrow, swift-flowing rivers, to heal their sick and enlighten their kinsmen. They know that the liberating wings of the white men's aircraft have purged other lands of the Pacific from the treacherous invaders. They know that their land, too, will again be free. King Injau and his people look to the skies and say with sure knowledge: "They will return."

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# VALOR WITHOUT TRUMPETS

## BY TAY HOHOFF

**Love is traditionally blind, so perhaps what Jill felt wasn't love, since she saw so clearly what was right**

ILLUSTRATED BY TAYLOR LEWIS

RELUCTANTLY—though now she had started, there was no going back—Jill pressed the catch on the locket. "Swear you won't tell?"

Ally nodded solemnly. "I swear," she said. She put both hands crossed where she felt her heart beat.

"All right." Jill opened the locket. On one side was pasted a snapshot of a young man with sleepy eyes and a smile. He stood easily, holding his hat at his side, and he had blond hair.

Jill closed the locket and dropped it down the front of her dress. "Nobody knows I have the picture. Nobody," she added sternly, "but you."

She turned away from her friend and stared out the window at the pastel afterglow in the early evening sky. A star came out and twinkled at her. She wondered what Carey was doing right that minute. Could he see that star above all the city lights? Perhaps he and Judith were dancing on some roof and perhaps he would look up and see the star, but even if he did he wouldn't think of her.

"What does it feel like," Ally asked, "being in love?"

Without taking her eyes from the star, Jill hunched herself into a tighter knot on the window seat. "It . . . hurts," she replied after a moment.

"Well, what's he like, anyway? He looks ages older than us."

"Of course he is. I told you, he's Jude's boy friend. One of them, anyway. The most important one. She likes him best." She swung around eagerly. "But the keenest thing . . . Ally, he's *on the stage*."

Ally's round eyes popped. "Honest?" she breathed.

"He's been on the stage always. His father and mother . . . and they used to take him with them all over the world and while they were acting he slept in a trunk. When he was a baby, I mean."

"My goodness gracious!"

"It's the funniest thing, he has a trick knee. You don't see it when he's just walking but he can make it turn about a hundred different ways." She sprang up to demonstrate, squirming into incredible positions. Both girls shrieked with laughter. "He says he can always get a job," Jill gasped, "in a night club or vaudeville or something. Because of his knee."

"Don't you . . . don't you mind that he likes Judith?"

"Well, of course, he likes her," Jill retorted. "He's frightfully in love with her."

"Just the same I should think . . ." Ally began, but a voice from the terrace below interrupted her:

"Girls, supper's ready. Wash your hands and come and get it."

Ally jumped up and switched on the light. "Okay, Mom," she shouted.

Jill rose slowly, tall for her twelve years, puppy-awkward still. "I shall get a lipstick next winter," she murmured, leaning somberly toward the mirror. Beastly . . . to feel the way she did inside, and yet to look like such a kid. She wondered why God hadn't let her be like Judith; sisters were, often enough. If she were like Judith, she wouldn't have to look forward to a whole lifetime without love. . . . A totally unexpected sob sent tears stinging momentarily into her eyes, but Ally's voice cut her thoughts short.

"Hurry up, slowpoke," Ally demanded. "I'm starving, aren't you?" . . .

When Jill came up the ramp at Grand Central, her mother and father—Nina and Sam—were not about, but Judith and Carey were in the crowd waiting for her. In the excitement of seeing them after so long a time, Jill glowed; she flung her arms around them both, and when Carey kissed her she kissed him back without any self-consciousness.

"How super," she chattered, "because I didn't really expect anybody, coming home on Monday. How're Nina and Sam?"

"Nina and Sam are fine. They've missed you. You're just as crazy as ever, aren't you, Baby?" Judith tucked back a stray lock of Jill's hair. "I'll bet you didn't wear a kerchief all summer," she added reproachfully. "Your hair's all sunburned."

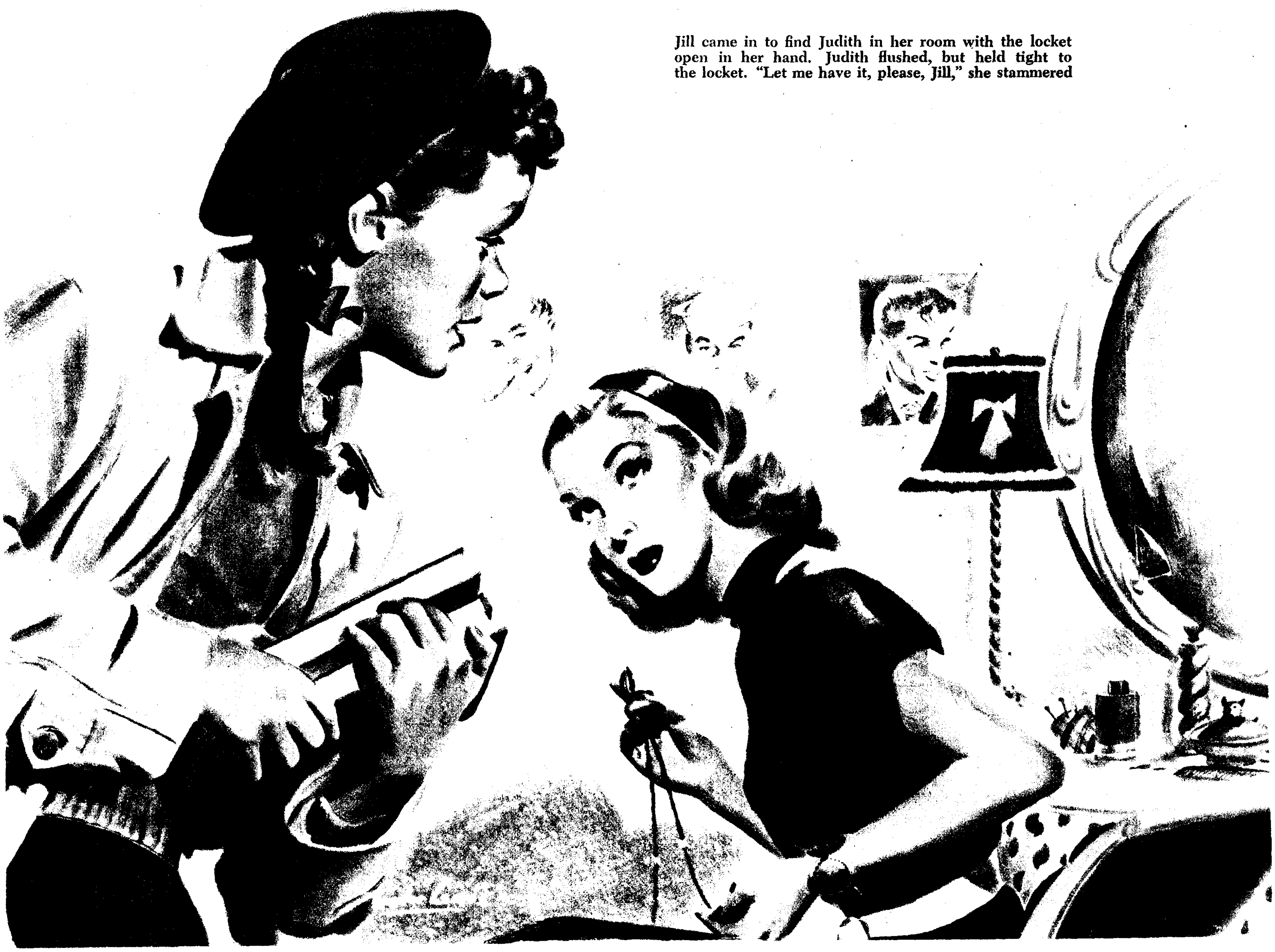
Carey put them in a taxi. "I'll be down later," he said. He smiled at Jill. "It's good to have you back. I've missed you, too."

Out in the daylight Judith looked thin and tired, but when Jill said so, she replied tartly, "Don't be silly. Why should I be tired?"

"I don't know, and you needn't snap my head off. Why didn't Carey come down with us?"

"He had to go to the theater." Judith's voice was remote.

"Oh." Jill stared out at the streets. New



Jill came in to find Judith in her room with the locket open in her hand. Judith flushed, but held tight to the locket. "Let me have it, please, Jill," she stammered

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York was in the midst of a hangover after an unseasonable heat spell. Perhaps it was the weather that made Judith so porcupiney. She had leaned her head back, her eyes closed, and as the sun, low in the west, sent golden fingers through the crosstown streets, the light touched the firm line of chin and jaw, soft smooth throat, stubborn little nose, and made a halo of her butter-colored hair. She was so lovely that just looking at her sometimes made Jill feel like crying.

And it wasn't like her to be so silent. Jill tried again, "Are you going back to college, Jude? I kept asking in all my letters and you never answered."

The older girl sighed. "Probably because I can't decide. I wish someone would simply *order* me around. I'm so tired of thinking for myself. . . ."

It always seemed queer to Jill, who had at the age of seven decided to be a doctor, that Judith had no definite plans for her life. She had started college and then, last spring, walked out on it, had come home and stayed; doing Nurses Aiding, Red Cross work, selling war bonds and taking the housekeeping out of the slack hands of the current maid. She said college life bored her and she was too dumb to get any satisfaction out of studying.

AS THEY came in sight of the familiar apartment house, Jill asked wistfully, "You *are* glad I'm home, aren't you, Jude?" And the other, in swift remorse, hugged her very hard and said, "You bet I am, Baby," in such a convincing way, that Jill felt better immediately.

While she unpacked, Judith sat on the bed and talked. She said Carey was impossible. There was this marvelous part he had and while rehearsals were going on, he might just as well be living on the moon for all anyone saw of him. And when you did, you felt he wasn't quite there. Now that Sing for the Ladies was open and looked like a hit, the darn' thing turned out to be a Sunday show and closed on Mondays.

Jill, with a pile of dresses on her arms, said, "What difference does it make? You can see him Mondays instead, can't you?"

Judith flung herself back on the pillows and lighted a cigarette. "Oh, it's just another queer thing about him! It's bad enough for him to be an actor and have a trick knee. And," she went on more slowly, "not to be in the Army, or something."

One of the dresses slipped from Jill's arms and she bent to pick it up; then they all fell on the floor and for a few minutes she didn't say anything.

"You know perfectly well," Judith said as if Jill were arguing with her, "that he *is* different. Everybody thinks so. He doesn't belong." She refused to meet Jill's shocked eyes. "All right, I'm a snob. But it's true."

Jill hung a damp bathing suit over the back of a chair. "Who's everybody?" she asked scornfully.

"Hang that wet thing in the bathroom, you ninny," Judith ordered. "It'll take all the paint off the chair. How do you think I like it when Mrs. Cortlandt asks who his family are and what school he went to?"

Jill was genuinely astonished. "But what in time do you care about old Mrs. C.?"

"Well, she stands for something." Judith looked confused and stubborn. "You're too young to understand, but . . . well, it's hard to have a mother and father who are so *casual,* and Nina and Sam are just that. People like Mrs. Cortlandt have standards; they know exactly where they are, all the time."

Jill sat down on a pile of underwear and stared at her sister. "But *we* know where we are. I don't get it. Are you . . . are you wishing Nina and Sam were different? Do you mean we ought to have been brought up like Bob and Shorty Cortlandt? Because if that's . . ."

Judith bounced upright, flushed and defiant. "Yes, I do," she cried. "That's exactly what I mean. Instead of being left to go our own sweet way. Nina's a darling and I love her, of course. Only . . . I wish she'd act *like a real mother.*"

"Judith Weston, I think you've gone completely nuts!" But she was remembering Ally's mother and remembering that, sometimes, she had felt a twinge of . . . was it envy? Ally's mother was not such good fun as Nina, but she was *around,* you always knew where to find her. Of course, she hadn't a job, she wasn't an important executive like Nina; she said her job was being Ally's mother.

Judith played an inaudible tune on the bed cover. "Maybe if Nina hadn't had to go to work after Sam lost his business in the crash," she said, "maybe it would be different. But the way I remember her before . . . I guess it's really because she's . . . Nina. She's just not the maternal type."

It suddenly struck Jill that she, Jill, had Judith to turn to, who was older and wiser and could always fix things . . . but Judith had no one! It was too big a thought to struggle with then but it kept coming between her and what Judith was saying.

"Bob Cortlandt's home. Invalided. He got a shell splinter in his back. I wrote you that, didn't I?"

"What?" Jill muttered. "Oh, sure, you did. You said it wasn't much."

Judith's fingers continued pressing invisible piano keys. "He'll be all right; he'll be going back on active duty pretty soon."

"That's good." Jill was perfunctory. Lt. (jg) Robert Ainsley Cortlandt was no special favorite of hers. She wondered what made Judith talk about him now. "Nina . . ." she began.

"He wants me to marry him before his leave is over," Judith said.

Jill's mouth opened. Then she began to giggle. "The Dodo Bird!" she shrieked gleefully. The first time Carey met Bob he had spent the entire evening inconspicuously, and with a gravely attentive expression, imitating his mannerisms. Carey outstayed him and, after Bob had gone, he remarked, "I don't know any more about that kind of bird than I do about the . . . Dodo. I played a part like that once and it was all wrong."

Judith had laughed. "Bob's as extinct as the Dodo, only he doesn't know it." And the Dodo Bird he had been ever since.

"Of course, he's wounded and all," Jill went on, "but I don't see how you kept from laughing in his silly face." She gulped the last words.

Judith was furious.

"Don't you dare call him The . . . that name," she said loudly. "He's a . . . hero, and he isn't like that at all." She glared at Jill, sitting petrified with her mouth open. "You'd better learn to like him," she went on more quietly. "Because . . . I think . . . I *am* going to marry him."

AFTER a long time, Jill said in a small voice, "But you can't. You're going to marry Carey."

"I've never really said so," Judith dropped back against the pillows and stared at the ceiling. "You're too young to understand."

"Oh, nuts," Jill retorted, angry in her turn. "I'm definitely not too young to understand that Bob Cortlandt's a dope, and Carey . . ." she swallowed hard. "Well, if you love Bob instead of Carey, then you'd . . ." Half-blinded by sudden tears, she stood up and ripped her dress over her head. She wished Judith would go away and let her think about this by herself. She heard a curious laugh.

"Who's talking about love? There are lots of other things just as important. Lots and lots and lots . . ."

Jill yanked the dress off and gazed in amazement at her sister.

"What do you know about love, anyway?" Judith demanded. "You're much too . . ."

But Jill had seized her shoulders and was shaking her. "I am not," she screamed. "I am not too young . . ."

Judith pushed her away, then stood staring at the locket, swinging between Jill's soft young breasts.

"What on earth . . ." she began, but Jill leaped back, clutching the locket in both hands. Her eyes were wide and black.

Deliberately Judith rose from the bed and walked over to her. "Jill, baby," she protested soothingly. "Don't be like that. Let me see."

Jill drew herself up. She said, "You didn't mean that . . . about marrying Bob? You were just kidding, weren't you?"

"What's in that thing you don't want me to see?"

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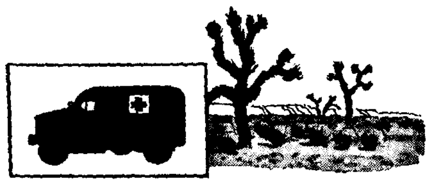

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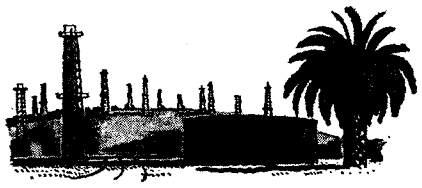

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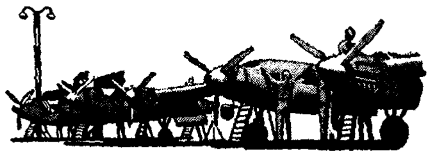

sembly lines, year-round flight testing and deliveries... mammoth ship pre-assemblies. Sunshine brought the motion picture industry—now producing for Victory. And it also brought a vast service training program—training in settings which duplicate most of the world's terrain.

**Mail Coupon Today**—*These are just a few highlights among many which will make your postwar trip to Los Angeles County and all Southern California more interesting. So don't deny yourself the fun of planning with the aid of the free picture booklet. Mail the coupon today!*

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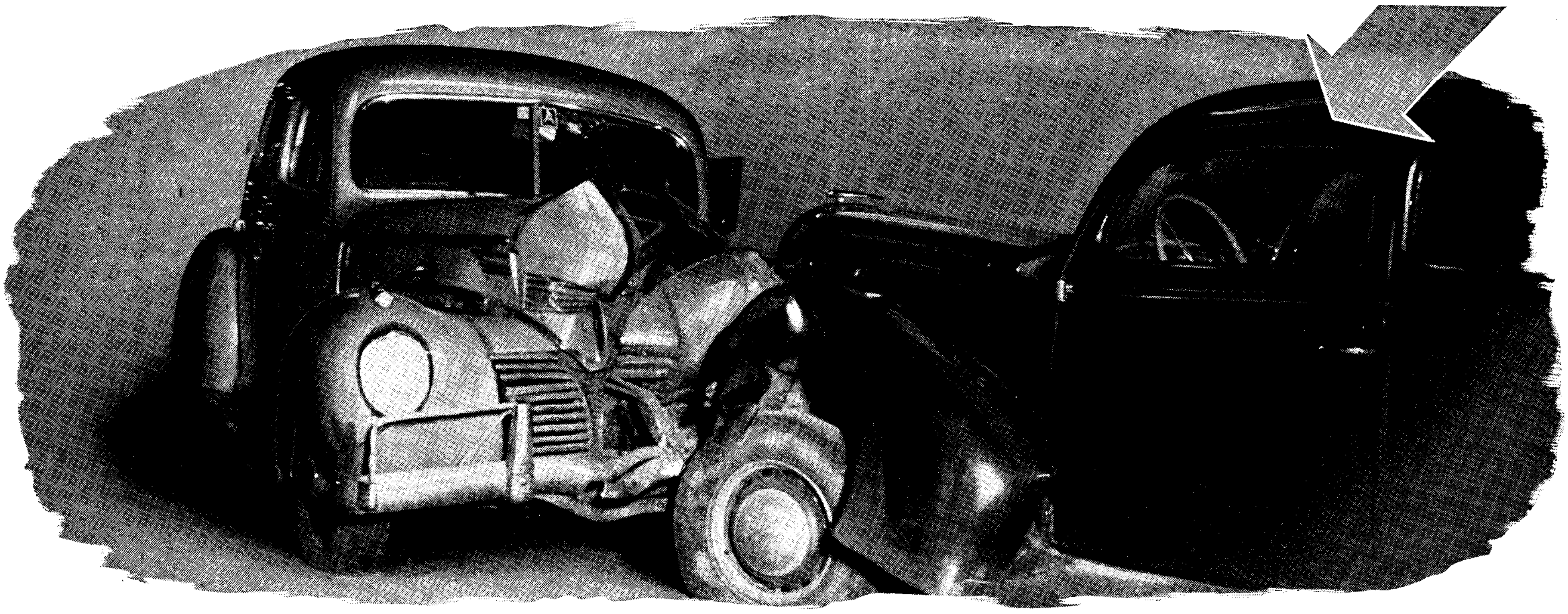

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"You did mean it."

"What has it got to do with . . . Oh, all right, I meant it."

Jill took a long breath. She slipped past Judith. At the door of the bathroom she turned. "Then I can't trust you," she said evenly. "You're just a silly snob and I'll never tell you secrets again."

She locked the door behind her and turned on all the faucets. Then she threw herself down on the floor, and under cover of the rushing water, cried and cried and cried. For Judith. And for Carey. And for herself because the world all of a sudden had turned cruel and treacherous and horribly lonely.

Judith rattled the knob and pounded on the door. After a while she went away.

Years ago Judith had trained herself and Jill to show only smiling faces to their mother and father. (That had been during the bitter time when Nina was learning an exacting job, when she came home at night to a sick husband, a little girl of ten and a baby of not quite three.) So even now part of Jill's mind nagged her that they would be home soon, that she couldn't stay hidden much longer. She washed her face fiercely and dressed. Then she went out to throw herself into her mother's arms.

Jill remembered dinner that evening for a long time. Carey was there, and everything on the surface looked as it had before she went away, but nothing was the same. . . . Judith only spoke when she had to, and Carey's eyes kept seeking hers—and finding them averted. Nina and Sam were, suddenly, unfamiliar.

Maybe, she thought, startled, maybe Nina was right when she said I'd grown up. Perhaps this is it. This, this seeing . . .

She came out of a fog into the middle of a discussion as to whether Judith should or should not go back to Wellesley. "What do you think, Carey?" Nina was saying.

"Who, me?" Carey's sleepy eyes opened wide. "I just want her to do what will make her happy."

"What if I don't know?" Judith spoke so abruptly that they all jumped. "Anyway, what's happiness?"

"I don't suppose Wellesley is the precise answer to that," Nina murmured. "Darling, aren't you a bit overwrought? Is anything wrong?"

Judith pushed away her plate. "Wrong!" she exclaimed. "For Pete's sake, Nina, here I am, completely useless, wasting everybody's time making a big decision about going to college. And . . . and men are fighting. Being wounded, hurt . . ." She stopped. She might just as well, Jill thought sourly, have gone on and spoken Bob Cortlandt's name, it was so plain what she was thinking.

Carey got it. All the color drained out of his face.

"Then why don't you join up?" he inquired, too quietly. "It's hell to feel useless."

"Oh," Nina flashed. "Carey, you aren't useless. Everybody can't carry a gun or wear a uniform." And Sam, with his unassuming tact, led the conversation away from Judith.

LATER on, somehow, Jill found herself alone with Carey in the living room. "Jill," he was saying urgently. "I've got to talk to you, quick, before they all come back in." He pulled her over to the radio and turned it on full before he told her that he could, if it made sense, join the Army Special Services.

"It's the best they'll do," he said apologetically. "The way one guy put it, I'm okay but my knee's no good to them. Not for anything but morale work. The boys can laugh at it. They'll let me put on shows, that kind of tripe."

"But how wonderful," Jill breathed, wide-eyed. "Haven't you told Jude? She never said a word . . ."

"She doesn't know, Jill," he fiddled with the dial again, and boogie-woogie careered into the room, "do you think it might make any difference to her? Or is she just fed up with me? You know . . . it's not the way it used to be, don't you?"

She nodded miserably. "You ought to hit her over the head," she advised him vehemently. "And just carry her off. . . . Oh, darn, here they come!"

Surprisingly, Judith refused to go out that evening. They all played rummy, a perfect picture of a united family, but the game was hardly under way when Bob Cortlandt arrived.

He pitched his cap at a chair, said, "Hi, everybody. Oh, h'are y', Carey," pulled Jill's hair and sat down beside Judith, all in one breezy breath. "Sorry I'm late," he added.

"Nobody else is," Jill muttered, but when Judith looked at her, she scowled and said, "Nothing," more distinctly.

Bob's self-assurance enveloped them all. Nina and Sam were polite. Carey withdrew into complete silence. Judith talked much too fast, sparkled too obviously. The game was abandoned.

Eventually Bob turned to Carey. "Saw that show you're in the other night," he announced. "Not bad, at that. Sort of a bore though, isn't it, doing the same thing all the time?"

Carey seemed about to go to sleep. "I guess most jobs get monotonous once in a while," he drawled. "Even the Navy. At least that's what my friends tell me."

Bob laughed carelessly. "I suppose that's true of the *men.* Little different with officers, of course."

Carey's eyes drifted down to the very new junior grade stripe on Bob's sleeve, but he didn't speak.

Jill said rudely, "If your uncle hadn't been an admiral, you'd be nothing but a gob yourself, Bob Smarty Cortlandt."

That stung. "At least I'd be in the Service," he retorted, staring hard-eyed at Carey.

***INSOMNIA, THY NAME IS MUD***

Which is more restful—to work or to worry?
I've got to decide in one hell of a hurry,
Or Goodby, Sleep, which I'm led to believe
Can knit up the ever so ravel'd sleave
Of care. If I work I must turn on the light,
Whereas worry thrives in the dark of the night.
Well, one thing's certain, whichever I choose,
I know I'll embark on a Grade-A snooze
Refreshing and sweet to soul and eyes
The minute the clock screams it's time to rise

*Margaret Fishback*

Judith jumped up. *"Oh."* She sounded as if tears were not far off. "Bob . . . we made a date, remember?"

"Right." He rose with alacrity. "Let's go."

Carey stood up too. "Did I misunderstand, Jude?" he asked. His voice sounded unlike him. "Didn't you have a date with me?"

"Carey, I . . . Bob . . . I forgot," Judith faltered.

Bob took her arm in a proprietary manner. "Jude's not making dates with anyone but me, fella," he said significantly. "Might as well get it straight, eh?"

"I'd rather . . . have it straight from Judith. Jude . . ." Carey prompted. "Jude? Darling . . ."

It was then Bob scored. He smiled down at Judith, turning her toward him, so that she could no longer see Carey, and he said, "Come along now, hon. You're going with me, you know. Always." Every inch the young naval officer, command in his voice. And Judith obeyed.

She glanced up at him gratefully. "Always," she repeated clearly.

The word thudded at Carey's feet, like a flung stone.

At the door Bob stopped to give them a jaunty salute, and a moment later the front door slammed.

Carey stood staring at the place where Judith had been. Then he leaned down and kissed Jill.

"Take care of her, baby," he whispered.

Nina cried, "Carey, this is all wrong! Don't pay attention . . ."

"No," Carey said. He didn't try to smile. "I guess it's right. It's the way Judith wants it, anyway. I . . . I'm not exactly surprised." He shook their hands hard when he said goodby. "Thanks for everything."

The next morning Judith told them at the breakfast table that she and Bob would be married, quietly, one week from that day.

No one said much. Nina asked, "Are you . . very sure you want it this way, darling?"

And Judith, holding her head high, replied, "Of course."

ACCORDING to custom Ally came to spend the first week of school with Jill, while her family closed the farmhouse and moved back to the city. For the first time Jill dreaded her arrival. *Why* had she talked about Carey? she asked herself gloomily, and ruthlessly silenced Ally's excited questions. However, the day old Mrs. Cortlandt decided that the wedding would take place, with all or most of the trimmings, in St. Thomas' chapel and so must be necessarily postponed, Jill's reserve broke. That night she told Ally everything and felt better afterward.

Judith accepted her near-future mother-in-law's edict, as she accepted anything she was told to do these days. So, to Jill's undiluted scorn, did Bob.

"But I should think," argued Ally in her deadly logical way, "you'd be pleased. Carey may come back . . . and run away with her, or something."

"He won't." Jill would swear to that. Carey had accepted a decision, too. They were all crazy.

"Maybe your mother and father will put their foot—feet, I mean—down and just tell her she can't marry Bob," Ally offered.

Jill shook her head. "They believe we have to make our own mistakes," she said soberly.

Judith presented the complete, conventional picture of a girl in love. The telephone held a fascination for her. So did the postman. She jumped when the doorbell rang. On Bob's orders she had dropped her various war jobs and spent spare moments in her own room, apparently at her mirror.

The original date for the wedding came and went. Ally departed to her own home, as usual a little tearful. And in the theater news column appeared a brief paragraph to the effect that Carey Painton had joined the Army.

Now Jill stopped wearing her locket to school. People were too curious, and she tucked it away in a bureau drawer, never dreaming any of her family would pry. But she came home one day to find Judith in her room, the locket open in her hand.

For an endless moment the two girls gazed at each other in silence. Then Judith flushed and turned away, but she held tight to the locket.

"I . . . let me have it," she stammered. "Please, Jill."

"How did you know?" Jill asked coldly.

"Ally. I got it out of her. Oh," she added quickly, "it wasn't her fault. I was . . . I was trying to find out what you were thinking." She hesitated. "About me. We don't . . . talk, any more. And she . . . it just came out somehow."

The younger girl turned away. "I guess you can't trust anybody," she said slowly. She threw her schoolbag on a chair and dropped down on the bed. She couldn't bear to look at Judith.

But all of a sudden Judith was kneeling in front of her, Judith's bright head was in her lap and Judith's arms were holding on to her so tightly that it hurt. "I tore up everything. All his pictures and letters. I thought that was the way to forget him. I've been such a fool. . . . I didn't know love was like this!" She lifted her head and Jill's heart turned over at the anguish in her face. "Jill, *what's going to happen to me?*" she cried.

Jill was frightened. Somehow she pulled the half-hysterical girl up beside her, whispering, "Don't, don't," over and over, helplessly. After the first outburst she could feel Judith struggling to regain control over herself and in a very little while she was sitting up, blowing her nose and mopping her eyes.

Jill dropped the locket into her lap. "Keep

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it," she said. "I don't want it. Honestly. It was . . . just silliness, that's all."

And the instant the words were out, she understood that they were, in a way, quite true.

But Judith wouldn't take it. "It's over now, and, of course, I can't keep . . . that . . . around."

When she grasped that everything was going on as before, Jill, outraged, began to argue. She got nowhere. Judith had given her word (and, anyway, where was Carey?) and Bob's sacrifice was greater than any she could make.

"What's *he* sacrificing?" Jill demanded sullenly.

"His life, maybe," Judith reminded her.

Jill saw the fallacy, but she couldn't express it. She gave up arguing: it was no good, ever, when Judith's mind was made up.

PRIVATE CAREY PAINTON sat on a packing box, staring blank-eyed at an empty platform on which there stood untidily a dozen straight-backed chairs, a desk and a blackboard. Fifteen minutes earlier the place had spilled over with men rehearsing for a show and Carey was sunk in the pessimism of the professional coaching amateurs.

He was roused by a commotion at the front of the hall, someone yelling his name and the information that the captain wanted him. He got up with a groan.

Coming in out of the dark, the lights of the CO's office half blinded him. He thought he was having hallucinations.

Jill Weston hurled herself into his arms. "I thought I'd never get here . . . Carey, you've got to come home with me because Jude . . . Jude's going to marry Bob Cortlandt day after tomorrow." And she burst into tears.

She had been traveling almost all day. The address she got from the theater meant nothing to her; she had simply gone to a ticket window and said, "How do I get there?" People had been kind and somehow she had found him.

Over her tangled dark hair Carey looked at the captain and the captain looked back at him, with exactly the same alarmed, helpless expression.

The captain said hurriedly, "What about her family? Do they know where she is?"

"Probably not. Do they, Jill?" Carey shook her gently.

She sniffed, pawing for a handkerchief. "No, they don't," she said. "It doesn't matter . . ."

The officer groaned aloud. "Gimme the number," he demanded fiercely.

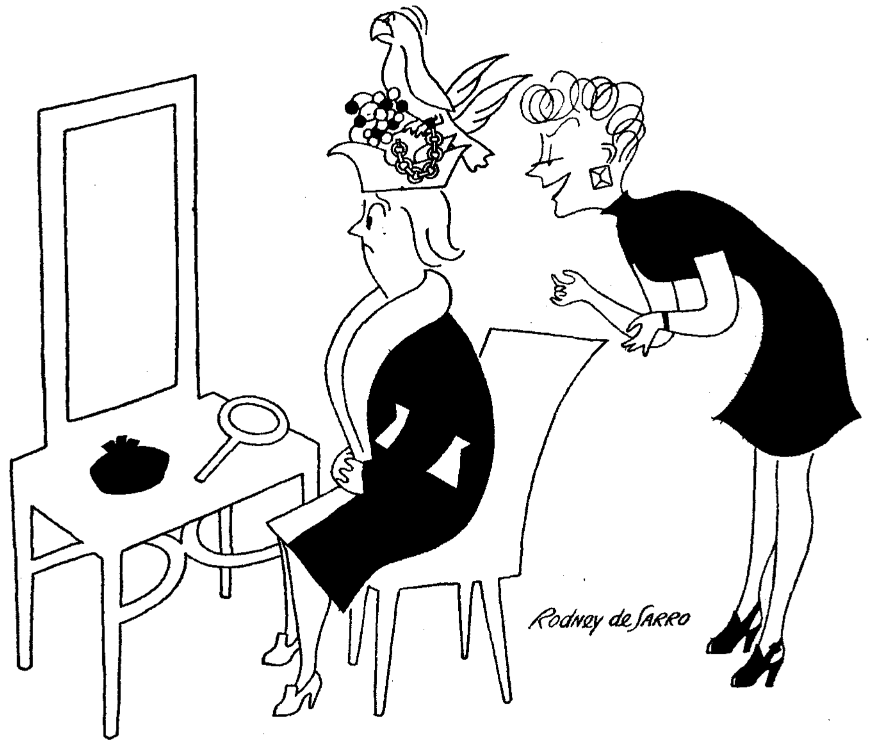
"No! No! Wait!" Jill cried. She hadn't made any impression on Carey. "Look," she rushed on urgently, clutching at him with both hands. "Jude doesn't want to marry Bob, she's in love with you, she told me so, she cried terribly. . . . You *can't* let her, Carey, you can't!"

Carey shook his head violently. Actually it was an instinctive effort to clear his reeling brain, but she took it for denial of her plea.

"What's the *number?*" yelled the captain and automatically Carey told him.

Panic seized hold of Jill. She was tired and very hungry and the two men seemed to her ogres of stupidity and obstruction. The supreme assurance of rightness that had carried her there collapsed. She gazed almost with terror at Carey, suddenly seeing him as a stranger, unfamiliar, even hostile, in his uniform. If he had stopped loving Judith . . . Desperately she ransacked her mind for the word which might convince him, quickly.

There was the click of a telephone being cradled. "Busy," said the captain grimly. "Very likely calling the police."



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Jill looked around at him vaguely. "I think Jude will have guessed by now," she said. "Because I left my locket with Carey's picture in it open on her desk . . ." She caught her breath sharply. The locket! Maybe he would understand that. She could try, anyway; try to make him feel with her how it was for Judith to need something of him so dreadfully that she could spy and pry and dig for a measly little snapshot in a cheap locket.

So she told him—though the telling annihilated all her pride.

"And *if* she's unhappy all the rest of her life," Jill ended with solemn steadiness, "it will be your fault, Carey Painton. And I'll hate you for it, and so will Jude some day. Because she was all mixed up, she didn't, *doesn't,* know what she's doing . . . And, anyway," with a sudden pathetic breakdown into childishness and quivering lips, "you *t-told* me to take care of her, so that's what I'm trying to do!"

A CLOCK ticked brazenly in the silence. Carey's expression was a shifting complex of doubt, of joy, of unbelief, but there was a light in his eyes that had not been there for a long time. He tried to speak but no part of him seemed co-ordinated to any other, and he might have stayed indefinitely just standing there stupidly, unseeingly, if the telephone had not broken the spell.

Before he answered it, the captain pushed a slip of paper across the desk to Carey.

"Beat it, fella," he ordered. "If you hurry, you can make the bus that meets the New York express." He grinned and picked up the instrument. "I'll break the news you're on your way. And say," he called after them as they turned and ran, blindly obedient, dazed, "I expect an invitation to the wedding!"

Only Jill heard him, but Carey was pulling her breathlessly along, they were running hand in hand to Judith, to Nina and Sam and home. When she had time for it, she was going to be awfully happy. Meanwhile . . .

"Carey," she panted, "when can—we—eat? I'm so hungry . . ."

THE END

# The Witch of Tewloe County

Continued from page 21

of her clapper-clawing when he was alive, he says, and he ain't afraid of her dead. He just don't care."

"Where will I find him?" Elijah asked.

Jerry Walker glanced at the clock. "He's left the saloon by now. I reckon he's up at his house—the last one, on top of the hill. Elijah, Billy says anybody who wants to stay the night to his house and listen to the witch can do it. They're welcome any time, he says, but folks ain't eager to pass the night with Billy, much less the witch."

Elijah pursed his lips. "Has he got a comfortable bed up yonder, Jerry?"

Jerry Walker's eyes grew rounder. "Elijah, I heard it said you was a brave man. I know you're a good preacher, too. But, Reverend, don't you do a foolhardy thing. You stay away from that Bellamy witch."

"If there is a witch," Elijah said, "and if she was a religious woman, like you said, what harm can come to a preacher of the Gospel? I'm going up the hill and have a talk with Billy Bellamy."

Elijah turned away, and as he reached the door old Sampson crossed to meet him. He held out his hand and Elijah saw a lumpy tobacco sack on his palm. "Brudder Lije, I heard what you tole Mistah Jerry," Sampson said. "You's gwan set wif de witch, you said."

"That's right, Sam."

"You take dis yere sack," Sampson whispered. "I burned some sawdust from an ole stump log, Brudder Lije. You take de ashes an' sprinkle um in de four corners of de room. Dat keep de witch off."

Elijah smiled and took the sack. "Thank you, Sam."

"But if it don't, you got yo' Bible wif you, Brudder Lije?"

"My Bible is always with me, Sam."

"Tuck it under de pillow," Sampson said. "Dat witch got to count every word in it 'fore she kin go to ridin' you. Maybe she won't be finish befo' de day come, an' she cain't ride in de sunshine."

"I'll put it under my pillow, Sam," Elijah promised.

"An' don't fogit to turn yo' pockets inside out," Sampson said.

"Why is that?" Elijah asked.

"I don't know why, Brudder Lije, but dat's de best charm of dem all. Dat's de fustes' an' de *most* importan'."

ELIJAH nodded and stepped out into the night. The road up the hill was white in the moonlight and his footsteps rang clear. It was a slow climb and the houses became fewer and then there were none at all—only the scraggly limbs of misshapen scrub oaks. At the top of the hill a single light burned and Elijah bore toward it. He came to a frame house and in the moonlight he could see how the wood was worn bare of paint and the roof of the porch sagged.

The steps creaked loudly underfoot and when he knocked on the door the sound was hollow and echoing. He heard creaking boards, then the door swung open and a huge man stood silhouetted in the lamplight. He was bearded and his eyes were as black as his beard. His big body filled the doorway so completely that the moon gave more light than the lamp inside. His voice was surly: "Who are you?"

"My name is Elijah Taylor," Elijah said. "I want to talk to you, Brother."

"Elijah Taylor, is it?" the big man said. He stood aside and Elijah stepped into the house. He heard the sounds before he noticed the clocks; he heard the range of ticking from the grandfather clock that stood in the hall to the small mantel clock under glass. There were clocks in three rows on the wall, clocks of all descriptions, and every clock was ticking and every clock showed that it was a quarter past eight.

Billy Bellamy shut the door, and a lopsided grin split the black beard. His deep voice boomed out, "So you're the preacher? You're Elijah Taylor, the preacher?"

"Yes," Elijah said.

"She used to speak of you," said Billy Bellamy. "She heard you preach, Elijah."

He went ahead of Elijah into the parlor, where the lamp was, and Elijah noticed that he moved unsteadily. The smell of a strong whisky filled the room, and on the table Elijah saw a jug.

"Soon as she finds out you're here there'll be a time," Billy Bellamy said. "There sure will be a time."

Elijah glanced around at the tidy room and the clocks on the wall.

BILLY BELLAMY said, "Set down, Elijah." He was still grinning and his dark, unfriendly eyes watched Elijah's face. Elijah saw his huge hand reach out for the jug. "Did you come to stay the night, Elijah?" Billy Bellamy asked.

Elijah looked steadily into the leering eyes. "I believe I'll stay," he said.

"She'll be pleased," Billy Bellamy said. "Yes, sir, she sets a lot of store by preachers." He held out the jug. "Care for a swaller?"

"I don't mind," Elijah said, and took the jug.

Billy Bellamy was surprised. He stared at Elijah, then shook his head. "I don't know as she'll like that," he said.

Elijah set the jug down and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. The ticking was in his ears and he looked at the clocks on the wall. It seemed that there was something eerie in their agreement on the hour.

"You know," Billy Bellamy said, "it was because of them clocks that we got hitched. I came through here peddling clocks and I left her a couple on trial. She liked the companionable sound of 'em and she allowed she'd keep 'em and she allowed she'd keep me, too, and git the rest of my stock. Trouble is I never took note of that dimple in her chin. Dimple in the chin, devil within. That's what they say. True, ain't it?"

Billy Bellamy picked up the jug and tilted it to his lips. When he put it down he said, "You know, Elijah, I never have to wind them clocks."

Elijah looked again at the clock faces on the wall and Billy Bellamy said, "*She* takes care of that."

"Pass me the jug, Brother," Elijah said.

"Well, shore," Billy Bellamy grinned. "But she won't like it, Elijah. She was always set agin liquor. She still is."

"A little whisky is a good thing," Elijah said. "If a man knows when to put the jug down."

The ticking of the grandfather clock was deep and slow, and Elijah watched the pendulum's swing. There came the high, erratic ticking from the small clock on the mantel, like a fretful woman. It was a quarter to nine now.

Billy Bellamy took another deep drink from the jug. When he set it down his small eyes were glaring and his big fists were clenched. "You know what that woman done?" he said. "You know what she done five years back? I was kicked by a mule and was like to die. The print of the muleshoe was

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ere on my forehead and I was upstairs in ed on the drop edge of Yonder. You know vhat she done, Elijah? She took and had a ombstone made for me, with my name on it. nd she had the feller whack it out in the hape of a whisky jug. That's what she done, lijah."

Elijah said nothing. He sat and listened to he ticking of the clocks.

"Couldn't let a man be," Billy Bellamy aid. "Went to church every Sunday and ever missed a camp meeting. Couldn't let man be. Used to go to meeting and carry n about me. Shout I was a drinker and a vaster and ask the Lord to save my soul or trike me dead. Tell everybody I got drunk very day and twice on Sunday. Rode me iving and she rides me dead."

"You come to my meeting tomorrow and he'll stop riding you, Billy," Elijah said. 'Once and for all."

Billy Bellamy shook his head. "For a reacher you ain't so bad, Elijah," he said. 'You take a drink natural and you talk like natural man. Just don't talk me no religion nd we'll git along."

"I don't believe in pushing religion on a nan," Elijah said. "All I try to do is prod is conscience some. It's up to the man himself."

The grandfather clock in the hall began triking the hour, and from the wall came a eries of chimes and low bells and higher inging strokes. Billy Bellamy looked at the earest clock and said, "Nine o'clock. She'll be winding them clocks now. You ready for bed, Elijah?"

Elijah picked up the jug and took another swallow. "I'm ready," he said.

The clocks stopped striking as they went upstairs, and Elijah resisted an impulse to turn his head and look back into the parlor. He was aware of the hairs at the nape of his neck. Billy Bellamy had put a candle in Elijah's hand and was walking slowly up the stairs ahead of Elijah.

AT THE top there were three doors opening from a tiny hall. Billy opened one of them and held it wide. "This here is yours, Elijah. That's mine across the hall and the other one is hers. I believe you'll find that's a right snug bed. Ain't been slept in much, but I believe it will serve."

Elijah put his candle on the table. The air was still and the flame was unwavering, yet the shadows seemed to move along the wall. After Billy Bellamy had gone he took off his coat, and felt the weight of his Bible and the sack old Sampson had put in his hand. From the room across the hall he heard the thump of Billy Bellamy's huge feet on the boards, and the creaking of the wood came through to him.

Elijah took his Bible and the tobacco sack from his pockets. He looked at the sack, and smiled, and let it fall to the floor, but he held the Bible in his two hands and sat there on the edge of the bed, watching the door.

A long time later the candle began to sputter; it had burned low. Elijah pinched out the flame with thumb and forefinger and waited in the moonlight. His mouth was dry and his stomach felt like an empty towsack. He was not afraid, he told himself, but the waiting was hard.

The first sound he heard was a faint groaning of the floorboards, and he was instantly alert. He listened, and heard light thumps on the stairs and, suddenly, the tuneful medley of the clocks below. He counted as they struck the hour. On the tenth stroke a dreadful wail filled his room. The witch of Tewloe County was outside the door.

He heard her feet dancing lightly in the hall, heard her nails scratching the door, and then she called his name, "Elijah," and wailed in a gobbling sound like a turkey just off the roost.

Elijah struck a match, and saw nothing in his room but flickering shadows. The match flame burned unsteadily and he saw the reason—a draft was coming from beneath his door. Somewhere there was an open window and the draft came through, either from Billy Bellamy's room or the witch's room next door. Elijah lit the candle just before the match burned out.

"Elijah," the witch called. "Come out, Elijah." Then he heard harsh, moaning laughter and a sudden, piercing shriek.

With the candle in his hand Elijah walked to the door. On the other side the witch's fingernails were scratching the wood and he could hear quick, gasping breathing.

Elijah put his hand on the doorknob. He pulled his shoulders back and raised his chin and shouted, "I'm coming out," and then he opened the door.

He saw a vague pale shape in an instant's candlelight, then a weight fell against him, the candle went out, and he was knocked backward to the floor. Before he could raise up and look again, the door had been slammed shut.

Elijah sat upright in the moonlight, breathing fast. There had been nothing ghostly or insubstantial about the weight that had struck him. If it was a witch, she weighed two hundred pounds, he thought. He felt in his pocket and found another match and struck it. He lit the candle and got to his feet.

He heard no sound from the hall. He opened the door and stepped out, the candle in his hand. There was only the circle of candlelight and the shadows beyond. There was no witch, and no sound came from Billy Bellamy's room.

"Billy," Elijah called. "Billy Bellamy."

There was no answer. He stepped up to the door and called again, "Billy Bellamy." He waited a moment, then opened the door. The candlelight showed him that the bed was empty. He shut the door again.

Elijah went slowly down the stairs, listening. He heard only the ticking of the clocks. He went on to the front door and out into the moonlight. The candle went out in a gust of wind on the hilltop and he dropped it and started down the hill.

The road was white in the moonlight, but the scrub oaks beside it were inky and stretched grotesque shadows over the road. Elijah walked deliberately, restraining himself from hurrying, from breaking into a run, and he was halfway down the hill when he heard footsteps on the hard road behind him. He swung around and saw a looming shape in the moonlight.

Billy Bellamy's teeth shone in his black beard and his deep voice boomed, "Scared, Elijah?"

"No, I wasn't scared," Elijah said. "Billy, for a ha'nt your wife carries around a lot of weight. I wouldn't be surprised if she had a beard, too."

Billy Bellamy scowled. "Elijah, you better be scared now. If the witch didn't do it, I aim to. You better start moving, Elijah, and keep on moving, right out of this here town."

"Why, you know I can't do that, Billy," Elijah said. "I'm opening a meeting here tomorrow night."

"No you ain't," Billy Bellamy said in a growling voice. "You try it and I'll take and pound your fat head like a drum. I'll scatter your bits all over Tewloe County."

Elijah looked at the menacing figure in the moonlight. "Billy," he said mildly, "why don't you just come along to the meeting and I'll forget that witch has a beard and weighs two hundred pounds. I won't make mention of it."

Billy Bellamy stood wide-legged in the road, looking down at Elijah. Then the teeth showed in his black beard and he put his head back and laughed. He was still laughing as Elijah walked in silence down the hill.

ELIJAH slept late the next morning, and when he was having breakfast with Miss Nettie in the hotel dining room the fat proprietor approached them and asked, "Pancakes all right, Reverend?"

"Good as ever I ate," Elijah said.

"Heard you come in last night," the fat man said. "You didn't stay the night up yonder, I see."

"There was just too much noise," Elijah said. "I couldn't get a good night's sleep."

Jerry Walker avoided Elijah's eyes. "Folks are saying the witch rode you out, Elijah. They heard her carrying on, clean down in town, and they say she rode you out."

Elijah put down his knife and fork.

"Billy Bellamy said you took out faster than Dan Patch," Jerry Walker said. "He was over to the courthouse, telling about it."

"If you pass by the courthouse again," Elijah said, "you might let it drop that Billy will be at the meeting tonight."

"On the outside," Jerry Walker said.

"On the inside," said Elijah.

After breakfast Elijah sat in his room by the window, outlining his sermon in his head. From the window he could see the courthouse and groups of men talking on the steps. From time to time curious eyes were turned up to him.

At noon when he went down to the dining room with Miss Nettie, Jerry Walker paused at their table. "I spread the word, Elijah," he said. "They say when Billy Bellamy heard it he hollered like a madman. He pounded his fist on the bar and cussed and yelled and said the witch couldn't ride him in to meeting and neither could you."

"I expect he'll be there," Elijah said. "You can pass out the word I said he would."

The fat man moved away among the tables, and excited whispers followed him. Miss Nettie said, "Elijah, I'm scared what's going to happen. Why do you want to taunt the man?"

"In my younger days, Miss Nettie, before I got the call," Elijah said, "I was a harum-scarum young devil in a Texas hat and I once won a pot at poker with a trey in the hole. The Lord is my hole-card now, Miss Nettie."

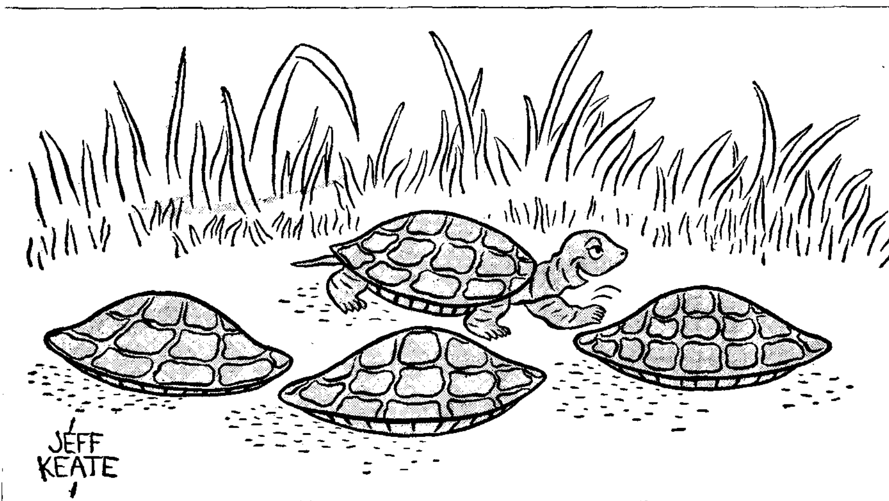
ELIJAH returned to his room and sat there through the afternoon and into the twilight. He saw with satisfaction that there were more people now in the public square, and many wagons. The news had spread through Tewloe County and the farmers were driving in to see what would happen. Fear of the Bellamy witch could not keep them away.

The hotel lobby was crowded when Elijah went down to supper with Miss Nettie, and there was an air of suspense. A farmer put his hand on Elijah's arm. "Reverend, is it true you seen that witch last night?"

"Brother, the main thing is the witch saw me," Elijah said. "She turned tail and ran."

Every seat was taken and men and women were crowded at the doors to see Elijah. When he said grace all heads were bowed, but bright eyes still watched him.

Jerry Walker whispered as he served Elijah, "Billy Bellamy stomped out of the saloon a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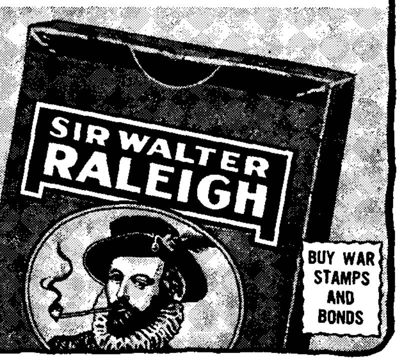

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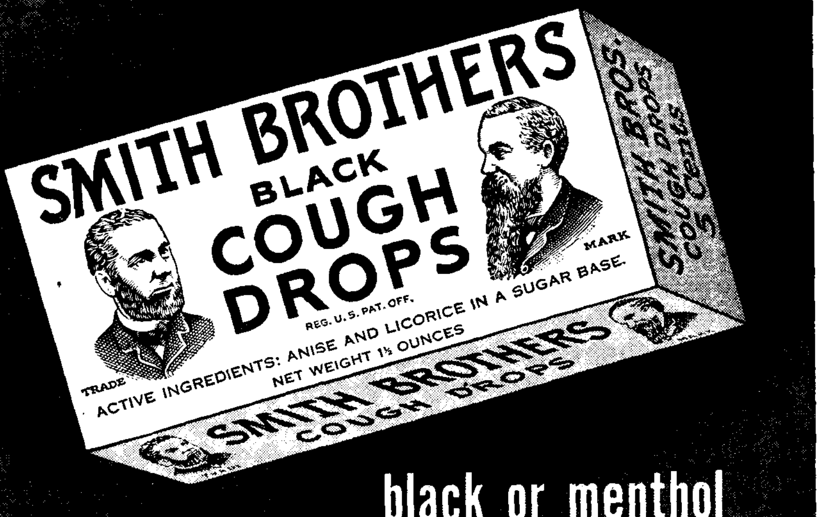
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little while ago, crazy drunk and crazy mad. Didn't say where he was headed."

"Thank you, Jerry," Elijah said, and turned to Miss Nettie. "If you're done eating, Miss Nettie, I want you to ride on out to the tabernacle. I'll follow after."

"Yes, Elijah."

"And don't be scared," Elijah said.

He waited until she was on her way, then he looked at his watch and stood up. He drew his shoulders back majestically and his full voice rose. "Brothers and sisters, I'm going to open the meeting and I promise you Billy Bellamy will be there. But if he ain't, and the Bellamy witch howls tonight, I swear I'll go out there after her. Anybody wants to see Elijah fight the witch just come on out to the tabernacle."

As he started toward the door men moved back to clear the way. He walked out of the hotel and as he crossed the public square men saw him walking and fell in behind. In a moment there was a crowd at his heels and Elijah made the most of it, stepping out like a standard-bearer.

There was almost no sound of talking; only in the distance were the shouts of late-comers, men who fell silent as soon as they saw Elijah leading the way to the tabernacle.

The lanterns glowed in the tabernacle and Elijah saw Miss Nettie there, seated at her organ. The menacing shadows of the blackjacks, where the witch had howled, were close around the area of light.

Not until he mounted the pulpit did Elijah look back. The crowd had paused on the road, and only a few had come up to the threshold of the tabernacle. On the white road the crowd was a restless shadow beyond the glow of the lanterns, and back of the blackjacks, over the hill, a big orange moon began to rise.

Elijah preached about vainglory and he said a boastful man was whistling in the wind. He said a man who stood alone against the forces of good was standing in the devil's shoes, and he was preaching for Billy Bellamy to hear. The men on the road were not listening to his words; they were waiting to see Elijah fight the witch.

But as Elijah talked in his powerful, solemn voice, a few came in from the road and there was a cluster at the entrance to the tabernacle. As he warmed up to his sermon, pacing up and down on the platform, pounding his palm with his fist, Elijah forgot about *the witch of Tewloe County, and he was in* thundering form when the first shivering howl came from the blackjacks.

Even though he had expected it Elijah started and his voice stuck in his throat. The shriek came from the woods on his left, a screeching, piercing noise that filled the air like a balloon blown to bursting. A segment of the crowd broke away toward town, and as the noise died down Elijah shouted, "Stand your ground. I'll take care of the witch."

HE WAS down off the pulpit, catching a glimpse of Miss Nettie's white face as he strode out of the lantern light into the darkness. The howl came again, from off in the blackjacks, and he bore toward it, pushing through the underbrush. But before he stepped into the black woods he paused and his hands went quickly through his pockets.

The moon shone down through the trees and he came to a moonlit glade and saw the huge form of Billy Bellamy against the webbed boughs of a sumac. He saw the black beard and flashing teeth.

Elijah stopped, breathing hard, and he and Billy Bellamy stood staring at each other in the moonlight.

"Billy," Elijah said, "I came to reason with you. I came to ask you to have done with this mischief and come pray with me."

"Reverend, I done warned you once," Billy Bellamy said.

"If you come on to the meeting we'll make no more mention of the witch," Elijah said.

Billy Bellamy laughed. "Elijah, you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to slit your gizzard and feed it to the witch. I'm going to ride you out of town on her broomstick."

Elijah shook his head. "You lay a hand on me, Billy, and that crowd will tear you to pieces."

"Why, Elijah," Billy Bellamy said, and chuckled. "Folks will just figure you tangle with the witch."

It was true and Elijah knew it. He bowe his head and said, "I'm not a fighting ma but if it's my duty to fight, I never shirk But first I'm going to say a prayer."

He dropped to his knees at Billy Bellamy feet, and the big man stood grinning dow at him, his hands on his hips.

"Lord, forgive me," Elijah said, and opene his right hand, which had been tight clenched. "Forgive me for what I am abo to do." In the palm of his hand was a sna blade knife. "I try to follow in Thy ways an be a man of peace," Elijah said. "You kno I try, Lord." He snapped open the knife an its blade caught the moonlight.

"Forgive me for what I am about to do Elijah said solemnly. "But evil is set loo here in Tewloe County. This man is be witched, Lord, and moves in the nighttim like the devil's black cat and his tongue the tongue of the serpent. I got to cut it ou Lord, and I ask forgiveness, once again. Whe I had that run-in with Bat Devlin down i San Antone my soul was tortured by re morse, but he was a sinner, Lord, and he ha a gun in his hand. I had to slit his belly, bu I never went to kill him. He was an infide man like this one, Lord, and he served th devil and reviled all good works, like this one He was a blasphemous man, and I had to ac in self-defense. Now the time has come agai Lord, and I ask that my arm be strengthene to steel and my heart be hardened like stone.

THE moonlight came down through th trees and Elijah's voice was low an mournful. The shadow of a tree crossed hi face. "For what I am about to do, O Lord forgive me," Elijah said. "Forgive me, an have mercy on his soul."

His hand closed hard on the butt of th knife and he jumped to his feet and turne toward Billy Bellamy. The big man backe away and the shadows reached out for hin from the trees. The long blade shone i Elijah's hand and Billy Bellamy moved back stumbled over a root, and fell against a log In an instant Elijah was over him with th knife.

"All right," Billy Bellamy said in a hesitant beaten tone. "I done had my fun."

"Billy," Elijah said, "this is the night th witch is going to ride you in. Get on you feet, and holler if you want to. Holler like the witch."

"I'm done," Billy Bellamy said. "I ain't going to holler." He got slowly to his feet and looked down at the evangelist, breathing heavily. His face was slick with sweat.

"I believe I'll holler myself," Elijah said, and put his head back. The voice that had brought them trembling to the mourner's bench was raised in a doleful, penetrating howl, and as the echo of the witch's last cry died away he stepped out into the moonlight with Billy Bellamy.

When the crowd saw them there were a few excited shouts, and then only silence as Elijah walked with Billy Bellamy toward the tabernacle. As they reached the entrance the big man pulled back, but Elijah's fingers held his arm tightly and Elijah's shoulder pressed against him. Then they were over the threshold and a murmur like a mighty sigh swept through the crowd. They walked along the aisle and at the front pew, behind the mourners' bench, Elijah stopped. Billy Bellamy dropped into the pew, staring straight ahead.

Elijah jumped up to the pulpit, dropping the knife on the floor. He turned and waved his hands. "Come in," he shouted. "Come in and shout Hallelujah. Another sinner has returned to the fold."

Jerry Walker was the first man to step proudly into the tabernacle; others followed and in a moment the pews were filling. Elijah turned to Miss Nettie. "Now play Let a Little Sunshine In," he said. "Thump it out, Miss Nettie."

He grinned at her and saw her looking at him with wide eyes. She said something, but he did not hear. He took a step toward her and bent his head. He barely heard her voice above the triumphant swell of the organ.

"Why, Elijah," Miss Nettie said. "You've got your pockets turned inside out."

THE END

# The Week's Work

JUDGING by Collier's incoming mail, everyone who reads wants to write. Many fully intend to write, as soon as they can find time for it. They ask for advice on writing.

As a partial answer, we offer the writing careers of two authors appearing in this issue: Edwin Lanham and Tay Hohoff. Lanham (The Witch of Tewloe County, p. 21) is thirty-nine years old and has been a newspaperman since he was twenty-four. In those fifteen years of full-time work on regular jobs, he has written six novels and many short stories. Working on the New York Post, the City News Service, and the New York Herald Tribune successively, he set himself a weekly writing quota of from fifteen to twenty-five pages (depending on the difficulty of his subject) and met that quota, no matter what.

We asked if he was one of those strange people who get along on a few hours of sleep. "Oh, no," he said, "I require at least nine hours of sleep. I like more."

Then where, we asked, did the time come from. "Well," he said, "I am lazy—too lazy to have a lot of outside interests. Lazy people always have time."

He made more time for himself by deliberately choosing the night shift on most of his newspaper jobs. "That prevented a lot of silly running around at night," he said, "and left me the daytime hours free of time-consuming temptations."

Tay Hohoff

Once he gets an idea for a story, Lanham writes his first draft very fast, in one afternoon. If he can't get it written in an afternoon, he might as well throw it away; there's something wrong with it. Then, of course, come rewriting and polishing, quite a lengthy process. He used to jot down story ideas and toss them into a drawer for future use—until he realized he could never warm up to an idea out of storage. Now he writes up every idea as it comes along—or he discards it.

Edwin Lanham

Bill Wolf

Lanham was born in Texas and at age twenty went to France for four years of art study. When he concluded that he never would be a very good painter, he set his heart on writing. A little while ago, he resigned from his newspaper job, with the intent of tripling his fiction output.

The Lanhams have a rather famous little daughter—Linda, age two. A cute saying of hers has been published in papers all over the country. It seems that when a department-store Santa Claus asked her what she wanted for Christmas, she said, "Cigarettes, please, Santa Claus."

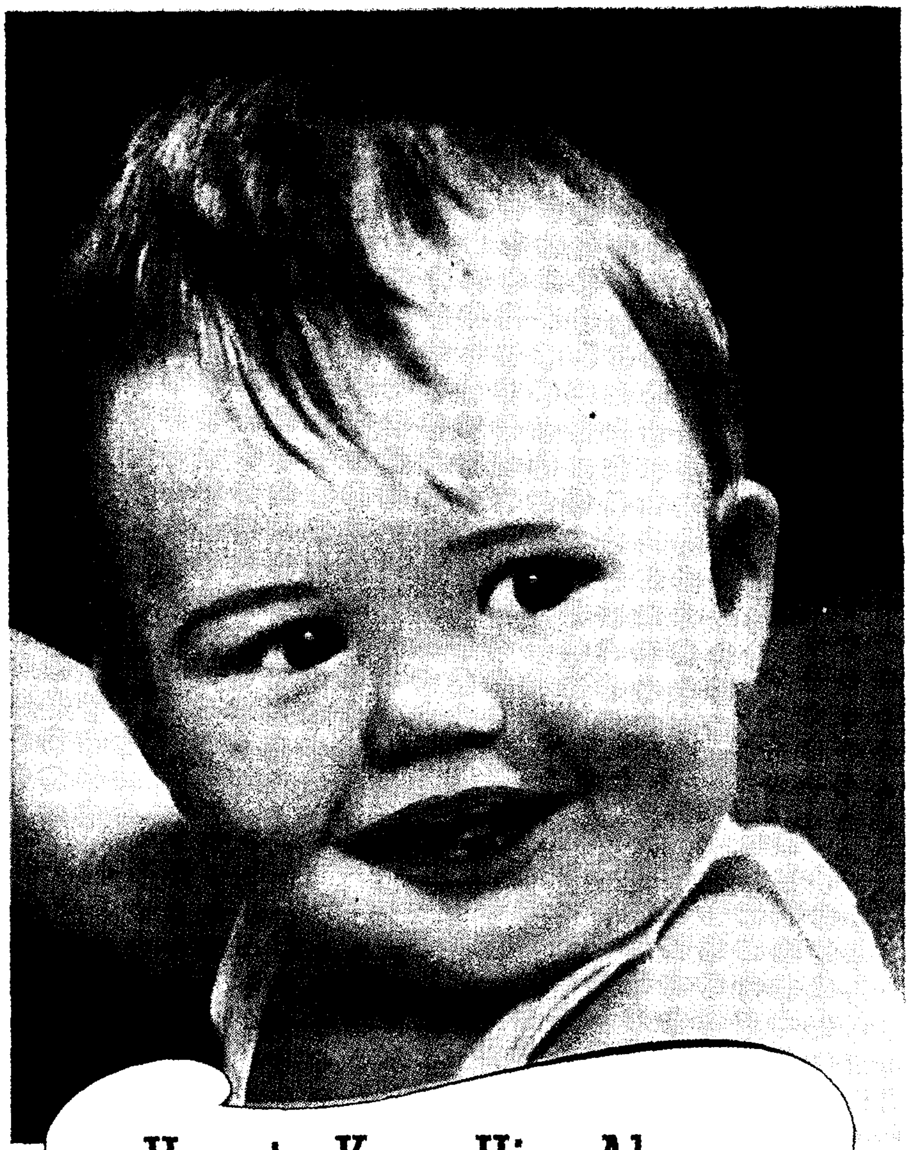
EQUALLY Spartan is Tay Hohoff, author of Valor Without Trumpets, p. 70. Mrs. Hohoff, like Lanham, has been a regular jobholder during most of her life, first as secretary to an architect, then as her husband's partner in a publicity agency, and now as editor of the New York branch of J. B. Lippincott, publishers. She has had family duties, too, as mother of two children. Now her son is with the Army in Europe, her daughter with the Army in the Pacific.

She long ago found that the only truly free time she ever had was in the early morning, and she formed the habit of writing with one hand, drinking coffee with the other. This daily hour, augmented by week ends, has enabled her to maintain a fairly regular output of fiction.

Once, between jobs, Mrs. Hohoff traveled to Europe with her husband, studying wines. This was just before the repeal of prohibition. She says they drank wines in every country, and rolled home with the material for a book on the subject. The book is still in use as a reference work for wine salesmen.

AS FOR the working habits of author Bill Wolf (The Whistlepig, p. 24), we give you a letter he wrote to this department. "I spend a life of drudgery," he says, "going fishing, hunting and camping, and writing about such subjects in a daily outdoors column for the Philadelphia Record. This entails staying up talking about fishing and hunting all night and then getting up before daylight (if I go to bed at all) to hunt or fish. Since my work consists of other people's hobbies, I have made a hobby of working. Like all hobbies, my working can be followed or put aside at will. I usually put it aside.

"I don't like little boys who look at me in hunting or fishing garb and ask their mothers: 'Is he a Boy Scout?' or 'Mamma, is he a fireman?' I do like little boys who glance at me striding along the street with my locomotor-ataxia shuffle and say, 'Look, Mamma, it's Dan'l Boone.' I always give *them* a bit of fur from my raccoon hat."... A. P.



## How to Keep Him Always

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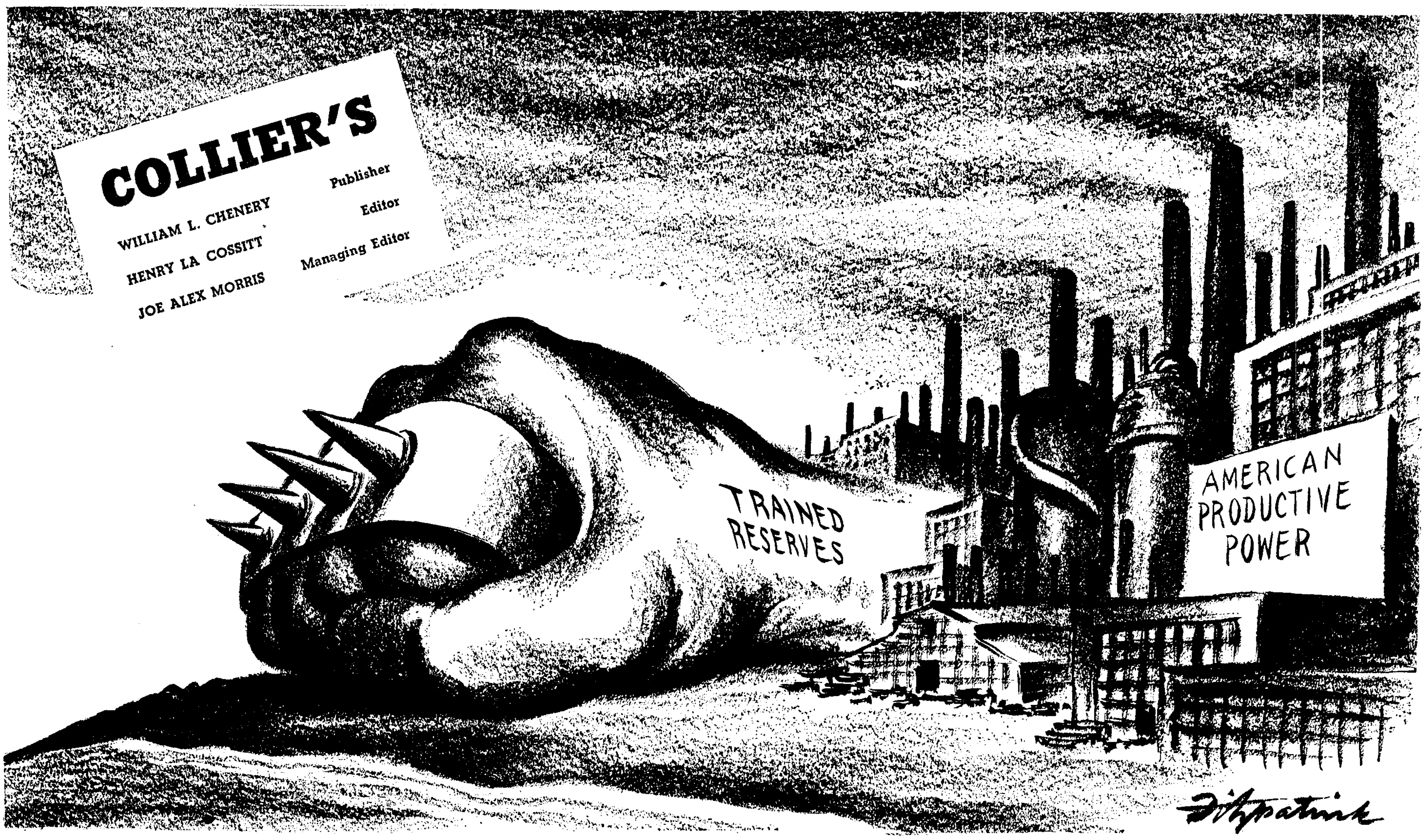


# TARGET NO. 1: U.S.A.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT came out in his opening message to the 79th Congress for genuine universal military training for all able-bodied young American men after this war. In taking this position, the President concurred with the previously expressed views of both the War and Navy departments, which had set their faces definitely against the idea that the military part of such training should be played down and education in citizenship (and perhaps folk dancing and handicrafts) played up.

It seems to us that the War Department, in a pamphlet now circulating among U.S. Army officers, has stated the most cogent arguments yet advanced for genuine compulsory universal military training in the United States after this war. Here are those arguments:

In both 20th-century world wars, the United States has come in late, and both times it has been the weight of U.S. material and manpower that has swung the tide against the enemy. There is as yet no guarantee that there will not be a World War III, though we hope there won't be, and should do what we can to prevent it.

If there is a World War III, any nation or alliance which hopes to topple Britain, China, France, Russia and the United States can be counted on to read the lessons of World War I and World War II. Outstanding among those lessons will be: Hit the United States first, and as hard as possible. Do not give American producing power and war-willingness a chance to build up muscle for two or three years behind a protective screen of other fighting nations.

In still plainer English, that means hit New York, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Bethlehem, Gary, Wichita, Birmingham, Los Angeles, and other U.S. production centers with air raids, robot bombs, saboteurs, etc., without warning, in an all-out attempt to cripple major U.S. industries at the very start of the war.

Our future enemies, if any, will be foolish if they open the next war in any other way. We'll be foolish, if we assume that they won't be smart enough to hit us first.

As insurance against the success of such an initial knockout punch, the War Department sees two alternatives for us: (1) a standing Army and National Guard big enough to meet all conditions of one year's total war; or (2) compulsory universal military training of men between about 17 and 21, trainees to serve about one year each, and to be dealt around among air, ground and service units in such proportions that, when called up from the reserves in an emergency, they would constitute a properly balanced army able to go at once into offensive or defensive operations.

The War Department considers the first of these two plans impracticable and prohibitively expensive—to which it should be added that it would most likely lay the groundwork for a military caste in this country, something which Americans in general have always opposed.

Universal training, on the other hand, will mean merely that our big civilian manpower pool, into which we always have to dip in a major war anyway, will become a pool of trained men instead of untrained men. It is the citizens' army idea, adapted to modern times and the customary lightninglike onset of modern wars.

To repeat what we've said before, and expect to repeat in future: We should get enacted now, while this war is still on, a comprehensive and undiluted law providing for universal military training, to take effect soon after World War II ends.

We are the logical No. 1 target in any next big war. We'd better just implant that fact in our minds now and keep it there and keep acting accordingly.

# UNHURT FRANCE

SINCE a few days after D-Day in Normandy (last June 6th), stories have been coming over here to the general effect that France was not nearly so badly injured by the 1940 defeat and the 1940-44 occupation as most of us had supposed. Norman farmers eating and drinking well; city populations still enjoying water, rapid transit, electricity and gas; food not particularly scarce, though expensive; fat children romping in fur coats around Paris parks. We've all heard a lot of these reports.

There is no doubt some spotty truth in them. However, there is another side to the picture, and we'd say a more important side According to President de Gaulle's Ministry of Health, France has taken a bad beating healthwise, and in ways which will be paying evil dividends for a long time to come.

The Germans consistently grabbed the best food and the best clothes in France, for four years. Consequently, there is a great deal of underweight—20 to 30 pounds per person, for example, among boys and young men between 15 and 25. Infant mortality was 65 per 1,000 of French population in 1938; now it is 75 per 1,000. Tuberculosis is up 15 per cent, and is described as France's worst single health problem. Venereal diseases are up 100 per cent.

France is short on soap, insulin, bandages, coal, clothes, hospitals, transport—and long on sick, half-sick and malnourished people. The whole situation will probably grow worse as some 3,000,000 Frenchmen, now war prisoners or slaves in Germany, come home.

On the whole, we think that reproaches to France for not being quite flat on its back come with bad grace from Americans, or from anybody else. It would seem to be much more constructive to be glad that France saved as much as it did from the German locusts, and to keep right on with our relief activities.

We don't mean that we should impoverish ourselves for France or for any other nation.

We do mean that, all sentiment aside, it is to our interest that the whole world recover from the war's devastations as fast as it possibly can after the war.

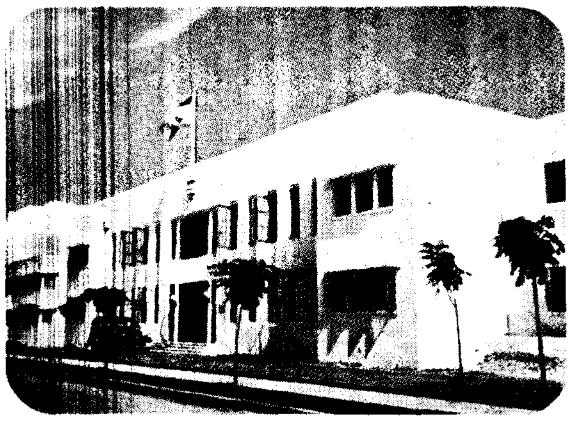
In which connection, we'll reprint a Christmas letter "to General Eisenhower and his brave warriors," written by a Belgian father to a Belgian newspaper unnamed in the news dispatches. Trying to explain to U.S. soldiers why Belgian children constantly asked them for candy, chewing gum, and so on, this father wrote:

> We are anguished at the thought that you may return home thinking of our children as beggars. For almost four years, when they asked us for everything that childhood dotes on, we have had to tell them "Later."
>
> When they asked us more precisely when this "Later" was coming, we told them: "After the war ends." When they wanted to know when the war would end, we could say only: "When the Americans come."
>
> That is why all of them go out to you in full confidence, as if to Father Noel—because Father Noel never regarded them as beggars.

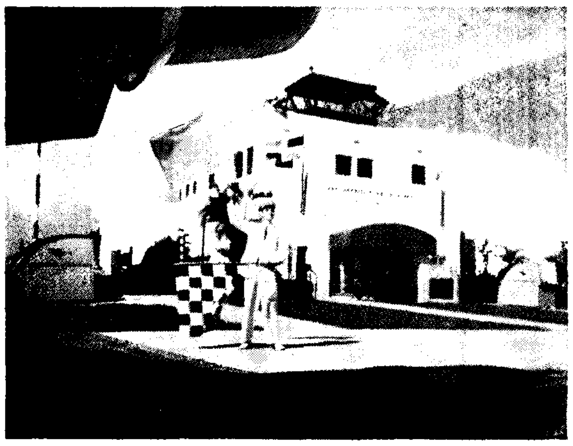
# Crocodile Hunt in the **Dominican Republic**

1 **"Knee-deep in swampy ooze,** with two big crocs coming at you—man, that's adventure! It happened to me on my first crocodile hunt at Lake Enriquillo," writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky from the Dominican Republic. "I was so excited it took every shot in my gun to stop them. But—don't get the idea that this 'land Columbus loved best' is all crocs and adventure...

2 **"This is actually** a quiet, friendly country... even lumbering is a placid affair. Profitable, too—for Dominican mahogany is the world's best. As distinctive, you might say, as the flavor of Canadian Club.



3 **"And though smaller** than West Virginia, this little republic has modernized at a rate equalled by few other countries during the past fourteen years ...has built 15 hospitals and more than 2,000 schools!



4 **"An exciting place** to visit, believe me! And listen—mighty soon Pan American's big Clippers will be flying vacationists here in just a few hours from the States... *and* at vacationists' prices.

5 **"At Trujillo City's** Hotel Jaragua you'll find luxury to rival even Miami's finest. Canadian Club, for instance... this whisky with the unforgettable flavor is as firmly established here as in *any* top-flight hotel at home." **Once the war is over,** you will find it even easier than now to visit Latin America. There you will find Canadian Club again. This whisky is *light* as Scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. • That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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